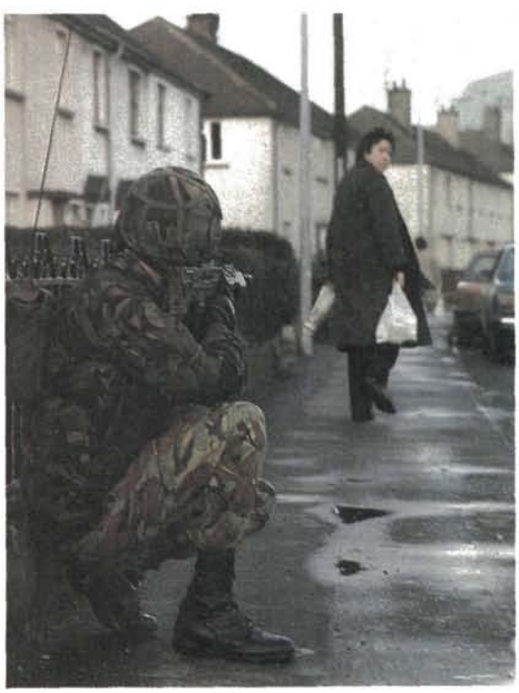
NEW STATESMAN
SOCIETY

OCT 2 1988
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Ossory Copy

9 September 1988
US$1.75 Air
IR£1.47
UK £1

Troops out. . .



. . . is often a simple-minded political slogan. But it's simple-minded to fight an unwinnable war. There is an alternative. Britain can withdraw its troops—and the SAS—and use its economic clout to impose peace in Ireland.

Bimbette bashing: the hounding of Donna

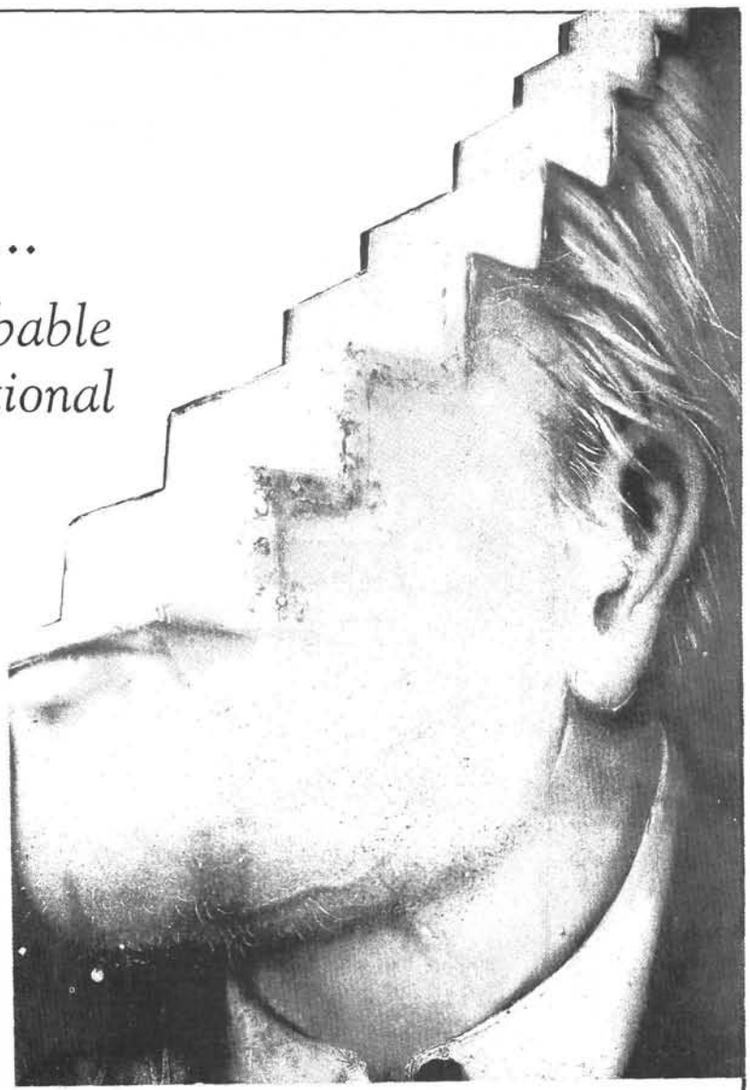
Britain: a peripheral economy at risk

Oskar award for a new socialist scenario

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Step Into New Worlds...

... with the improbable Readers International



Readers International brings you today's world literature. Each hardcover volume, by subscription, is just £4.75

(Regularly to £9.95).

RI is Good Books—some of the world's best new writing, from South Africa, Nicaragua, China, the USSR, India, Lebanon, and elsewhere.

RI is a Good Cause—most RI titles have suffered censorship at home or were written in exile.

Improbable? RI is an independent press (with no connection to any mega-publisher) that searches out and brings to your doorstep the world's most gifted writers.

RI's editors select vital new voices from around the world. Improbable? RI introduced black South African Njabulo Ndebele. His *Fools*, says *USA Today*, "stands with Joyce's *Dubliners*." Now sold out but reprinted in paperback for this offer.

And the exiled Iranian Hadi Khorsandi, whose *The Ayatollah and I* delighted just about everybody but the mullahs. And the impertinent Ludvík Vaculík, author of *A Cup of Coffee with My Interrogator*, whom the *L.A. Times* called "the night watchman for the Czech national soul."

This is eye-opening, riveting reading. A must for readers with a keen interest in world affairs and good books.

How good? "With each new offering," says the *Washington Post*, "RI's list becomes more impressive." And RI's books are well-made: "RI's quality of production is first-class. Many wealthier publishers could learn from them." (*The Guardian*)

The price is pretty improbable too: for just £4.75 each, every other month you get a handsome, hardcover edition of our newest title.

Step into new worlds with RI, worlds seen more clearly, stories told more freshly than in any press or TV report. RI, says the *Financial Times*, is "a splendid and important enterprise and worth supporting."

Take that step now. You'll probably enjoy it.

RI READERS INTERNATIONAL
8 Strathray Gardens, London NW3 4NY

Please begin my subscription to RI's series at the £4.75 subscriber price +75p postage. Send RI's newest hardcover title at the same price every other month. At any time I may cancel simply by writing.

Name

Address

Town Code Country

☐ £5.50 (£7 overseas) enclosed. (North American subscribers, please send US $9.95/Can $12.50, incl. postage, to RI Subscriber Service Dept., P.O. Box 959, Columbia, LA 71418.)

Special Savings and a FREE Book: Prepay a year's subscription for six books, save 20% more, and get a free paperback copy of Ndebele's *FOOLS*.
☐ I enclose my payment for £27 inland, US$48, Can$58, £35 sterling elsewhere.
Girobank Account No. 53 948 8909

ST 22

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN & SOCIETY

9 September 1988 Vol 1 No 14
New Statesman Vol 116 No 2997
New Society Vol 84 No 1340
ISSN 0954-2361

©Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Foundation House
Perseverance Works
38 Kingsland Road
London E2 8DQ
Telex 28449 Fax 01-739 9307
Advertising 01-739 1645
Editorial/Administration 01-739 3211
Accounts/Subscriptions 01-739 1737

Editor
Stuart Weir
Deputy Editor
Michael Poole
Assistant Editors
Jolyon Jenkins
Sally Townsend
Production Manager
Joanne Hurst
Art Editor
Caroline Heler
Political Editor
Sarah Benton
Associate Editors
Anthony Barnett
Duncan Campbell
Isabel O'Keeffe
Books Editor
Tony Gould
Sub-editor
Claire Sanders
Typesetter
Dory Royle
Writers
Yasmin Alibhai
Rob Edwards (Scotland)
Sean French
Vicky Hutchings
Jeremy Laurance
James Stephenson
Nigel Townson
Poetry Editor
Hugo Williams
Editorial Assistants
Ingrid Dammers
Colette O'Reilly
Display Advertising
Jenny Shramenko
Lavinia Kennett
Classified Advertising
Hazel Stevens
Carol Anne McKenzie
Chris Gallagher
Michael Houlihan
Classified Production
Brian Cushion
Advertising Secretary
Linda Ring
Subscriptions
Cecilia Milton
Barbara Francis
Marketing & Promotions
Jane Richards
Office Manager
Gina Jennings
Accounts
Ted Peacock
Lee Charles
Chief Executive
Pat Coyne

Subscription rates
UK & Eire £48
Europe air mail only £55
USA air mail $106 air speed $87
Elsewhere air mail £73 air speed £61
US Postmaster: address changes to New Statesman & Society, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104

CONTENTS

Brenda Prince/Format

Ignoring the under-fives: no way to run a business, Society, page 28

Features

What goes up 10
Marek Kohn joins the men in dark glasses at the Farnborough Show

Getting out 12
Bob Rowthorn and Naomi Wayne on the economic weapon the government won't use in Northern Ireland

The winning edge 14
Britain's economic miracle is not unique—all of Europe's peripheral economies are booming, says Will Hutton

Midsomer madness 18
Dave Hill on how commerce, commuters and crime came to rural Somerset

Oskar ceremony 21
Eberhard Bort and Christopher Harvie on how post-industrial politics came to the West German SPD's party conference

The will to lose 22
Alexander Cockburn on why Dukakis is in danger of letting Bush off the hook

Document: Oskar Lafontaine 34
Making the future work

Cover: John Arthur: Reflex

Regulars

Diary 4
Sean French; plus Roger Woddis

Editorial 5

Frontlines 6
Rhetoric on The Rock; sealing the North Sea's fate; Donna Methven's lost innocence; Nuke tests on RAF volunteers; Arms treaty in jeopardy

Political column 24
Stephen Howe: In the shadows

Letters 25

State of the Nation 27
Anthony Barnett: Playing the game

The Digger 60
Stuart Weir on the last round-up of a weedy front garden

Fringe Benefits 60
Colin Ward picks up a pebble and finds grass roots initiatives

Endgames 53
Competitions, Crossword, Chess

Backchat 63
Douglas Kennedy on the escapism of the American highway

Doonesbury 55

Briefing

Society 28
Claire Sanders on education in West Sussex 28
Jolyon Jenkins on the property sharks 29
Vicky Hutchings on right-wing educationalists 30
Welfare Watch: child-minding for the single parent 30
Nick Fielding on a campaign to get access to doctors for single homeless people 31
Tailgunner Parkinson 31
Database: Overseas aid 32

Books 37
Bhikhu Parekh on anti-racism; Hanif Kureishi on sex; Anne Smith on Sue Townsend; Christopher Driver on a novel by Theodore Zeldin; Colin Ward on work; Alan Judd on Antony Sher; Jane Salvage: COHSE's history; Christopher Reid judges the Prudence Farmer poetry prize; Geoff Dyer on Robert Elms; and Alan Brien on a Russian radical intellectual

Arts and Media 44
Garry Whannel on how the media shape our experience of the Olympic Games; Angus Finney on television-simulated crime; Angela McRobbie on fantasy in girls' magazines in the 1980s; Suzanne Moore on Greenaway; Kathy Myers: bimbette bashing; Stuart Cosgrove on attitudes to world music

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Sean French

The best moment of my week, or, rather, one of the best moments (I must try not to sound too pathetic), occurred while watching TV at three o'clock on Saturday morning. Channel Four's open-ended discussion programme, *After Dark*, had been debating the problems of alternative medicine. After a few hours of wonderfully acrimonious debate, each of the participants was asked to say a few words on what they hoped for in the future of medicine.

The last comment of all was made by Dr Jonathan Miller. Since he had been the evening's most vociferous opponent of fringe medicine I expected him to deliver a final diatribe. Instead of this, he said he wanted to speak of something which was more important than any kind of medicine delivered on a one to one basis:

"The main welfare which was ever conferred on the human community was actually by social administration. They were the improvement of drainage, the rationalisation of diet and a humane society, administered by a just and equitable government which actually sees human welfare as being something which has to be honoured according to principles of distributive justice."

Therefore, he concluded, he thought the most pressing need was "the ousting of this appalling government." And he added mischievously that he hoped "she" was watching: "I hear she stays up late."

I imagine that the non-British participants in the programme must have been astonished by this sudden outburst in a discussion about medical science made by a man scarcely thought of as a political radical.

What they were witnessing, I think, was one of the great results of Mrs Thatcher's crusade to roll back the frontiers of the state: the politicisation of virtually every aspect of life.

Future social historians wanting to chart this shift would need to look no further than a clutch of articles in this week's *Sunday Telegraph*. First, and least surprising, Mary Kenny welcomed a new "Good Nanny Guide". It's hardly surprising at a time when more women are working and state provision of childcare is minimal that people will need to hire helpers to look after their children.

Kenny gleefully observed that these once middle-aged radicals were now talking about the "servant problem" and discovering also how sensible were those old Victorian and Edwardian rules for keeping the servants in line.

A couple of pages before, the Roman Catholic novelist, Alice Thomas Ellis, had been commissioned to write a review of Martin Scorsese's *The Last Temptation of Christ*. She found little to offend her except the American accents ("that uniquely American deity Gahd"). Worst of all Jesus "goes off with the most tiresome angel you could possibly imagine—an English girl with a comprehensive school accent." Anyone who reads Alice Thomas Ellis's numerous columns in other papers knows that her own children were educated in the state system. But when it came to writing for the *Telegraph* she knew that there was no more effective term of abuse than "comprehensive school".

The leading article by the paper's editor, Peregrine Worsthorne, dealt with the problems facing Africa. His solution was for the white colonial powers to return to their responsibilities. But which powers?

"The superpowers are increasingly uninterested, as is Asia, and in any case have no real knowledge of Africa. Only Britain and France do have such knowledge and also possibly deep down a continuing sense of obligation, born of an erstwhile colonial involvement bordering in many cases on love.

"Could the black African governments ever be expected to smother their pride to the point of welcoming the neo-colonialist messiahs back again? Could the rest of the industrialised world pressurise them into seeing where their self-interest lies and would Britain and France be prepared to take up the white man's burden again if invited to return on terms far more tempting and secure than have been available in the last quarter of a century? If so, there might be hope for black Africa."

I won't dwell on the extraordinary offensiveness of this argument (does he believe that the Congo should invite Belgium back as well?). What is interesting about these pieces taken together is the attempt to convert Thatcherism into a bizarre mock-Toryism. Wouldn't it be nice if servants knew their place once again, if our children didn't have to meet people with horrible accents at school, if those people in Africa would recognise us as the natural leaders? The result is the ideological equivalent of those neo-classical telephone boxes that Patrick Wright discussed in *NSS* a few weeks ago. A modern economic core with a fake "period" exterior.

Want to know how the *Sun* gets its scoops? The newspaper recently ran a story about an exploding ketchup bottle. Such was the interest that it instituted an "Exploding Ketchup Hotline" and readers were invited to phone in with their own stories.

In the office where my brother Karl works, a woman rang up the hotline for a joke and then immediately handed the phone to him. He manufactured an anecdote on the spot.

As he later told me, his mind went blank apart from a line from the movie *Some Like It Hot* about maraschino cherries and a bonnet from God knows where, and he blurted a ludicrous improvisation down the phone. A couple of days later it appeared in the *Sun* under the byline of Dina Malik. It was headed: "Jam goes up in a puff of smoke" and continued:

"SUN readers phoning our Exploding Ketchup Hotline revealed yesterday how a host of other foods had gushed from bottles or jars.

"Tealady Audrey Murray told how a jar of blackcurrant jam went up in SMOKE as she made sandwiches. Audrey of Greenford, West London, said: 'I couldn't believe it. White smoke was steaming out of the top.'

"Carl French, 24, gave a jar of CHERRIES to his cake-making aunt—and looked on stunned as they shot out over her new bonnet. Carl, of Tufnell Park, North London, said: 'She ended up looking like Carmen Miranda.'"

Karl is in good company. In Graham Greene's new novel, *The Captain and the Enemy*, published this week, the hero gets his break into successful journalism by writing "a very readable account of a bizarre accident which never really happened."

He concludes: "I had been innocent enough before then to share Liza's belief that what counted for a newspaper was truth rather than reader-interest, and my success helped to cure my innocence."

ROGER WODDIS

No strikes, please we're British

"The TUC is thoroughly British and thoroughly sane."—the Observer

When all we were and hoped to be
Is disappearing down the drain,
Thank God at least the TUC
Is thoroughly British and thoroughly sane.

While foreign unionists are mad
And go about in mindless mobs,
Your decent working Brit, egad,
Follows his leader in the *Obs*.

Whoever bears the boss ill-will
Must surely be a maniac.
Resist the rabble-rouser, Jill,
Support the no-strike union, Jack.

A choice confronts the brotherhood,
And evil must be overthrown:
The *Sun*-kissed saints are wholly good;
The loyal are the Devil's own.

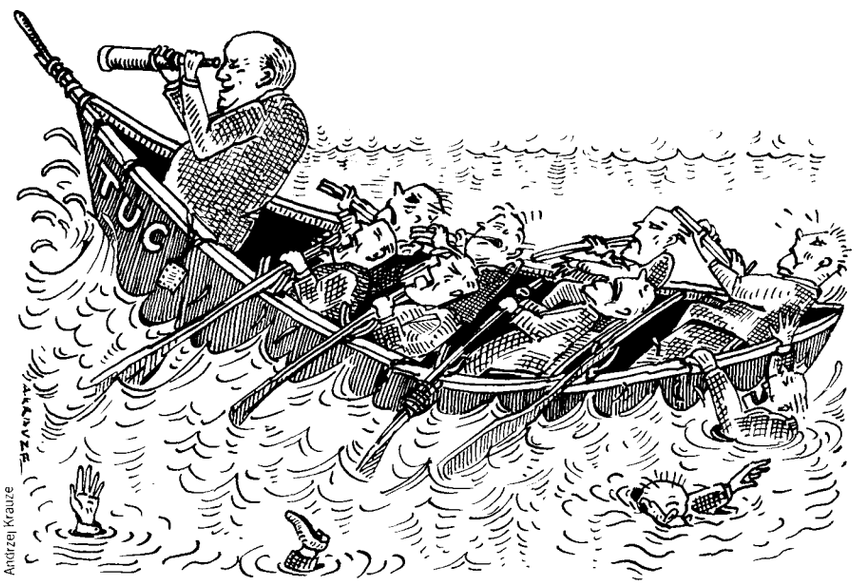
It was at Bournemouth, brooding on
His own split nature's darker side,
That Robert Louis Stevenson
Wrote *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIAL

A sparky model

Eric Hammond champions democracy and modernity. But are the electricians a fit model for the trade union future?



Andrzej Krauze

At the TUC this week the electricians' leader, Eric Hammond, appointed himself spokesman for individual, democratic choice and expressed his sympathy for "the market system and its values". In modern Britain, this makes Hammond a realist, the leader of a union which is trying to come to terms with the world as it is as opposed to the way other unions would wish it to be.

This uncritical acceptance of the EETPU's position is made easier by the fumbling conservatism of most of Hammond's rivals. Important unions like John Edmonds's GMB are fast modernising their organisation and services to members, and making changes to improve their ability to recruit within a new shifting workforce, but they have entirely failed to put across any sense of a radical alternative to Hammond's shallow claims to democracy and modernity.

True, the EETPU pioneered secret ballots, but they don't of themselves make democracy. The EETPU remains a highly centralised union with a Gaullist style of leadership and rules which militate against internal democracy. The challenge for the swollen general trade unions of our times is to find effective ways of giving a voice to all the disparate groups of members they now represent.

It's misleading to talk of the world as it is. The fact is that the world of work is being re-made, and on capitalism's terms. Eric Hammond largely accepts those terms. Most of his rivals in the trade unions don't, but they overwhelmingly give the impression that they're being dragged backwards into the future. It is actually the business of trade unions to carry a vision of the way they wish the world to be. But it has to be a forward-looking vision. The platitudinous decencies of Bournemouth simply don't add up to a vision of any kind.

You have to look abroad for a modern trade unionism which is radical in spirit. In this issue we look closely at the tensions between the German SPD and West German trade unions. But revealingly those tensions are precisely around issues of the future. Franz Steinkuhler, leader of the metal workers (I G Metall), the largest union involved, and his team of negotiators and researchers, are certainly both realistic and modern. But theirs is a very different kind of modernity to that which Hammond promotes.

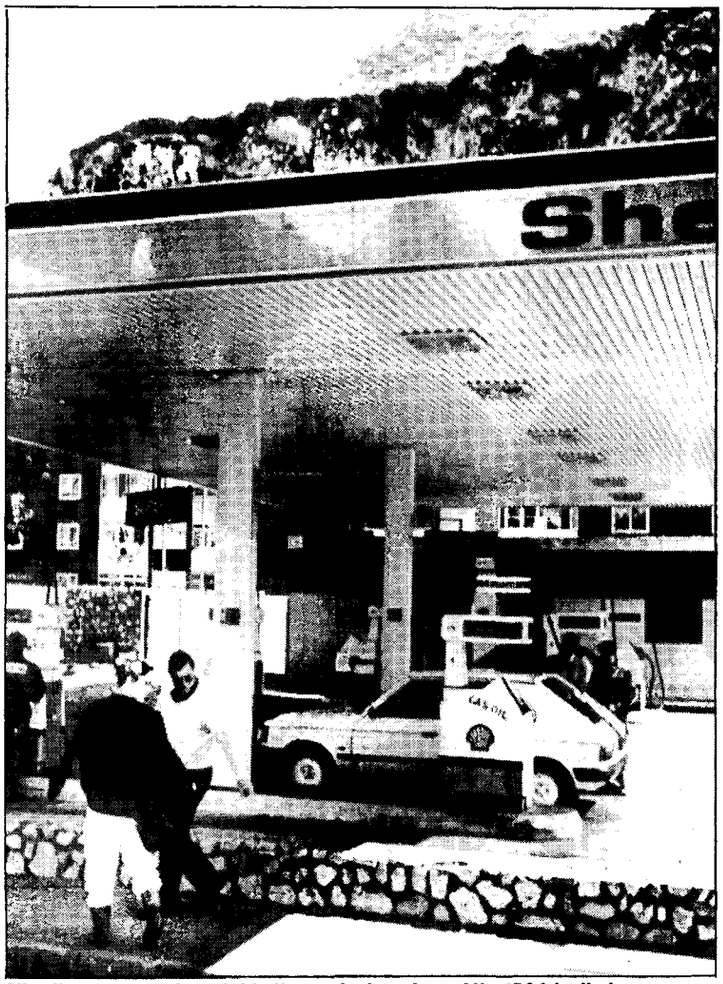
Like the electricians, I G Metall represents key skilled workers; but the West German union uses the bargaining power this gives it with employers who badly need such workers to negotiate for interests which run counter to the demands of the market, and in some regions it has been able to pass progressive settlements on to unskilled, women and migrant workers. The union is involved in community campaigns to improve social services and combat pollution.

Conditions in West Germany are of course quite different: it's an advanced, high-tech state with severe environmental problems; and the autonomous regions provide alternative centres of power with which to negotiate (another indication, incidentally, of why reforms to modernise British democracy are the key to so much progressive politics). But it is possible to learn from example in other countries, as ironically, the West Germans themselves have demonstrated. Many of I G Metall's ideas on technology and industrial democracy were actually inspired by the work of trade unionists in Britain. Particularly influential were the ideas of the Lucas Aerospace shop stewards and design engineer Mike Cooley, a past (elected) president of the high-tech union, TASS. They were among the first "post-Fordist" workers on computer-controlled batch production systems and when Lucas decided to "modernise" by closing factories and making workers redundant, the shop stewards devised alternative ways of using their skills and machinery to benefit society.

But the structures of British trade unionism tend to operate against innovation, especially from below. Cooley and the shop steward combine were frozen out by TASS's leaders because the initiative was outside their control. Thus it was that the ideas spread to West Germany, Sweden and Australia; were taken up by Sheffield council and the GLC's enterprise board (which took Cooley on); but entirely failed to inform any alternative to the Hammond response from a major British trade union with a manufacturing base.

Any alternative version of trade union modernity, based on social solidarity and a concern for society as well as production, will depend crucially upon a pluralist democracy which is responsive to the experience and ideas of their members. There are signs of this emerging in several larger unions, but they haven't progressed far beyond lip-service. If workers are to have a real "choice" between a future determined by the market and visions of a comfortable past which excluded many of them, they have to move faster.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Gibraltar: passers-by point to the spot where two of the IRA trio died

Battle for hearts and minds in Gibraltar

Lawyers representing next-of-kin of the IRA trio killed in Gibraltar are resigned that there is now no hope of an "unlawful killing" verdict from the inquest. They made clear before the hearings began that a jury inquest would reduce to nil their chances of gaining such a decision.

The families' Belfast solicitor, Paddy McGrory, is an old hand at spotting where and when a jury is an asset. As Northern Ireland's senior criminal lawyer, he knows what it is like without one. He has defended both Republicans and Loyalists in the Province's jury-less and discredited Diplock supergrass trials. And talking of his successful defence of an RUC officer on a murder charge, he is candid enough to admit: "It wasn't difficult with a jury".

But his view that Gibraltarian jurors are incorrigibly pro-British and more fearful of IRA bombers than worried by SAS gun-slingers cuts little ice with Gibraltar's respected Coroner Felix Pizzarello. McGrory's eloquent rhetoric on the first day of the inquest was met with a decision from Pizzarello which was both questionable in law and contradicted what his own office had been saying all week. Pizzarello's claim that he had no discretion, in the circumstances, to sit alone belied statements from the coroner's office that a jury-less inquest was indeed in his gift.

The jury has got Pizzarello off the hook: he is freed from responsibility for the verdict and all the nasty suggestions that Number 10 is pulling the strings. These came to a head in May when the Prime Minister's office announced that the inquest would be delayed at the same time as the Coroner was saying that he had yet to make up his mind about the date.

McGrory himself is none too happy with the Provisional IRA for keeping silent about its Gibraltar bombing plans. He believes a statement naming a purely military target—with little danger of civilian casualties—might have calmed jurors' fears that they and their children were scheduled with the Royal Anglian Regiment for a dose of IRA Semtex.

However, all is not lost for the families' camp. At least the inquest is taking place and it is not set in Northern Ireland, where the SAS need only submit written statements and where "unlawful killing" verdicts have been barred since 1959. The six-month time lapse between shootings and hearings is also considerably shorter than for the inquest which has yet to take place into the six deaths resulting from the RUC's alleged shoot-to-kill policy in 1982, the subject of the ill-fated Stalker inquiry.

The presence of much of the world's English-speaking press and extremely sceptical observers from the Irish Government, Amnesty International and the NCCL should broaden the inquiry in Gibraltar. There would be no shortage of willing sponsors to take the case to the European Commission on Human Rights should there be any hint of a whitewash.

Mr McGrory has also issued writs against several newspapers, which should keep at bay the more vicious insinuations made against him during his last Gibraltar outing at the preliminary hearings in July.

Additionally, the laconic Pizzarello, though deferential to British demands, is no lapdog and is more respected for judicial skills than he was in his former days of shy advocacy. He may yet give the British Government a run for its money.

The families, who are present in the courtroom, probably regarded the Gibraltar legal war as unwinnable from the outset, but they have scope for victories in the battle for hearts and minds—a chilling parallel of Mairhead Farrell, Daniel McCann and Sean Savage's war.

Jack O'Sullivan

Jack O'Sullivan is in Gibraltar for the Scotsman

North sea research on wrong track

The government's reaction to the deaths of over 7000 common seals in the eastern North Sea from a canine distemper virus (thought to stem from the dumping in the sea last March of 1000 dead Greenland huskies after an outbreak), which now looks likely to affect grey seals on England's east coast, has united scientists and politicians from all parties. Half the world's population of grey seals lives in the British Isles.

The government has announced that over £7 million-a-year is being spent on research into the North Sea. Sadly *none* of this is new money; sadder still, it is not being spent on research that matters. Over £5 million was going to the Min of Ag and Fish, the DoE, Scotland's agriculture department, and the Natural Environment Council anyway. And £50,000 for a project to track seals to their feeding sites where it is thought they are picking up the pollutants, announced by the DoE two weeks ago, is coming out of an already agreed budget for new research.

A large chunk—£10.6 million spread over five years—is going to the Natural Environment Research Council for a project to develop a computer model of the North Sea. The Council will monitor sediments in estuaries, currents and tides so that it can "predict in the future what are the safe limits of pollutants entering the sea". But this project is an extension of a much simpler Dutch study published last year which showed that rather a lot of British pollution ends up on the coasts of Denmark and West Germany.

But why, asks Dr Minnie Courtney of Queen Mary's College, London, is so little money being spent on investigating reactions to toxic chemicals in marine mammals when what we know about their immune systems could be written on the back of a postage stamp? Why is so little being spent on researching the behaviour of viruses in the sea?

Questions were also asked by Sir Richard Body, former Tory chair of the Commons select committee on agriculture, and Allan Roberts, a Labour environment spokesperson on last Friday's *The World at One*. The NERC study, they said, is "nothing like enough" and will not establish why the North Sea is becoming so toxic or provide solutions.

Lamenting the tiny amounts of money available for work on toxins and their effects on sea animals, Dr Paul Johnston, a Greenpeace research fellow at Queen Mary's College, goes even further. He accuses

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the British government of wasting valuable resources on research which can only be of secondary interest. It can take up to three years (at a cost of £150,000 according to Dutch scientists) to investigate the reaction of a marine mammal to, for example, *one* toxic chemical. At this rate it will take over 25,000 years to investigate the effects of all known chemicals entering our oceans, and new ones are being invented all the time. "We basically already know," he says, "where our pollution ends up—on the Dogger Bank and the German Bight."

A senior biologist has described trying to get money to do research on the ecological effects of poisons on marine mammals as "getting money out of a stone", and in the current climate of cutbacks in scientific research—with more emphasis being put on fast returns from development—the situation doesn't look about to change.

The enormity of what is being done to the oceans, the amount of filth and pollution which has been dumped over the years, will have effects on all life, not just marine life, that are as yet unknown. Such research will be long-term, expensive and yield no obvious material advantages. Much better to build up a computer model of the North Sea which shows that not quite as much British pollution as the Dutch thought is actually entering the North Sea, but remaining in the sediments in our estuaries. Perfectly proper research, of course, if we had unlimited funds available, but in the face of one of the most appalling catastrophes of this decade, an insult. *Vicky Hutchings*

Taken in by the tabloids

The story of the girl who had a brief affair with the international golfer Tony Jacklin and its passage through the tabloid press is a morality tale for our age.

Donna Methven was first portrayed as a naïve, innocent 17-year-old who had never had a boyfriend before and enjoyed nothing more than a good natter with her mum. By the end of the week she was a calculating Lolita for whom the *Sun* was to be a launch pad for a modelling career and fame and fortune.

The story contained the essential ingredients for a *Sun* splash and centre spread—sex and a celebrity—and the paper's coverage revealed all the moral ambiguity that is the hallmark of tabloid journalism. While Mrs Methven berated Jacklin for robbing her daughter of her innocence, Miss Methven posed in lace-gartered stockings and strapless negligé for for the paper's photographer.

No surprise that alongside "The Golfer and the Virgin Day 3" was the paper's Hot Gossip column offering titbits like a £3,000 massage table for *Dallas* stars and the promotion by an American shrink of nouvelle sex.

But what *made* the story was that these were "ordinary" people, like you and me. The exclusive *Sun Woman* interview with Donna's mother was billed as a story that would strike "a chord with mothers of teenage daughters all over Britain".

Donna's innocence was never quite believable in the first place (there was no evidence of any journalistic checks on the mother's account—why spoil a good story?). And on Sunday her "best friend" revealed to the *News of the World* that, far from being a virgin when she met Jacklin, Donna had boasted of a night spent with George Best and had had many lovers.

No moral ambiguity now. The *NoW* team of *four* reporters viciously dubbed her "dirty Donna". A friend said: "She's just sobbing. She can't believe this has got out." Readers were told she was in hiding, no doubt in shock from entering the world of the tabloids and now, well and truly, robbed of her innocence.

The same issue of the *News of the World* carried a story about the 60-year-old married "boss" of a Lincolnshire country estate having an affair with a young married woman. The piece ends shamelessly with this quote from the paper's victim: "When is this story going out? I have to ring some people whose lives will be ruined by this." That's the real world.
Isabel O'Keeffe

Naughty Boys

The Central Electricity Generating Board has admitted that Friends of the Earth and Greenpeace are right. At a showing of its film on acid rain, *Acid from the Sky*, CEGB chairman Sir Walter Marshall said that he was happy that "discussions were taking place on a rational basis", now that the "shouting matches between pressure groups saying we were behaving like naughty boys and us trying to explain the problems" were over. Gas-cleaning equipment is to be fitted to its large coal-fired power stations in accordance with an EEC directive agreed last June after five years procrastination by the UK.

RAF guinea pigs for nuke tests plan

New evidence has come to light of an horrific 1950s plan deliberately to expose Royal Air Force personnel to dangerous amounts of radiation in order to find out how much the human body could tolerate in emergencies.

According to a letter recently uncovered by the British Nuclear Test Veterans Association, there was a clear intention in 1953 to carry out tests using "beta" radiation on a group of RAF volunteers at the UK Atomic Energy Authority's Harwell establishment in Oxfordshire. There was apparently an urgent military need for more information on how humans could cope with large doses of radiation from atomic bomb explosions and major nuclear reactor accidents.

It is unclear, however, whether any such tests actually took place. Those who have been named as being involved in the planning of them have either died, denied that they took part, or forgotten what happened.

The letter was written on 6 October 1953 by Greg Marley, Harwell's chief radiological officer, to Professor J S Mitchell at the department of radiotherapeutics at Cambridge University. "You will recall," Marley writes, "that you were going to carry out some tests on RAF volunteers."

The tests were "in connection with the problem ... of injury from beta irradiation of wide areas of the body". They had been delayed because of "the difficulty of preparing large-area, uniform beta applicators". Marley wonders whether a young Phd graduate called Ron Hardy recently sent to Harwell by the army could develop a suitable applicator for the proposed "experiment".

He continues: "It is becoming increasingly urgent to obtain more information regarding the emergency beta tolerance for wide areas of the body, both in relation to atomic explosions and also in relation to possible accidents to some of the more 'advanced' type of atomic energy reactors involving wide-scale dispersal of fission products."

Greg Marley has died. Dr Ron Hardy, now a retired industrial chemist living in Thetford, Norfolk, told *NSS* that he had no knowledge of any radiation tests on servicemen and had certainly not been involved in any. Professor Mitchell told a Yorkshire Television researcher that he could not remember the letter from Marley and had no recollection of any such tests.

Fresh evidence has also emerged of the British government's attempts to manipulate public opinion in Australia by playing down the hazards of a proposed series of atomic bomb tests in the remote southern bush county of Maralinga in 1956. A telex dated 31 July 1956 from Captain Frankie Lloyd, the director of Atomic Weapons (Trials) at the Ministry of Supply, urges Australian officials to alter the text of a proposed public statement on the tests to make it sound more reassuring.

"We do not want you to release any statement on genetic effects or on radioactive iodine or strontium pending the arrival of Penney," it says, referring to an imminent visit by Sir William Penney, the father of Britain's atomic bomb, in August 1956. "If you have to, a safer interpretation of the Medical Research Council report [published earlier that year] in the last sentence of paragraph 4 would be 'has not shown an increase' rather than 'shows an increase'."
Rob Edwards

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hawks use radar foul-up

A half-completed Russian radar installation near Krasnoyarsk in Siberia is being exploited by hawks in the Reagan administration in an attempt to sabotage the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) treaty.

During a quinquennial review of the treaty at Geneva last week, American negotiators threatened to declare the Soviet Union in "material breach" of it, which would entitle the US to abrogate the treaty and proceed unhindered with Star Wars development. They claim that Krasnoyarsk is to form part of a Russian ABM system.

The Krasnoyarsk radar is to be a Large Phased-Array Radar (LPAR). Unlike a conventional dish radar, which is steered by turning the dish, an LPAR is steered by altering the electronic connections between thousands of small antenna elements, without moving them around at all. This allows an LPAR to track many space objects simultaneously, and with much greater precision than a dish.

LPARs may be designed for early warning of imminent missile attack, or for ABM battle-management during an attack. The 1972 treaty allows the Russians and the Americans only one ABM deployment area each. In addition it allows any number of early-warning LPARs, but they must lie on the country's periphery, facing outward, which ensures that they cannot be used in battle-management. LPARs may also be designed to track space objects. This the ABM treaty permits without restriction.

Krasnoyarsk is 4000 km east of Moscow and 750 km from the nearest Russian border. It is therefore wrongly placed either to be part of the single permitted Russian ABM deployment area, which is around Moscow, or to be a permissible early-warning LPAR.

The Russians claim officially that Krasnoyarsk falls into the third category, a space-track LPAR, and therefore not a contravention of the treaty. Unofficially they admit that it was originally intended as a dual-purpose early-warning and space-track installation, the result of a bureaucratic foul-up which did not come to the attention of the Russian leadership until the US detected the radar and objected to it in 1983. Since then they have repeatedly offered to dismantle the disputed installation if the US will forego early-warning LPARs at Fylingdales, Yorkshire and Thule, Greenland, which the Russians, as well as some Western experts, claim are not permitted "modernisations", but new installations in contravention of the Treaty.

Just a year ago, an American Congressional delegation made a *glasnost* visit to Krasnoyarsk which concluded that the probability that this ill-built installation would ever function as a battle-management LPAR was extremely low, although it might, when complete, be suitable for early warning. After a suggestion by the delegation that construction be slowed or stopped, the Russians announced last October a one-year moratorium on work at the site.

This summer, the Reagan administration discussed tactics for the ABM treaty review. Defence Secretary Carlucci and other hawks supported the "material breach" accusation, while the Joint Chiefs of Staff, rightly dubious about the prospects of Star Wars, opposed it. The hawks won.

After the accusation at Geneva, accompanied by new US threats to give up all arms control negotiations, the Russians again offered to dismantle the Krasnoyarsk installation, this time on condition that the ABM treaty be extended by a decade. But this is an election year, and Reagan, who does not want to appear soft on defence, may stick with the hawks. It would be a pity if all progress in disarmament were halted on a pretext concocted from this pile of concrete junk.

Felix Pirani

THIS ENGLAND

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

●Customs and Excise should be allowed to keep the proceeds of the sale of seized assets of convicted drug smugglers, the Commons public accounts committee said yesterday.

It would be an incentive to secure a higher level of confiscation. The present procedure says that Customs should surrender the money to the Treasury, which MPs say "provides them with little incentive to maximise the amounts confiscated."—*Guardian* (Angela Bibb)

●Anti-apartheid groups accused the county council of honouring a man with a sadistic and cruel reputation, who offered a bounty of £5 for the ears of any escaped slave during his time as Lieutenant of Jamaica.

Councillor Kitson said: "Henry Morgan was a born leader of men and both daring and resourceful. His life is cloaked in mystery and my interest is to try and clear up the confusion about him." He shrugged off complaints about Morgan's £5 ear bounty. "I believe that was the going rate at the time and nothing to do with Morgan specifically," he said.—*Daily Telegraph* (Janey Buchan)

NEWSTATESMAN
SOCIETY

Take an alternative view of politics, social policy and the arts with a year's subscription for the special reduced rate of £40 - the cover price is £1 a week, so this gives you 12 ISSUES FREE
Do this before the end of September, and you will also be put in our free draw and have a chance to win a holiday for two in MOSCOW AND LENINGRAD

Please send me a year's subscription to New Statesman & Society - maybe I will be whisked off to the Soviet Union

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

..... FQ5

I enclose my cheque for £40.00 payable to New Statesman & Society, or debit my Access/Visa/Diners Club/American Express card no. .....

Signature .....

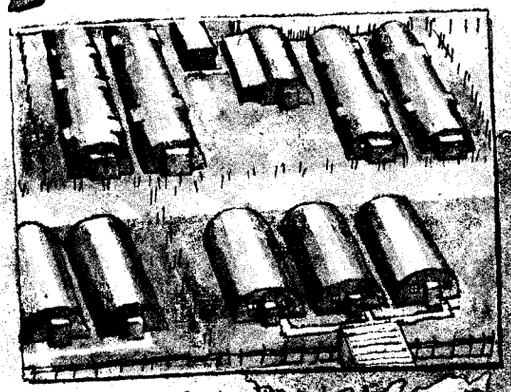
Send to: Subscription Department, New Statesman & Society, Freepost, London, E2 8BR (no stamp needed)

Sorry, but this offer is only available in the UK

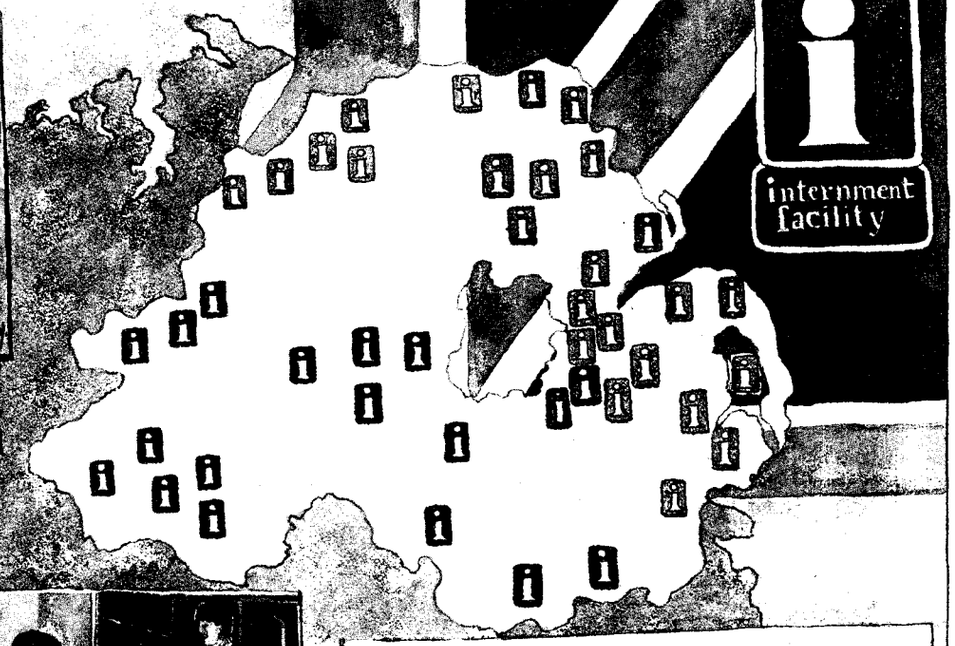
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

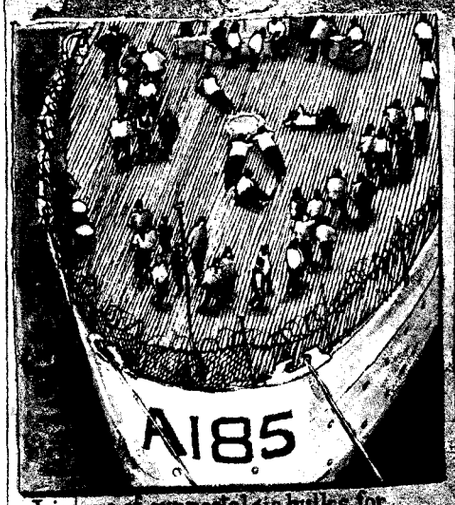
A special nostalgic treat for anyone involved in Brit
Take your critical faculty on the holiday of a lifet

NORTHERN IRISH HERITAGE



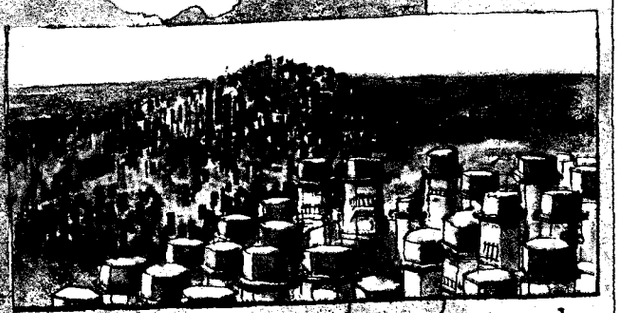
We've arranged a traditional welcome for you at four in the morning to whisk you away to your carefully chosen camp, just like we did in 1916, 1922, 1938, 1956 and 1971





Join one of our nostalgia hulks for the voyage of a lifetime, or two years or six months, or whatever suits your particular lifestyle.

Experienced and courteous [illegible] will conduct you to [illegible]



Wonder at the spectacle of the Protestant Ascendancy and other incredible, unchanging natural phenomena

Tap your feet [illegible] the [illegible] old-time [illegible]

Enjoy the basics of life in picturesque combination with the very latest technological developments

Journalists - enjoy the comfort of vigorous moral denunciation as another young man dies for nothing. Full telephone, telex, fax and broadcasting facilities are available.

TRAVEL BACK IN TIME - TO THE SIX COUNTIES

- 31·5·88 -

© Steve Bell 1988

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

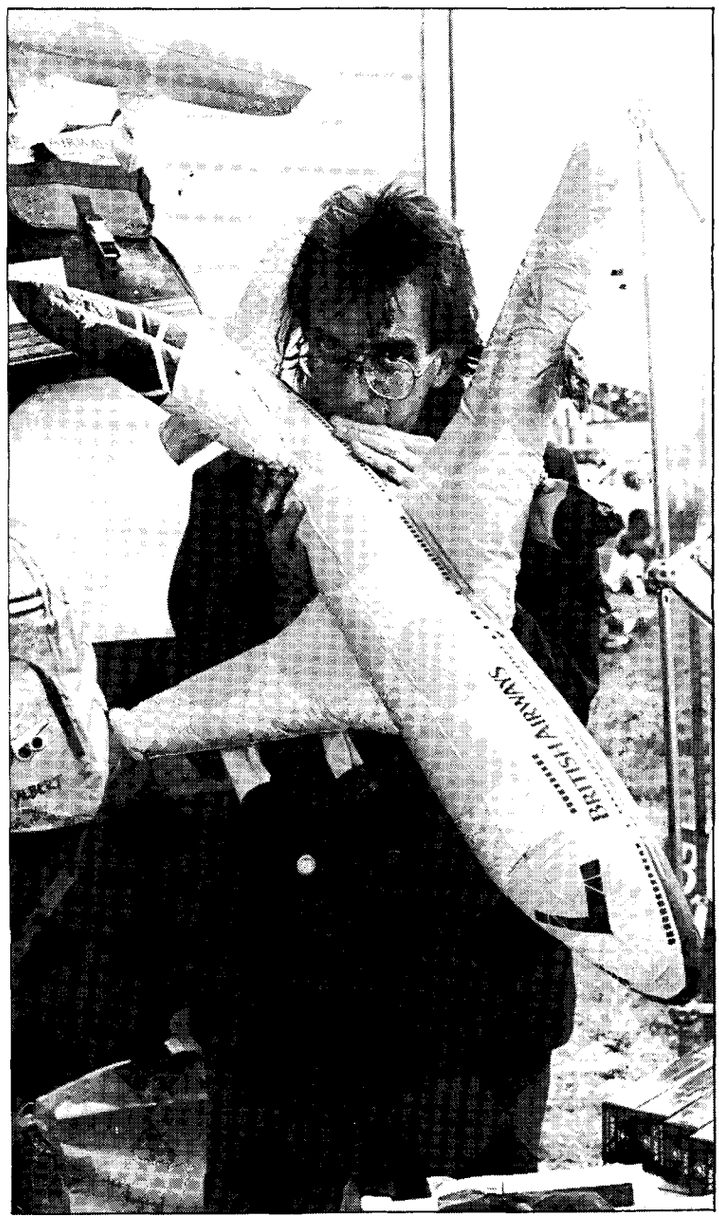
What goes up

Marek Kohn joined the MiGs, the men in dark glasses and the great British public at the Farnborough Air Show

It's like a scene from Steve Martin's film, *Planes and Trains and Automobiles*, but multiplied a hundredfold. Instead of a single hapless businessman finding himself at the mercy of the kind of public transport from which a credit card is supposed to guarantee freedom, the whole train is overrun by them. Most are American, and most are wearing sunglasses. There is one who is not. By way of compensation, however, he looks exactly like the American comedian, and is reading a book called *The Leader-Manager*.

No doubt this is not what the middle ranks of the international aerospace community were expecting. But it is actually rather appropriate that the train which conveys them in fits and starts to Aldershot is one of Network South-East's most traditional models. Despite its technological pomp, there is something curiously old-fashioned about Farnborough Air Show. The blue and white stripes of the chalets are bright, in a homely sort of way. The press kit is plain; untouched by the apparently inexorable tide of modish typography. Even the weather on press day evokes bygone days. The banks of cloud and the unexpected blue make the perfect backdrop for displays of flying skills; just as, one imagines, they did in 1940. The programme reveals that foreign planes were not admitted until 1966, when European machines with British engines were allowed to take part. Non-European aircraft had to wait until 1972.

The people attending are largely insiders, even though the public have been admitted to the preview day for the first time. This is a crowd of *aficionados*. Naturally, attendance is obligatory for aviation enthusiasts. For many, it is an opportunity to practice their own technological skills. A host of lenses are trained across the runway from the throng pressing up against the barriers. Although others are less locked into the technological mode, inquiries soon indicate that air shows are regular fixtures in their leisure calendars. They may not know much about aerodynamics, but they appreciate a good display.



Philip Polglaze

Behind the crowd, the chalets rise up above what was once Farnborough Plain. Here the men in grey suits and dark glasses loiter, making the event look a little like a bodyguard's convention. The trade fair, the rationale for the show's existence, goes on here. Across the morning sky, the helicopters shuttle, and a fleet of limousines and assorted "courtesy" vehicles transport the elite of the industry to the chalets. There they may view the flying while they enjoy corporate hospitality; as may the aerospace liggers. It seems unlikely, though, that many are seduced by tinny attempts to pass the sheds off as coaching inns or stately homes.

The fascination with power is complex

A more convincing image is projected in the exhibition halls, full of mock-ups, computer graphics and video displays. Essential to these presentations are blazers, lapel badges, and affable indifference towards anybody who does not look serious about buying a helmet that aims a gun along the wearer's line of sight—or merely a nice set of ballscrews. Britain's aviation industry may not be the force it once was, but it still holds its own in widget production. Many is the stand sporting a video of some spectacularly roaring machine, some of the glory of which is supposed to rub off on its component widget. Few exhibitors can approach the ostentatious fantasies of Aerospatiale, the French national conglomerate. Models of actual products are blithely mixed up with designers' speculations, the most dramatic of which is a space plane that makes Concorde seem pedestrian. In a corner is an unprepossessing, rather bland-looking piece of cylindrical hardware. It looks small enough to fit onto a car roof-rack. This is a mock-up of a real product: an air-launched nuclear missile.

The actual flying commences late enough for business lunches to be conducted in relative quiet. First to parade is the Apache, an American attack helicopter whose designers seem to have gone out of their way to make it as angular and malevolent as possible. The effect is dispelled by the ascent of what appears to be a cross between a parachute and a go-kart. The makers of the PowerChute Raider stress its military role, as if unsure that the two-stroke machine will be taken seriously. It certainly will, if any Palestinian guerrilla representatives have managed to get into the show.

For the outside world, this year's Farnborough show is interesting for two reasons. One, the death of some 50 people as the result of the Ramstein crash the week before, simply does not seem to be an issue for either spectators or participants. Although about 3,000 of the 10,000 tickets made available to the public remained unsold, this may have been more to do with the fact that they cost £15, instead of the £9 demanded for the public days this coming

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

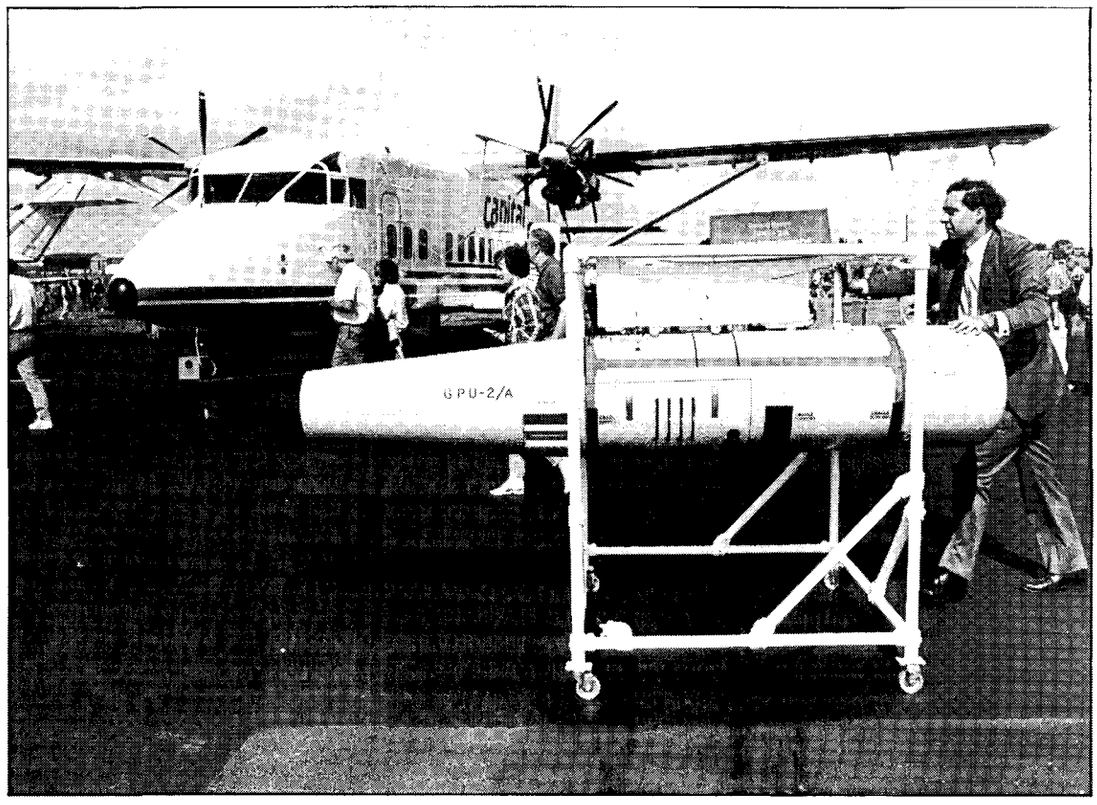
weekend. There are quite a few complaints on this score, but nobody seems prepared to allow that the Ramstein disaster has caused so much as a flicker of hesitation about coming to Farnborough.

What most do acknowledge is this year's special attraction: the MiGs. For the first time, Soviet combat aircraft—and up-to-date ones, at that—are taking part in a western air show. For the political pundits and the industry, this shifts the whole balance of the event. The hitherto-invisible enemy is apparently turning into another business competitor. Among the public, the visit does seem to have aroused a genuine and benign curiosity. One dissenting voice comes from an Asian youth, one of a party of London lads who seem rather more affected by the scrumpy they are carrying than the aerobatics they have witnessed. "I think they should stick to their own territory, man," he cries. "They just talk out of their arse, don't they? They say all this treaty crap, yeah? But there's always something going on that you don't know about."

His Irish friend is more relaxed. "Trust them," he advises. It turns out that the group, most of whom work for a DIY outlet in Edmonton, have come down to run the Aldershot army assault course, in aid of Great Ormond Street Hospital. They just dropped in, and have enjoyed themselves.

For others, the Red presence is not an ideological one. "Don't see why not. If they give a good display, that's what you come for," comments one woman, with husband and young son in tow. Appearances, too, can be deceptive. I approach a middle-aged man dressed in olive green sweater, camouflage trousers, and a peaked military cap which is rather too small for him. His name is Mr Thomas, and he is a military aviation buff. He is having a whale of a time. He particularly enjoyed the F16 combat jet's performance. "Best all season. Mind you, it wasn't an American flying it. Danish, I believe. He was doing the maximum with the plane." American pilots, he thinks, are reluctant to get the most from their craft.

Mr Thomas turns out to be a landscape gardener from Letchworth. The outfit, he explains, "helps out a bit when you go to military shows". He is looking forward to the MiG. I ask him whether he has any reservations about the presence of the Soviet combat planes. He replies with an impassioned speech: "More, more, more! What people don't know about, they are frightened of. People start talking, start visiting other countries, and find out everybody's just like everybody else. Nobody is really going to kill and wound one another, and maim and bomb cities and everything. It's got to help, even though they come here in a military way, it's got to be the step to peace. More, please, yeah. Because it's got to go to world peace."



Unprepossessing hardware

Mr Thomas is accompanied by two sons, one of whom is fast asleep on the grass; oblivious to the thunder of jets. Mrs Thomas has been left in the car, lunch having been hastily abandoned when the military display began unexpectedly early. Did Mr Thomas have any qualms about bringing his children to air shows? None at all. He explains that they visit between 14 and 18 shows a year. "Never seen an accident yet. I've seen one or two near misses." The boy who is awake interrupts to correct him. "Yeah, but we didn't really see it." Mr Thomas has, however, only flown once, when he took a joyride in a DC3 at a show. "It was a terrible ride, and I haven't been up since." When travelling abroad, he goes by boat.

At four o'clock, the MiG-29 lifts off. Pilot and machine certainly seem to match anything the Western performers can do. Anatoly Kvotchur also has a special trick of his own. Dashing vertically to 3,000 feet, he slows down, until, for a breathtaking moment, he seems to be motionless. Then he lets the ship drop backwards a little way, before flipping round to point in the direction he is going. The gymnastics are mechanical and ferocious, but Kvotchur is following the trail blazed by Olga Korbut.

And then, mammoth bathos. The two MiGs have been accompanied by an An-124, the heaviest plane in the world. It is named Ruslan, after a mythical Russian giant. It waits at the end of the runway for several minutes, as the commentator, who sounds like Kenneth More languidly reaching for the sky, explains that the crew have a lot of checks to go through.

Eventually, the behemoth trundles forward. There is a loud "phut". Ruslan rolls to a halt. The commentator is subsequently reported to have called this a "highly professional manoeuvre". Alongside the runway, it is hard to hear distinctly. I think I hear the voice prefix the phrase with a "not". So does my companion. Perhaps it was the tone of voice.

It goes on to say that nobody would be more disappointed at the engine failure than the crew. But the plane seems badly in need of sympathy itself. With its bulging, corpulent fuselage and its drooping wings, Ruslan seems bowed down by its own weight. As it rolls sadly off the runway on its ridiculous rows of castor-like wheels, 400 tons of metal looks crestfallen.

A professional perspective on the aerobatics seems necessary. I identify myself to a suitable-looking gentleman, who discourses assuredly while seeming to look through both his sunglasses and me at the horizon. Although he describes Kvotchur's performance as "outstanding", he is dismissive about the value of displays. Within the restrictions of an air show, all the moves are pretty much the same, and there is little of substance for the expert to observe.

Flying displays are held in response to public demand. Nobody admits it, but at some level, the public actually wants to see crashes; like in motor racing. I ask for details of his career background, and he suddenly becomes extremely cagey. Even mention of the area of the world from which he hails, let alone the company he works for, will apparently compromise him.

Farnborough is like that: laid back, superficially relaxed, but tight and obsessively serious underneath. However, the ideological PR charge of open days at air force bases is absent. About the closest it gets is with the sale of gung-ho USAF patches with slogans like "Libyan Urban Renewal" (under a picture of an F-111) or "Warsaw Pact Central Heating".

But even here, the new international mood is at work. One stallholder reports that a new line, of designs with Soviet images, is selling well. A young engineering worker seems to express the general mood, when he says of the Russian visit that "It's great. Should have done it a long time ago."

The fascination with power and violence is obvious, but complex. Overt militarism, as distinct from an enthusiasm for deadly toys, is scant. So is jingoism. As the day draws to a close, pairs of young men are photographing each other, grinning, in front of an array of weapons. The attraction is evident. One missile is clearly labelled "Exocet".

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Getting out

Britain has the economic clout to impose peace in Northern Ireland, argue Bob Rowthorn and Naomi Wayne. Why doesn't it use it?

The conflict in Northern Ireland won't be resolved by military means. After nearly 20 years, the IRA has not been defeated nor, in spite of fluctuations in its level of support and occasional SAS coups, is it going to be. Hostility to British rule remains widespread in the Catholic community and will continue to provide support for the armed struggle.

Reform within the present framework is also played out. The Anglo-Irish Agreement has posed a bigger challenge to the Protestant and Catholic communities than any previous initiative, but to win the long-term commitment of the Catholic community, the agreement must deliver substantial material benefits—most notably, the creation of more and better jobs. But realistically that depends on an economic recovery which cannot itself be achieved as long as the present conflict continues. Moreover, questions of national identity and political control have been high on the political agenda for Catholics for two decades. This is too long for them to go away. They now have a life of their own.

Given that nothing else will work, it is surely time to re-examine the traditional solution to the Northern Ireland conflict. Should not Britain withdraw from the province, re-unite Ireland and reverse the historic mistake of partition? Nowadays, this course receives no serious consideration at all from the political establishment, even though opinion polls show that it commands consistent majority support among the British electorate. If it is raised at all, it is usually to be dismissed out of hand as utterly impractical, morally irresponsible and politically unacceptable.

In fact, the outcome of withdrawal isn't predetermined, but would depend crucially on the way the decision was carried through. The key is not military, but economic. Northern Ireland's economy is overwhelmingly dependent on Britain. Without Britain's economic support, the province could not survive on its own for more than a few weeks. So if Britain were, in Pontius Pilate fashion, simply to wash its hands and abandon Northern Ireland altogether, the result would be catastrophic. Its already bankrupt economy would finally disintegrate and civil war would be a real possibility.

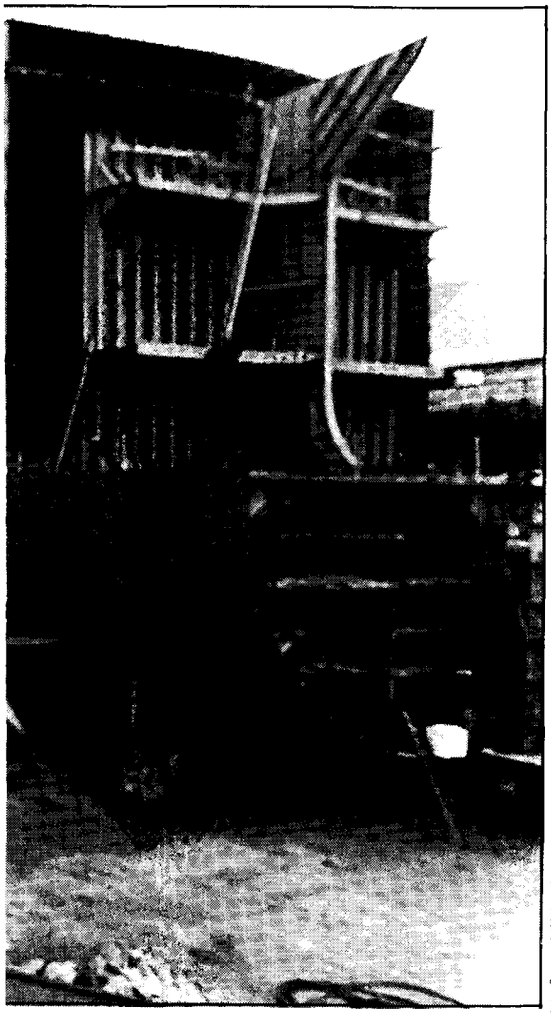
But Britain could put its economic power over Northern Ireland to use in a constructive two-pronged strategy: actively using this power to undermine and divide resistance to re-unification among the Protestant community, while simultaneously offering to deploy its economic resources to shore up the new re-unified state. Britain would have to make absolutely clear its willingness to use economic sanctions against a large-scale Protestant state or any group resisting re-unification. Such a firm approach would be enough to deter resistance from all but a handful of Protestants. At the same time, Britain would promise to continue external aid, following re-unification, until the North's economy had been rebuilt. Britain should insist that the money was spent on the North and demand satisfactory arrangements for the future employment of Protestants in the new state. This would allow living standards in the North, including those of most Protestants, to be broadly maintained, without imposing an unacceptable burden on the Southern population.

Without economic support, the province could not survive for more than a few weeks

The economy of the North is in severe crisis. In the 1950s and 1960s, the province was transformed as local industry was run down and multinationals moved in to dominate its economy. But in the last 20 years this process has gone into reverse, with multinationals reducing their activities or pulling out altogether. Only huge subsidies from the British government keep the province afloat: in 1985, some £1,700 million in all, now something approaching £2,700 million.

Despite its numerous problems and high unemployment—around 18 per cent—the Republic has a much stronger economy than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



John Sturrock/Network

Only huge subsidies keep the province afloat

Northern Ireland and its long-term prospects are much better (though they are by no means rosy). Protestants fear that re-unification would bring impoverishment; but if they cooperated in that re-unification, then peace would come rapidly, and with it the benefits of economic recovery. If they were to fight a rearguard action, the benefits of peace would take longer to materialise. Even so, it could take some 15 to 20 years for the economy of the North to be strong enough to stand on its own feet. Continuing aid would therefore involve a significant commitment from Britain, even counting the savings from military withdrawal. In the longer run, the cost would be of course much less than that of continued involvement and would eventually come to an end.

Perhaps the most common objection to withdrawal is the fear that the Protestant community would take to arms to preserve an independent state, thus precipitating a bloodbath in which large numbers of Catholics and Protestants would be killed. This danger is taken so much for granted, even among people who would otherwise advocate re-unifying Ireland, that it is rarely subjected to any scrutiny. But how well-founded is it in reality?

If Britain simply pulled out, this sort of scenario is quite possible. But a planned and responsible withdrawal, founded upon a firm and unequivocal decision to leave and buttressed by the economic strategy we have outlined, would have entirely different results. The decision would have to be clearly irreversible and the timetable for withdrawal fairly short to minimise the time available for resistance to be mobilised. The certain knowledge of British withdrawal would produce confusion and disunity within the Protestant community which already knows that to destroy a rebellion would require no military campaign by Britain, but merely a few weeks' economic sanctions.

Many Protestants fear that they would be oppressed by the Catholic majority in a united Ireland. This fear is greatly exaggerated. Leading nationalist politicians of all kinds have frequently made it clear that they would guarantee Protestant religious and political freedoms in a united Ireland. But Britain and the Republic should at once take positive measures to reassure Protestants about the kind of future they could expect. They would have to be welcomed into the new state and given specific guarantees over employment rights, civil and religious liberties, and so on. Britain's continued aid would underpin these assurances and Britain could make it clear that its continuing economic power in Ireland would be used, if need be, further to protect their rights and liberties.

In any event, the gap between Catholic and Protestant moral values is nowhere near as large as is often assumed. It should by no means be unbridgeable in a united Ireland. Thus, contraception is now legal and available in the Republic. Abortions are banned north and south of the border, and all Irish women, Protestant and Catholic, have to come to Britain for terminations. Divorce remains the main area of apparent difference, but even here the gulf should not be insurmountable. While divorce remains prohibited under the constitution of the Republic (whereas the province's divorce laws parallel Britain's), new laws being introduced will soon give much the same entitlements as divorce, save the right to remarry.

These positive measures should do much to minimise the risk and extent of inter-community violence. But Britain would also have to act immediately to take all practicable measures to disarm Protestants. There are around 6,000 members of the Ulster Defence Regiment and a further 13,000 in the RUC. Most of them carry personal arms for self-defence and also have access to official arsenals containing more destructive weapons (high-velocity rifles, submachine guns, etc). The UDR should be disbanded, thus greatly reducing Protestant access to official arsenals. It may also be necessary to disband the RUC, but much would depend on whether the RUC's loyalty and discipline held. This would be far more likely if the British and Irish governments guaranteed the future employment and pension rights of those who obeyed orders.

Apart from the UDR and RUC, the Protestants own most of the 100,000 or so guns—mostly shotguns—which are legally held in the province. There are also an unknown quantity of revolvers, rifles and machine guns held illegally by Protestants in self-defence and, of course, by the paramilitaries. There is no way Britain can do anything about these weapons.

But regardless of how well-armed the Protestants are, would they actually fight? Most Protestants are opposed to British withdrawal, and they know that the threat of massive bloodshed is a formidable deterrent. But to threaten is one thing, to deliver is another. More relevant here than their armed strength are two quite different factors: war-weariness and economic self-interest. The majority of Protestants are heartily sick of the violence. If they were genuinely convinced that Britain was going and would crush resistance by strong economic sanctions, and were at the same time fully reassured about their future, most Protestants would accept re-unification as a *fait accompli*, some would emigrate, and the few who wanted to take to arms would be likely to find only minimal support.

The risk of widespread bloodshed could thus be reduced to almost negligible proportions. There's no question of conventional warfare, given the quality of the arms at the disposal of militant Protestants, but however intensively Northern Ireland were policed, there would almost certainly be a burst of sectarian killings during the process of transition. But this risk has to be weighed against the absolute certainty that thousands will die if Britain remains in Northern Ireland, and countless more will suffer in other ways.

Finally there is the moral dimension. Britain presents itself as an honest broker in Ireland, desperately trying to establish peace between two hostile communities. But its involvement is partisan simply because the Northern Ireland state is itself a partisan creation. Discrimination against Catholics is built into its very being; Britain is upholding a state which represents the victory of one community over another. Equally, the usual argument put against the course we advocate—that it's undemocratic to force re-unification upon the majority against their wishes—ignores the artificial nature of that majority. Prior to partition, the Protestants themselves were very much the minority.

For 20 years Britain has fought an unwinnable war in Northern Ireland to save a state which cannot be saved. Only a resolute and well-planned withdrawal can bring peace to the troubled province. For once in its long and unhappy relationship with Ireland, Britain should do the right thing at the right time. And that time is now. ●

Bob Rowthorn is Reader in Economics at Cambridge and Naomi Wayne is a trade union official who has worked for the Equal Opportunities Commission of Northern Ireland. This article is adapted from their book, "Northern Ireland: the political economy of conflict", which is published next month by Polity Press.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The winning edge

Britain's "economic miracle" isn't unique. We're sharing in a boom with the rest of Western Europe's periphery. But, warns Will Hutton, Britain's success is most at risk

Nigel Lawson would have us believe that his economic "miracle" has been achieved in splendid isolation. In fact, Britain has simply been benefitting from a wider trend: Europe's periphery is booming. The economies of the Atlantic seaboard, the Mediterranean littoral and Scandinavia are all experiencing their own variants of an economic "miracle". Greece and Ireland excepted, the performance of the outlying economies is currently stronger than those in the centre; and governments of every political hue are claiming the success as a tribute to their immense judgment, fortitude and skill at economic management. Few can rival the British for the sheer scale of the self-advertisement.

Exceptional growth in productivity linked to labour shake-outs and consumer booms based on plentiful credit from deregulated financial systems are common themes across the periphery. So are current-account deficits as the faster growing economies suck in imports from the slower growing centre. But it is the British whose place in the periphery's success story is now most at risk. After the recent trade figures an insular hubris has given way to a sense of impending nemesis; all the more so since a more modest assessment of Britain's recent achievement and its place in the European scheme of things might have led to a less swashbuckling attitude and hence avoided the worst of the coming upheaval.

The periphery's performance, of course, is flattered by the relatively disappointing slowing down of the centre, notably in Germany. Throughout the 1980s the Germans have been variously accused of sclerosis, an excess of corporatism and a waning of the post-war work ethic. However, their 700,000 apprentices (compared to Britain's 40,000) and continuing commitment to a formidable scientific effort, suggests caution in writing off Europe's biggest economy. The extreme caution of Germans themselves with regard to fiscal and monetary policy over the past decade is the real key—the prevailing monetarist ethic intensifying a native stringency to produce a kind of immobilism under Chancellor Kohl.

German fiscal and monetary probity has been spread to the rest of the centre by the European Monetary System. France, Belgium, Holland and even Italy have all wanted to preserve EMS parities as a prime weapon in anti-inflation policy. Holding parity has implied monetary growth at least in line with Bundesbank targets—and a fiscal policy no less restrictive. The Bundesbank, as the French left and right now both protest, is becoming a *de facto* Central Bank of Europe—and one which is exceptionally deflationary. Margaret Thatcher is said to have resisted one of the more passionate attempts to persuade her to join the EMS by retorting that the Germans already (*pace* the agricultural policy) had the skin off her back; EMS membership would mean blood on top. You may deplore her position as wilful prejudice and anti-European to boot, but it has placed Britain firmly in the vanguard of the periphery; with one of the periphery's chief assets. It is beyond the deflationary scope of the Bundesbank and free to set monetary and fiscal policy with an eye on domestic needs rather than German concerns with national and international inflation.

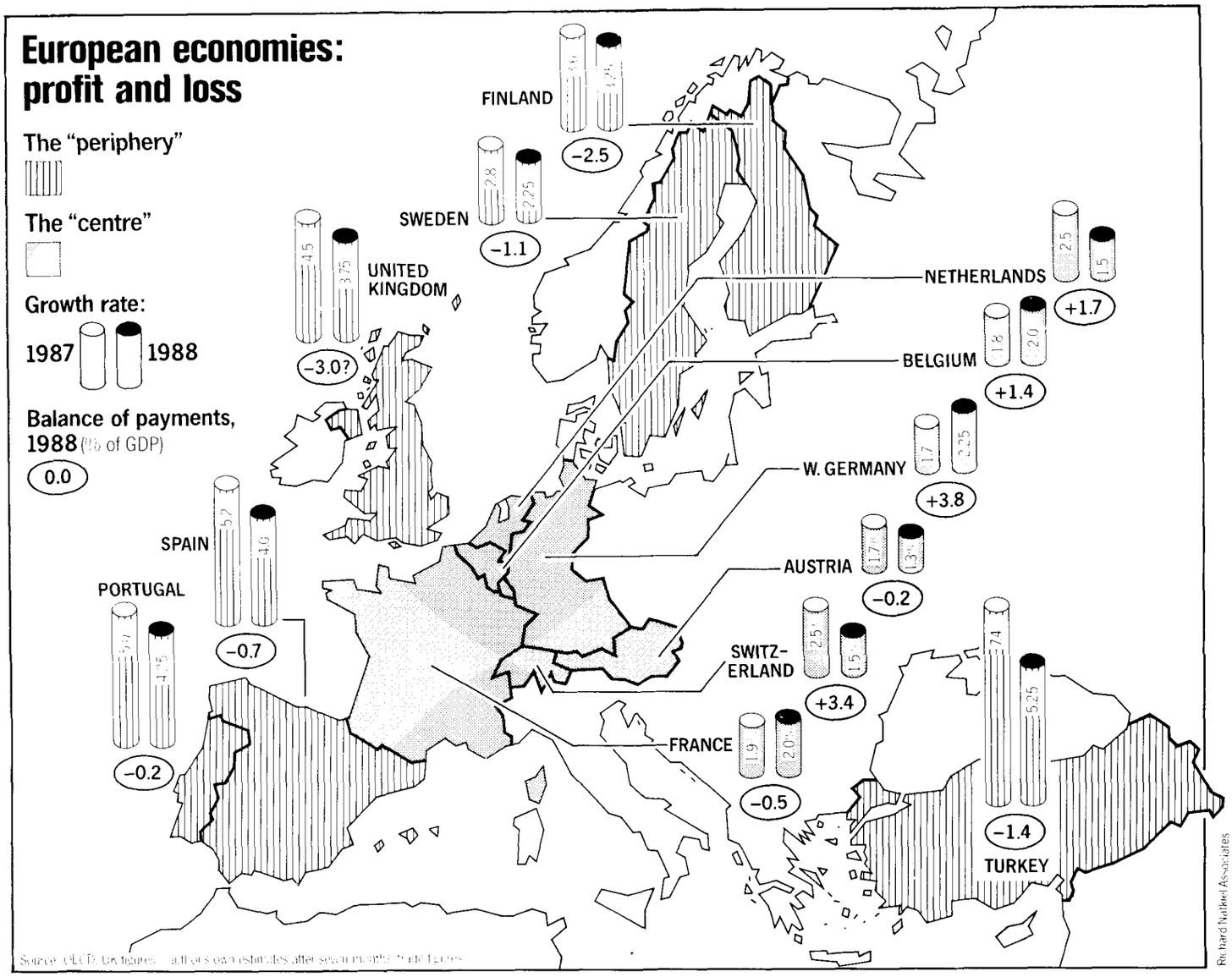
The trend is marked. Over the period 1987-88 the mainland centre is averaging two per cent growth or below; in the periphery growth rates are twice as high, with Scandinavia lying somewhere in between. Every periphery country is in deficit while centre countries (all part of the DM zone, including Switzerland and Austria) tend to enjoy surpluses—the exception being France, one of the few European countries to experience both low growth and a current account deficit: the new sick man of Europe.

In all the periphery economies there has been exceptional growth in credit; and money supply targets everywhere have been openly exceeded or discarded. Inflation, it has been discovered, has many causes; monetary growth is only one of them and at a time of world disinflation can be safely disregarded (although not for ever). Even so, each government has felt obliged to dissuade its citizens from over-borrowing through very high real interest rates—the same rates attracting capital flows with which to finance the current deficit. In Spain, for example, real interest rates have touched 12 per cent—and 6 per cent and 7 per cent are typical in Finland and Portugal. And, of course, we know about Britain—here, as elsewhere, there is a darker side to the periphery.

Yet it is not only the strong growth in consumption that has fuelled the boom; there has also been a jump in investment. Scandinavia apart, the periphery economies are low-wage and low-skill. Either semi-developed, like Spain and the UK outside the south-east, or quasi-underdeveloped like Turkey and Portugal, they have become immensely attractive as bases for multinational capital, diversifying production out of the slow-growing high-cost centre into the faster growing low-cost periphery. In this respect EC membership has been an especial boon to Portugal and Spain, and the Japanese have chosen to locate in the north of England (Nissan, Komatsu etc.) for similar reasons.

In Turkey and Finland domestic investment, led by the government, has been a strong impetus. Turkey—the world's biggest construction site—is run by a prime minister who as a self-avowed Thatcherite still manages to superintend a state planning organisation that has master-minded infrastructure investment on a boggling scale; nearly all Turkey's villages for example,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



have been linked to electricity and telephones in three years. Yet at the same time Turgut Ozal has dismantled import and foreign exchange controls; the promotion of competition sitting side by side with state intervention. Paradoxical it may be, but it's a policy mix that is adopted more or less by each periphery economy—dictated by that particular economy's institutions and traditions—but which everywhere allows the economy to balance private appetites with public needs. Too much protection and state intervention, as in Greece, and the take-off never begins; too little, as in Britain, and overbloated private sector spending runs the economy into an unsustainable trade deficit.

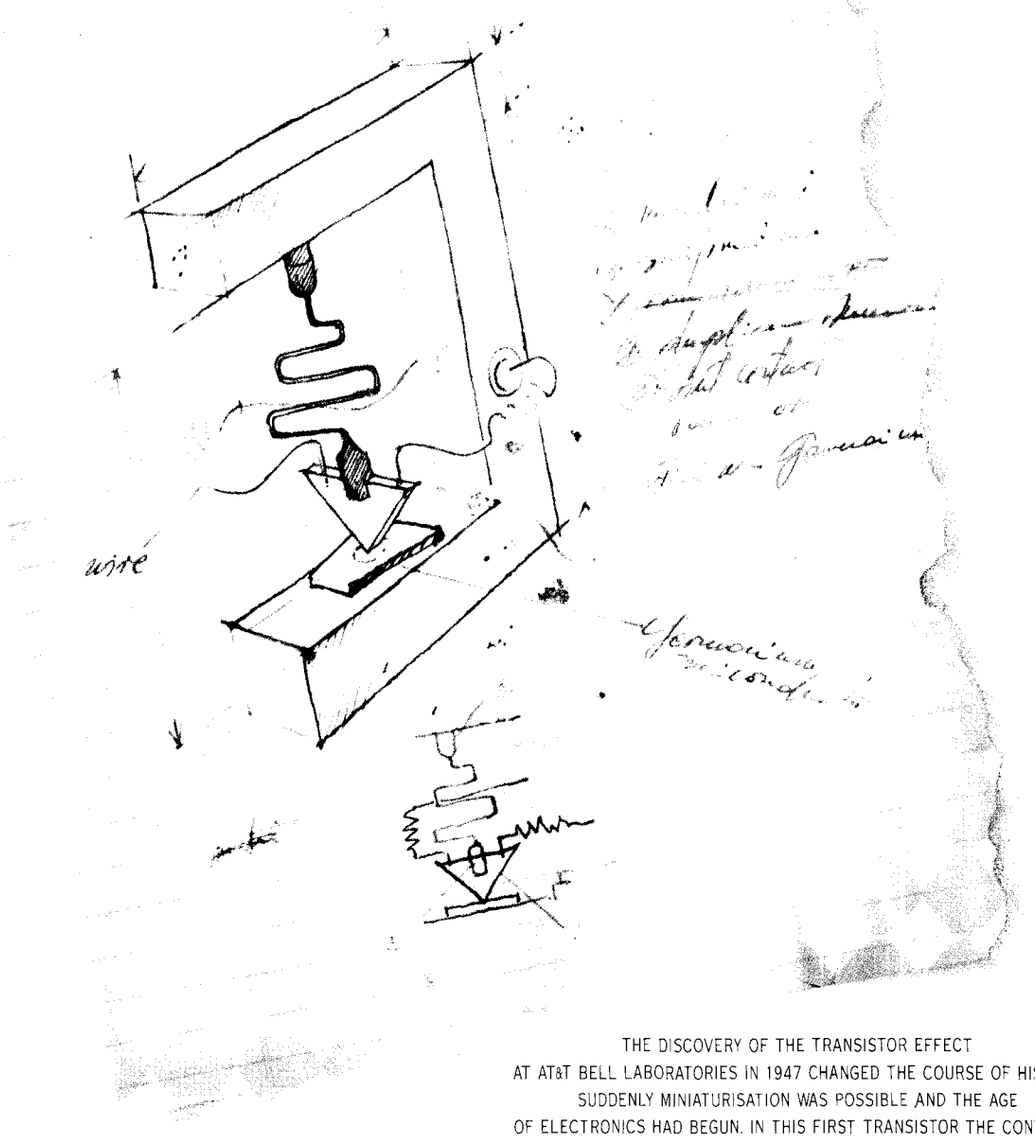
There are other common themes across the periphery. Liberalised financial systems encourage consumer spending and governments free from Bundesbank and DM influence have been making little effort to contain it. Access to the international capital markets permits any resulting trade deficit to be financed without putting on fiscal and monetary brakes; and exposing hitherto protected domestic producers to foreign competition forces them to make sizeable productivity gains. In Britain the steel, car and textile industries have suffered the treatment; as have those in Spain, although there the restructuring of declining industries has been organised by the law of 1984—the state taking a hand in both laying men off and rehiring and retraining them through the Employment Promotion Fund. Market-led or state-led adjustment has been severe; and the gains dramatic, although in periphery economies besides Britain the social costs tend to be less.

Again and again any British success story arising from the peripheries' advantages can be mirrored elsewhere. But, elsewhere, unlike in Britain, there is not any reluctance to intervene economically to enhance the "peripheral effect". In Turkey this takes the form of a crash policy of infrastructure investment; in Finland an incredible array of government inducements to support Research and Development expenditures, growing at 7 per cent a year and now representing 20 per cent of all manufacturing investment. Finnish investment expenditures and R and D outlays, on OECD figures, now rival the Japanese. Even the growth of credit is not allowed to go uncontrolled; in Spain, for example, interest rate ceilings may be scrapped and regulations about who lenders may lend to greatly relaxed, as in Britain, but the quantities of credit are still carefully superintended. "Coeficiente de inversion", resented by the Spanish financial community as limiting their freedom, allocates credit flows between housing, agriculture and industry, thereby capping Spanish real interest rates in the low double figures. Similar mechanisms are at work in Turkey, Portugal, Sweden and Finland—just as they were in Britain until the most recent phase of deregulation.

Britain's successes over the last decade are those of the rest of the periphery; enjoying a swing away from the European centre that shows little sign of being reversed. Yet with a trade deficit this year likely to exceed 3 per cent of GDP, Britain's ability to over-consume with no matching increase in production is coming to an end. Spanish socialists have swallowed their pride and opened up to markets; while in Finland a conservative-led coalition maintains all the support to industry it inherited. In Turkey Ozal swears by Mrs Thatcher even while he plans and spends; and in Portugal Mr Silva privatises and attacks trade union privilege while he accepts EC loans to build roads and factories. The economies of Europe's periphery have a lot going for them; but their managers have to be careful that they do not mistake the benefits arising from more private sector energy, interdependence and open capital markets as an argument for public inaction. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We invented the phone back in 1876, and we've been ringing the patent office ever since.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE TRANSISTOR EFFECT
AT AT&T BELL LABORATORIES IN 1947 CHANGED THE COURSE OF HISTORY.
SUDDENLY MINIATURISATION WAS POSSIBLE AND THE AGE
OF ELECTRONICS HAD BEGUN. IN THIS FIRST TRANSISTOR THE CONTACTS
WERE MADE OF GOLD AND THE SEMICONDUCTOR WAS GERMANIUM.

"Mr. Watson, come here," were the words that announced the invention of the telephone way back in 1876.

Unknowingly, they were also the words that announced the birth of an organisation that would ultimately be known as AT&T.

A few years and thousands of telephone poles later, the people of Los Angeles were able to talk directly to the people of Boston. The nascent AT&T was on the move.

In April 1927, a handful of New Yorkers glimpsed the future. AT&T Bell Laboratories, now the inheritors of Alexander Graham Bell's inventor's mantle, had developed a way to carry the first television image over telephone lines.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

® REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF AT&T IN THE USA AND OTHER COUNTRIES © 1988 AT&T

Then, a few years later, in 1939, the world's first electrical digital computer emerged from the same laboratory.

1947 saw a major breakthrough with three of our scientists inventing the transistor. At the same time of course, they had no idea that this was the beginning of the microelectronics revolution. Each was later awarded the Nobel Prize.

SCIENTISTS AT AT&T BELL LABORATORIES INVENTED THE FIRST ELECTRICAL DIGITAL COMPUTER IN 1939. ALMOST 50 YEARS LATER, THE 6386 MICROCOMPUTER IS ABLE TO SUPPORT AS MANY AS 32 USERS SIMULTANEOUSLY. A CONTEMPORARY COMPUTER INDUSTRY BREAKTHROUGH.

In 1956, AT&T and its partners laid the first transatlantic telephone cable, and the world suddenly seemed a lot smaller.

The world's first satellite TV transmission was made possible in 1962 thanks to AT&T's Telstar satellite. And one of the first stations to receive Telstar's messages was built at Goonhilly that same year.

The UNIX® operating system was developed by AT&T in 1969 and has subsequently become an international computer operating standard.

The story continues in a similar vein until today. In fact, AT&T have earned a patent every working day for more than 60 years, most of

MARCH 10TH. 1876. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL UTTERS THE FIRST ARTICULATE SENTENCE EVER TRANSMITTED OVER HIS NEW INVENTION. THE LIQUID PHONE. "MR. WATSON. COME HERE. I WANT YOU." AND THUS THE FIRST AT&T PATENT IS EARNED.

which have contributed to improving the world's communication.

Communication is the heart of AT&T's business. And technology is our lifeblood. We see our job as connecting people to people, machines to machines, systems to systems, unhindered by geographic and technical barriers.

Today, AT&T has co-operative ventures with over 100 nations. We've been working with British Telecom, and its predecessors, for over 60 years.

Right now, the new transatlantic fibre optics cable is nearing completion, a result of an even stronger partnership between AT&T and the U.K.

We're providing jobs at our switch development and transmission manufacturing plant in Malmesbury and our microelectronics design centre at Bracknell. We intend to invest more in Britain, to serve our customers better.

If you'd like to know more about AT&T in Britain, please write to AT&T, Information Office, Norfolk House, 31 St. James's Square, London SW1 4JR.

AT&T

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Midsomer madness

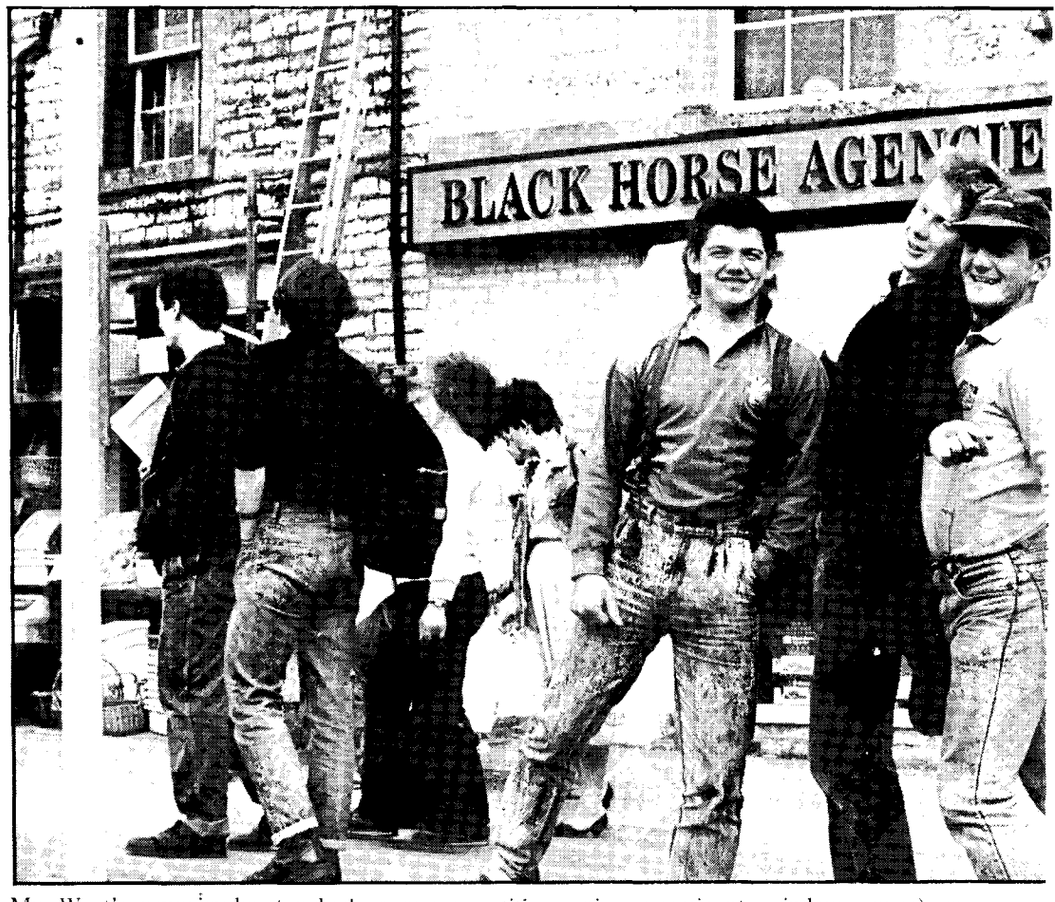
The reception area of Wansdyke District Council's office in Midsomer Norton High Street contains a glass-fronted showcase featuring artefacts from an era that officially ended in 1973. Pit helmets, snuff-boxes, an attendance book filled with local names and a black and white etching document the history of the Somerset coalfield. The illustrations are poignant, the captions brief and to the point: "Exploitation", "Degradation", "Stagnation", "Nationalisation". Only the last accompanies a scene depicting optimism or hope. It is a display reflecting a social and political culture which has long since been under siege.

On the other side of the street, looking out over the feeble flow of the river Somer from which the town takes its name, is the proposed site for a symptom of what is rising to replace it. The Savoy Rooms is an unprepossessing Victorian building, originally a brewery but since converted into shop units. Currently it houses a cafe and a roller-skating rink. Its proprietor, a local businessman named Bob Purnell, hopes to engage a new tenant to run a third concern within the premises—the Peter Simper Group of nearby Bath, purveyors of gaming facilities and amusement arcades.

The display of miners' memorabilia not only reminds local people of their past, but celebrates the end of what many regard as a dark age. Now, a wider cross-section of Nortonians fear the dawning of a new one. The prospect of the Savoy Rooms accommodating an amusement arcade has seized the imagination of the public for whom it appears to crystallise many of their deepest misgivings about what is happening to their town.

"I wouldn't go out after dark in Midsomer Norton any more," explains Mrs Jenny West, who does not seem the sort to bow to intimidation lightly. Her decision to organise a petition against the proposed arcade prompted a phone call from Mr Purnell, threatening her, she says, with a High Court injunction. The incident only strengthened the resolve of Mrs West, who works as a dinner lady at the St John's junior school. "See, it's happening in the rest of the country, and it's creeping into the rural areas. We're not immune." Mrs West and one of her workmates circulated half-a-dozen copies of their petition form among people they knew. Within a week, close to a thousand had signed their names.

Mrs West represents an interesting blend of the old Midsomer Norton and the new. She used to be an Executive Officer in the Ministry of Defence till her two young daughters were born. Her husband is a civil servant still, commuting the 12 miles to Bath every day. They have lived in Midsomer Norton for 13 years.



Mrs West's campaign has touched a nerve, as Midsomer Norton looks nervously over its shoulder and sees big, bad city sicknesses closing in. More than other local issues of arguably much more significance, the idea of the fruit machine invasion is accompanied by a threatening mythology: images of cheap urban glitz patronised by gatherings of feckless youths swollen by an intake of undesirables from surrounding villages. The section of the High Street where the Savoy Rooms stand is already long-established as the regular hang-out for pockets of disconsolate adolescents slouching against souped-up motor cars, loitering in the environs of Arnold's Place, a fish, chip and burger take-away, or revving their scrambler bikes at the recently-installed pedestrian lights, before tearing off past the main square in a flurry of insolent wheelies. Round to the left, up Silver Street they race, and on past the latest of a series of new private housing developments, Charlton Ridge, where a three bedroomed detached dwelling overlooking what, pre-Beeching, was Midsomer Norton's railway station, costs £92,000 and rising.

While the bottom end of the High Street and town square have recently acquired shops where you can hire home videos (the usual nasty titties enjoy prominent window space) or purchase firearms, the top end has been colonised by estate agents. Enterprise culture has come to Midsomer Norton, fuelling and facilitating its steady trend towards becoming a middle-class dormitory town for nearby Bath or Bristol or even London. By a combination of car and Inter-City, the capital lies a mere 90 minutes away.

If the amusement arcade comes to be, it will be widely seen as representing another dimension of the town's rapid expansion into a centre for unwelcome commerce, commuters and crime.

The most dramatic indication of these changes came three years ago after Wansdyke District Council had approved plans for a major re-development at the High Street's lower end. The Hollies, as it is named, was built by J T Design Build, part of a major Bristol-based development company which offered as part of the deal a new Wansdyke administrative office, where the miners' display is mounted, and a public library on wasteland directly across the High Street to replace the old one they would need to demolish. The main commercial beneficiary of this striking new feature would be a Safeways supermarket, which, for Midsomer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dave Hill on one small town adapting to change or how "commerce, commuters and crime" came to rural Somerset

Photography: John Arthur Reflex

Midsomer Norton High Street: amusement shift

Norton, confirmed the encroachment of a new way of life.

Wansdyke is the product of the reorganisation of local government in 1974. Its catchment area takes in Keynsham, a neat small town on the fringes of Bristol where Wansdyke also has its HQ, a spread of mainly rural territory that falls between and around the conurbations of Bristol and Bath, and, at its southerly edge, Midsomer Norton and Radstock, an adjoining town of similar size. The pair are jointly served by the Norton-Radstock town council whose powers are few and, in matters of planning, entirely subordinate to those of Wansdyke District Council. Wansdyke is under the solid control of the Conservatives. Norton-Radstock Town Council is Labour, and has never been anything else. It all makes for some enlightening political tensions.

"Our council here is an anti-Wansdyke council," says Mr Ken Curtis, a long-standing Conservative activist in his late middle-age who currently holds seats on both the town and district bodies. "It doesn't really matter to them what actually *happens* here." On the town council Mr Curtis accounts for one of a minority of four out of 14. Everyone else, as he puts it meaningfully is "card-carrying Labour". A few nights earlier, Mr Curtis had seen his son Alan join him in the local political arena, holding the Midsomer Norton North ward convincingly for the Conservatives in a town council bye-election. Round in the son's front room, taking tea in a cup with a saucer brought on a tray by his wife, pondering a carpet whose mottled brown design suggests long and loyal service, you felt yourself in the presence of people who practised the old-fashioned Conservative values which Margaret Thatcher likes to preach: thrift, individual self-improvement, and, as Alan Curtis's manifesto leaflet put it, adherence to "our traditional British way of life". His father still refers to Norton Hill Comprehensive, one of two in the town, as "the Grammar School", even though it ceased to be one 16 years ago. Neither profess themselves delighted with all that the government has done, and Curtis Jnr believes that in many ways it is harder than ever to set up in business on your own. But the Curtis's do not warm to such discussions as which side of the Ridley-Heseltine environmental struggle they might be on, perhaps because in the way that small-town Tories do, they are reluctant to characterise their activities as "political"—just common sense.

The Curtis's welcome Midsomer Norton's current evolutionary pattern. They regard a large proportion of the established population as rather stodgy and complacent, suspicious of innovation or change, and they are probably right. "It seems to me we've got more interest from the newer influx than the older residents," says Curtis Jnr, 33, who runs his own minibus and haulage business. While they acknowledge that the daily commuter exodus and the pull of Safeways have caused traffic disruption in the town, their feeling is that the changes themselves are not to blame, but that they have been badly managed. The infrastructure has not kept up, and that is the failing of Avon County Council who are responsible for roads. In fact, it is the view of Curtis Snr that "Safeways is the best thing that has ever happened to Midsomer Norton."

After the bye-election count, his son's touchingly nervous victory address was witnessed by the defeated Labour faction—the usual broad bunch of badge-bearers, blue-collar and fine, blousey ladies—and Helen Jones, a locally-born woman who had stood as Norton-Radstock's first ever Green Party candidate, polling 147 votes, a 15 per cent share. A pair of smartly-dressed young women stood, ankles together, handbags firmly clutched at Curtis Jnr's side, a sign that these are encouraging times for the Tories. The invasion of middle-class home buyers has yielded a number of such supporters, and Curtis Snr thinks that a change could "very easily" be on the way. Home purchasers on the new estates tend to be natural Conservative voters. Many, like Mrs West's husband, work in Bath for the Ministry of Defence, now a major employer in that city. The electoral role is expanding, and with town council turn-outs in the region of 1,000 per ward— around 25 per cent—a 50-vote swing either way can make all the difference at the polls.

Labour regard these changes with distaste and a degree of unease. On Wansdyke, Dave Chalk represents Westfield, a distinct district on the outer edge of Norton-Radstock containing a mixture of private and council housing, an industrial estate and the Clarks shoe factory, one of the bigger local employers. "We've had to really fight hard to hold on to our seats," he reflects.

At both town and district council levels, Chalk defines the main aim of Labour in Midsomer Norton and Radstock as preventing any more private estates being built. The rationale of Wansdyke's Tory majority is that if a market for private houses exists in areas like this, it must be catered to. The Conservative lady at the Methodist Hall Polling Station said it all brings money into the town. Dave Chalk's view is, of course, rather different. At one level Wansdyke is simply servicing the middle-class flight from the cities; at another, he believes, "they want to change the face of Norton-Radstock. They want more private estates to drive out the Labour Party".

Chalk and his family live in their own small terraced house on a steep hill road that drivers use to cut out a busy junction in Radstock, formerly dominated by a level crossing. It was, says Chalk, the railways, together with the pits that formed the bedrock of Labour's support in the area. Companies like Robert Maxwell's Purnells (no connection with the Savoy Rooms owner) and Standard Chequebook made sure that printing took over as the main local industry, but in 1987 Captain Bob parted 800 workers from their incomes. With no cheap or new council housing available, the twin towns already find themselves haunted by the spectre of a jobless, homeless, new rural poor.

Local politicians are divided about how significant the socialist heritage is. One particular point of dispute concerns the so-called Miner's Field, a piece of land just outside Radstock, that was for many years reserved for miners' recreation. Wansdyke have the space earmarked for development. A public meeting was held at Radstock's Victoria Hall, the town council HQ, to discuss the matter. Dave Chalk says he has never seen such passionate, united opposition over a local issue before. Ken Curtis, on the other hand, believes that most of those present were "Labour supporters, specially brought

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in".

Perhaps because she brings different analytical tools to these debates, it is the Green Party candidate at the bye-election who offers the most heartfelt vision of the way changes have been made. Helen Jones was born and raised in Midsomer Norton, spent several years travelling, and re-settled in 1981. She now lives on one of the older, mainly council estates of grey, semi-detached houses within sight of the old slag heap at Old Mills, a landmark at the border of Midsomer Norton. "It's not just changing here," she says, "it *has* changed, and most people feel it is a change for the worse." Canvassing the North ward was, in many ways, a sobering experience. She and her Green colleague Mike Boulton found it difficult to direct people away from the conventional left-right axis of debate. One man claimed that the excellent care he received at nearby Paulton hospital proved to him that there was no crisis in the National Health Service. "What I should have said was it's a pity you had the heart attack in the first place," reflects Ms Jones, "and started from there."

Among neighbouring residents of the first wave of private estates, built 20 or more years ago, she found pride in the fact that their organised opposition had prevented Sir William Rees-Mogg, a prominent landowner in Avon and Somerset, from clearing a piece of woodland to make way for new, luxury housing. "But I found that people thought of the wood as an amenity, and not as a vital enviromental resource."

We got to reminiscing about an earlier Midsomer Norton, because I too was born and raised there, and can remember toddling past the river Somer when it ran full and deep, supporting a family of swans which were washed

The old and the new: Charlton Ridge (above) is one of a number of private housing developments

away by one of the bank bursts that regularly swamped the High Street. It is a by-product of a flood prevention scheme which has reduced the river to an apologetic trickle, but even if the waters could sustain them, it is hard to imagine such graceful wildlife lasting long in the town today.

A fear of folk devils seems to galvanise the population more completely than the ongoing carve-up of pasture which many regard simply with resignation. The arcade issue has even brought local politicians close to agreement. Conservative town councillor Shirley Steel, whose husband runs the Palladium cinema just a couple of doors down from the Savoy, has written to the local paper expressing her opposition . Ken Curtis spoke against it at the relevant Wansdyke meeting, and the council, backed by local Tory MP Jack Aspinwall, rejected the proposal only to see the decision reversed after the Simper group appealed to the Department of the Environment. Labour, meanwhile, organised a demonstration and council leader Brian Maynard got his picture in the *Western Daily Press*. The whole issue now hangs in the balance, pending a meeting of the Wansdyke licencing committee. This one may run and run.

Beneath the civic-minded togetherness, though, the party postures approximate quite closely to those at the national level. Ultimately, the Tories seem ready to live with the Simper Group rather than get into arguments about morality and social management. Their main concern is that the Law is obeyed, and that if necessary, more police be employed to enforce it. Labour, meanwhile, risk being perceived as the party of killjoys. The Greens are game but have a long way to go. Meanwhile, in the High Street, next to the library, the proprietors of an insurance company offer a practised grim humour as they survey the space where their trade entrance side window had been neatly removed by burglars for the umpteenth time this year. That night, the video jukebox screamed at the Jack-O-Lent pub, as lads with lager spilled into the street and a prowl car purred past. At the fringes of the town, all is pastoral peace and quiet, the air filled with the oblivious contentment of another, greener world.●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oskar ceremony

Oskar Lafontaine brought post-industrial politics to the West German SPD's party conference. Here, Christopher Harvie and Eberhard Bort report; on page 34 we print extracts from Lafontaine's speech

On 1 September the United States removed nine Pershing rockets from its Waldheide base near Heilbronn in West Germany. These will be taken back to America and there dismantled. In the middle of the SPD's Congress at Munster this last echo of the Helmut Schmidt era was noted, and then the 440 delegates turned to other matters. Six years after the loss of Federal office, the SPD was more concerned with domestic policies for the long-term future: but so momentous were some of these that Münster, 1988, may turn out as significant as Bad Gödesberg, 1959.

The first splash was made by the women. "Auntie SPD" at last played fair with the female comrades and settled on a programme which will, by 1994, secure 40 per cent of women on every committee, from local party to Federal parliament. A two-thirds majority was required, but (thanks largely to the advocacy of the parliamentary leader Hans Jochem Vogel) an 87 per cent majority was actually gained.

The removal of the missiles and the advance of the women provide an essential context to understanding the major controversy of the conference: over economic policy and the role of Oskar Lafontaine.

When he was elected as the first SPD state premier of the Saarland with 51 per cent of the vote in 1985, Lafontaine, a 45 year old former physicist, seemed an ideological leftist of a kind not usually found close to any seat of power in the Federal Republic: anti-nuclear, neutralist, intent on an active policy of bridge-building with the East, and on good terms with his fellow-Saarlander Erich Honecker.

Three years later, and Lafontaine has become, if not the darling of centre and right, then the SPD leader who, by criticising the unions, gets more support from voters in general than from SPD supporters. The Münster conference, after approving the economic policy he presented to it as party vice-chair, rapped him over the knuckles in the vote for the national executive, where his vote fell from 83 to 68 per cent, and may have squashed speculation about Lafontaine as the SPD's candidate for Chancellor in 1990. Is Lafontaine then, as our press would put it, the socialist who dares to think the unthinkable and make his peace with the market economy, along with Bob Hawke, David Lange, Bryan Gould and the like?

Such of the British press as troubles to report on German politics faithfully imposes its values on them (so confused is current British political epistemology that moves towards the market can simultaneously be described as "radical" in the *Times* and "conservative" in the *Independent*). But the Lafontaine initiative acquires its significance from a particular German context.

The SPD's economic committee which he heads is not involved in a rightwards move. The German welfare state provides a dense network of social services and subsidies, maintained by a consensus. Thatcherism is regarded, even on the right, with *Schadenfreude*—"guilty satisfaction"—not envy. The problem is rather one of assigning the dividends from the output of a prospering high-technology economy at a time when most technological innovations don't just destroy workplaces; they proceed as if workplaces never existed. The "activities" around automated processes—design, maintenance, transport and communications, education and training—thus have to be multiplied, and industrial development has to be made to

The SPD goal is a high-technology, low-energy, "environmentally friendly" economy

pay for the revaluation and rewarding of activities which have not hitherto always been assessed as work—looking after children and old people, the sick and the handicapped—and have tended to be performed by women.

Thus far, the new SPD policy reflects the "post-industrial" thinking of such as Andre Gorz and the party's own Erhard Eppler. But the massive strengths of the German economy still lie in manufacturing and these have been, if anything, underlined by developments since Chernobyl. The SPD's goal is a high-technology, low-energy economy, something to be achieved by taxation and energy-pricing policies which encourage firms to invest, particularly in "environmentally-friendly" products and processes, and secure workforce support for this by adding worker-share-ownership to traditional union rights and participation (*Mitbestimmung*) policies.

To this Lafontaine has added the element of speculative thought which a German *Vordenker* (forward thinker) is supposed to have (the rules of the game being that he has also to cope with the consequence of putting peoples' backs up).

Lafontaine thus employed what he calls "pragmatic imagination" to call on higher-grade public servants to forego wage increases in order to create new jobs in the "caring" professions, and has argued that, in order to benefit from expensive high technology, German industry should no longer consider the weekend sacred. This has brought him into conflict with major unions in the German Trade Union Federation who fear that although this may work in the public sector, private employers will simply use such concessions as a means of lowering labour costs and "rationalising" jobs out of existence. Union leaders like the articulate and intelligent Franz Steinkukler of the Metalworkers are used to hard-fought annual bargaining rounds with employers, in which they play the informed game that *Mitbestimmung* allows. Therefore they resent the unprecedented intrusion of the state, armed with what boils down to a form of incomes policy.

Lafontaine was let off with a warning. The other members of his committee were also annoyed that he went beyond his brief and diverted attention from the innovatory taxation proposals. But Lafontaine's theses strike a chord in recognising how the German industrial giants have now become European powers in their own rights, and require considerable diplomacy to make them stay in Germany. Moreover, while the German unions have much greater public acceptance than their British counterparts, Lafontaine's call for "pragmatic imagination" strikes a chord with those whose interests they have tended to ignore. The consumer attempting to shop at the weekend, when a union-management pact ensures that shops close from 12.30 on Saturday, is likely to be one of the SPD's "targeted" women workers, who already feel alienated from a largely male union establishment.

The second implication, already visible in practice, is that the other plank of European industrial policy consists of the facilities for research, training and infrastructure provided by regional governments, like Lafontaine's own Saarland. A feature of German politics over the last decade has been a centrifugal shift of authority to the regional *Länder*. Practically all the major German politicians—Rau, Lafontaine on the left, Strauss, Späth on the right, are *Länd* premiers.

The SPD's problems are those of ideas in effervescence, not of structural crisis. That has now become the prerogative of the right, bereft of strategic thought and bewildered by the loosening of the iron curtain, the central prop of the Adenauer legacy. Which brings us back to the scrapping of the Pershings. The new industrial policy has been welcomed by many business spokesmen not as any sort of SPD capitulation (several of the biggest magnates are in fact SPD members), but through a shrewd realisation that their real new markets lie in the East, where the SPD's record has been impeccably diplomatic. ●

Christopher Harvie is Professor of British Studies at Tübingen University; his colleague Eberhard Bort is an SPD councillor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The will to lose

Alexander Cockburn on why Dukakis is in danger of letting Bush off the hook

Key West

There are now about 60 days remaining until the American people, or at least the usual meagre fraction thereof, proceed to the polls to elect the next President of the United States. To judge by the rhetorical jousts of the past three weeks, Bush and the Republicans will say that Mike Dukakis is a peacenik, UN-loving, flag-hating friend of black rapist-murderers who should go back home to pollution-clogged Boston. Until very recently Dukakis was saying that George Bush was part and parcel of an administration that had presided over a "Swiss cheese economy"; that he, Mike Dukakis, wanted to debate the serious issues confronting this country and that he continued to promise decent jobs at decent wages, with means unspecified in the attainment of such objectives.

No guesses as to which candidate is now "perceived" to have gained the tactical advantage. Even though Bush remains saddled with a running mate, Dan Quayle, who—aside from the matter of his war record—is so spectacularly ignorant on major issues of the day that most of his press conferences have to be suspended after a couple of minutes, the vice president has recovered a lot of ground. What this means is that political pundits say he is doing well, thus conditioning those members of the public polled by the pollsters to agree that he is doing well, thereby enabling the political pundits to quote these same polls to buttress their initial judgment, thus allowing the Republicans to go out and raise more money to pay for more campaign commercials to inflect further the object of potential polling enquiries . . . But you get the idea.

Dukakis has now signalled his readiness to climb down into the gutter with George Bush by rehiring John Sasso, who used to be his political *consigliere* until a very minor flap last year when Sasso circulated the correct, but scarcely deadly news that Joe Biden, one of Dukakis's rivals for the Democratic nomination, had been lifting lines from Neil Kinnock. Sasso was banished by a boss who probably knew what was going on but who sets stock by his squeaky clean image. Now Sasso's return is being hailed as a sign that things are going to get ugly and that soon Mike will be kicking George in the shins.

Dukakis's problem is that the recipe earning him victory in the race for the nomination no longer applies. He beat his fellow Democrats by making fewer mistakes and by not being black, thus enabling the voters of New York to discern that above all else he was not Jesse Jackson. Now he thinks that this is the way to get into the White House.

In the treaty of Atlanta, Dukakis and Jackson concluded a deal establishing the famous "unity" of that assembly. Dukakis specifically agreed to support legislation giving statehood to Washington DC (meaning two more senators, probably liberal and black); same-day voter registration; increased set-asides for minorities; a tough sanctions bill against South Africa; a day-care bill. Three weeks ago Jackson and his political intimates started to go public with complaints that Dukakis was welshing on all these commitments, and that furthermore the Dukakis campaign was instructing Jackson not to campaign in states such as New York and Michigan, where he might put off swing voters.

Frank Spooner Pictures

Dukakis is running the same timid operation that shot Mondale into political oblivion

These slights are calculated. In the days after the Democratic convention Dukakis's pollsters told him that his prime task was to win the "Reagan Democrats", those deserting the party to vote Republican in 1980 and 1984. Fortified by this counsel Dukakis went to the Neshoba county fair in Philadelphia, Mississippi, and made a speech in which he did not mention the names of Andrew Goodman, James Chaney and Michael Schwerner. Now, Philadelphia, Miss., is the birthplace of the Ku Klux Klan and the Neshoba country fair is a traditional assembly point for white bigots. It was also the place where, 24 years to the day that Dukakis visited the fair, the bodies of three murdered civil rights workers—Goodman, Chaney and Schwerner—were discovered. Jesse Jackson has long pointed out that when Ronald Reagan launched his 1980 campaign in Philadelphia, Miss., he was telling black America exactly what to expect.

So when Dukakis showed up at the Neshoba County Fair and after due consultation with his advisers did not mention the three famous martyrs of the civil rights struggle, Jackson and his supporters should have known what to surmise about their prospective role in the political strategy of Michael Dukakis. Publicly Jackson made no protest, despite the angry urgings of one influential black columnist to denounce Dukakis's "almost sacrilegious performance".

Then in a Sunday morning talk show on the NBC network near the end of August Jackson aired some of his anger at the way things had been going. The warning shot produced predictable peace smoke from the Dukakis camp, but there is no sign that it provoked any substantive rethinking of strategy.

A few days later Dukakis went campaigning in western Massachusetts. It's an area vibrating with progressive coalitions of one sort and another—anti-nukers, Central American peace groups, gay and Lesbian alliances, labour-consumer coalitions, high-minded herbivores in the bible belt. Jackson would have conjured an animated rally out of these elements. Yet Dukakis, with his technocrat's loathing of constituency politics, slipped through the area like a grey wraith, eschewing almost all human contact.

There are two ways of going after Reagan Democrats. One is to say, "Maybe you were wrong, Mr Blue Collar Factory Worker. You voted for Ronald Reagan in 1980. At that time you were earning $20 an hour as a skilled machinist. Now your factory has moved down to the Mexican border and you are flipping hamburgers at $3.50 while your wife drives 60 miles a day to a low-wage office job. Maybe you voted for the wrong guy." Or you can say what Walter Mondale did in 1984 at the Democratic convention in San Francisco: "Tonight I want to say something to those of you across the country who voted for Ronald Reagan—Republicans, independents and, yes, some Democrats. I heard you. And our party heard you . . . We began asking you what our mistakes had been. So tonight we come to you with a new realism: ready for the future, and recapturing the best in our tradition. We know that America must have a strong defense. . ."

So after a primary campaign which showed above all else that Americans are prepared to think about radical change and about fresh

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

departures, Dukakis is running exactly the same timid operation that shot Walter Mondale into political oblivion four years ago. Poll-worshippers that they are, Dukakis's advisers should look at the results of a survey taken by Lou Harris. By a majority of 66 per cent to 27 per cent people reject "staying the course" (the motto of choice of the Bush campaign) and favour striking out in new directions. By the same percentage they favour new initiatives in economic policy. By an even more substantial margin—75 per cent to 17 per cent—they want a fresh start in dealing with the problems of the elderly, poor, minorities and homeless. Three out of four say it is scandalous that so many children live in poverty. The same proportion wants no compromise on strict enforcement of environmental protection laws, putting health above all other concerns. By ten to one they believe women do not receive equal pay for equal work. By six to one they believe women should get comparable pay for comparable work. In contrast to ten years ago the percentage of those wanting less government has dropped from 41 to 27 whereas those wanting more government has risen from 31 to 44. Eighty per cent say the most important thing they look for in an employer is a sense of honesty. Yet only 41 per cent of the office workers in the US feel they can say their employer is not a crook. Only in one area do people want to "stay the course": negotiating arms agreements with the USSR. These numbers do not add up to a call for business as usual.

A major part of Dukakis's problem is that his running mate, Lloyd Bentsen, is the absolute epitome of Business As Usual. Dukakis has only to open his mouth to whisper a few phrases about "meaningful change" and Republican fingers shoot out to Bentsen's voting record as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee to highlight the aversion of the Texan to any act that might agitate his constituency, which is of course the constituency that has prospered under Reagan and naturally wants such prosperity to continue. Before his selection as vice-presidential nominee Bentsen had already raised $5 million for his Senate race in November, the largest war chest ever amassed for such a contest.

Bentsen's campaign contributors tell the story. Early in his campaign Dukakis raised most of his money from important parts of the Democratic business coalition—Wall Street and real-estate—but was unable to draw money from industralists. By choosing Bentsen he sent out an urgent signal that he was not going to rock the boat. A look through Bentsen's list of contributors suggests that a Bentsen ticket will go easy on polluters (see contributions from utilities and heavy industry); will not push for higher wages (see contributions from retail and agribusiness); will not attack the defence budget (see military and high tech); will not try to re-regulate transportation (contributions from airlines and trucking). Doug Henning, editor of *Left Business Observer*, who analysed Bentsen's contributors' lists lodged with the Federal Election Commission, adds that a glance at the individual contributors discloses such friends of the people as "the character assassins at the National Conservative Political Action Committee; chicken magnate Frank Perdue who employs thousands of underpaid black women; union-buster Frank Lorenzo who runs Continental Airlines; Rupert Murdoch; Henry Kravis, the leverage buy-out artists who sits on Bush's finance committee; countless oilmen, lawyers and developers. Not really all that different from Reagan—except that a Dukakis/Bentsen administration would probably be more aggressive in protecting and subsidising business."

Thus encumbered, the best that Dukakis can do is continue talking about the American dream and his own immigrant heritage while the soundtrack plays Neil Diamond's "Coming To America". The other day he went all the way to Ellis Island—entry point in New York harbour for the great immigrations of the late 19th and early 20th centuries—with his immigrant mother to talk about this heritage against a backdrop of American flags intended to give the lie to Bush's charges that he lacks patriotic fibre. (His crime being that he honoured a Supreme Court ruling in refusing to force Massachusetts public schools to mandate the Pledge of Allegiance as the start to each day's classes).

It shouldn't be impossible for Dukakis and Bentsen to regain some momentum. Quayle continues to be a serious liability to Bush, having reminded Americans that there is a class system and that if, as Michael Dukakis likes to say, everyone has a right to share in the American Dream, some people start life with bigger portfolios than others. It was easier, back in the late 1960s, for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man's son to go fight in Vietnam if he did not want to. No congressperson's son ever fought in Vietnam. Only two major-league athletes ever did. Added embarrassment came from the fact that one of Quayle's advisers has also been under a retainer to Noriega, whose own retainership to the CIA as paid consultant occurred under the directorate of George Bush.

On all levels, from gutter to rooftop, it isn't hard to stick a finger in George Bush's eye. But it does require a sense of constituency and a sense of politics rather than policies. Given the sentiments represented in Lou Harris's poll, and given the quality of the Republican ticket it's hard to believe that Dukakis and Bentsen won't squeak through in November, but the events of August have demonstrated that when it comes to fundamentals, the will to lose is there.

What else is new? The last time serious change was on the American political agenda was in 1896, when it briefly seemed that the Populists might replace the Democrats as an alternative. But they put William Jennings Bryan at the head of the ticket and the Populists went down. After 1896 the Democrats accepted the agenda of corporate liberalism and serious questions about the control of money and about egalitarianism were dropped from the agenda. Even this may be too optimistic in retrospect. The Populists could probably have only replaced the Democrats if they had made an alliance with the Knights of Labor, who had been crushed by the late 1880s. This is the coalition that Jesse Jackson has been trying to reactivate, for the first time—aside from Henry Wallace's effort in the mid-1940s. Why fool with hopes for Dukakis-Bentser ●

HELP!

HELP PROGRAMME – CURRENT PUBLICATIONS

They are all free, and obtainable from: HELP (NS Booklets), Thames Television, Ember House, 164-166 Drummond Street, London, NW1.

NEW! Two new booklets, both free, are written and designed with young people in mind. They are:

Half Cut - booklet in magazine format about drinking, not drinking, and where to go for advice about it.

Making Music - booklet with everything you need to know about starting out in music, from forming a band, to who to approach in record companies.

Other current HELP publications:

Can we help? A leaflet inviting groups to get in touch with HELP about making a programme and giving details of how we operate.

Getting in on the Act: A Guide to the 1986 Disabled Persons Act.

Campaign for Press and Broadcasting Freedom

Who owns the media? What can we do about it?

A Conference on Concentration of Ownership and Control in the Media

10.30 to 5.00 Saturday September 24th 1988

Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, WC1

Participants include: James Curran, Medical Lecturer Goldsmith's College London; Mark Fisher M.P., Shadow Media spokesperson; Bryan Gould M.P., Shadow Trade spokesperson; Barbara Gunnell, Joint President NUJ, Wendy Moore, National Secretary, CPBF; Alan Sapper, General Secretary A.C.T.T.; Aidan White, President International Federation of Journalists. Plus representatives from the C.P.B.F. and other media unions.

Please return to the C.P.B.F., 9 Poland Street, London, W1V 3DG.

I wish to attend the C.P.B.F. Ownership and Control Conference.

Name .....

Organisation .....

Address .....

.....

.....

I enclose my delegates' fee (£5 £2 unwaged). Cheques should be made payable to C.P.B.F. (Wheelchair Access)

Delegates who register in advance will receive a pack of information two weeks before the conference.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLITICAL COLUMN

In the shadows

Prescott v Hattersley v Heffer: a heartbeat away from Labour leader, but a lacklustre battle

Stephen Howe

John Prescott's campaign to become the fifth wheel on the Kinnock waggon now looks unequivocally doomed. Despite the continued whistling in the dark of his supporters, Prescott's chances were never very good. His office this week was coming out with the good old line about how the only real ballot is the one on the day: which is a not very heavily coded way of saying "OK, we've lost". With the votes of many MPs and constituencies earmarked from the beginning for Roy Hattersley, Prescott's only faint hope lay in getting the block votes of transport workers and public employees. Both unions will declare, with deliberate drama, at the very last moment on 2 October. NUPE is holding a branch ballot. The result is still anyone's guess; it'll be close, but my hunch is that Hatters has it. The TGWU will only announce when their delegation to party conference has met, but it's already clear that—after yet another of the fumbling pieces of backstage skulduggery on which they seem to hold a patent—their vote will go to Hattersley.

There are always two reasons for a political outcome: a good reason and the real reason. The good reason for Prescott's failure is that, for all his qualities, he is unsuited to the Deputy's job: too short-tempered, too inarticulate, too poor a television performer. The real reason, though, is that Kinnock doesn't want him and has pulled every available string of party loyalism and of patronage to exclude him. The leader of HM's Opposition, even one as hopelessly distant from the prospect of power as Neil Kinnock, can command a miniature replica of the Prime Minister's "payroll vote". Young and ambitious MPs, Tribune Group members who might otherwise be thought natural Prescott supporters, but who hold or hope for Shadow office, have gone overwhelmingly for Hattersley. So too will several key union delegations with no particular reason, other than loyalism, to feel great warmth towards the incumbents. The TGWU, unprompted, belongs naturally in Prescott's camp.

It has become clear that for many, especially on the party's parliamentary right wing, Kinnock's only real virtue is that he's not Tony Benn. If feelings about the leader are tepid, though, the silence on Hattersley's merits has been deafening. Very few people feel he's done a good job as deputy. As the Labour Coordinating Committee acidly and accurately said, he has treated the job as a sinecure, a Shadow Deputy Prime Ministership. Even from Kinnock's own office whisperings of dissatisfaction with Hattersley have been a constant counterpoint to the public claims of "dream ticket" unity.

Unless some quite unimaginable *coup de théâtre* takes place in the final days, this will have been a contest entirely lacking in excitement: a complete contrast to the great Benn-Healey battle. A feeble, fractious and largely backward-looking hard left has failed, not only to garner a respectable vote (which everyone knew would happen), but even to achieve Benn and Heffer's stated objective of generating a serious debate about socialist values. Some of the most thoughtful sections of the soft left, like *Chartist* magazine and Independent Labour Publications, have called down a plague on all the candidates' houses, rightly charged that the whole contest contributes nothing to Labour's renewal, and advocated abstention. Prescott's challenge was the only real point of interest.

John Prescott has been much maligned: not least by his colleagues and by the man whose deputy he said he wanted to be. Indeed the greatest mystery of his bid was why he felt prepared, once again, to put himself in the impossible position of running round the country proclaiming his desire to work in harness with someone who greeted every advance with a kick in the teeth. The leader gratuitously humiliated his energy spokesperson when he previously declared a wish to run for deputy. Even before that, Prescott became the fall guy for the worst of Labour's many policy muddles in the last election. As Employment spokesperson, he had presided over a scheme to create jobs through funding local authority initiatives, set out in the January 1987 document *Local Jobs—Real Needs*. At the last moment, this project went out of the window. This being the peak period of paranoia in Kinnock's office about the "loony left" and the "London effect", it was feared that such programmes would be seen as shovelling cash at maniacs who would blow it all on lesbian creches. Instead, Labour proclaimed that half a million new jobs would be created, inside two years, in construction and manufacturing. It was an absurdity, for which Prescott was in no way to blame: but he had to go on television in the forlorn hope of defending it. This was where his own real weaknesses were displayed. Probably no one could have turned that particular pig's ear into a silk purse; but a Cook or a Kaufman could at least have improvised something about the durable, hard-wearing qualities of pigskin. Prescott simply fell apart.

Prescott deserves better than shabby treatment from Kinnock

If the Deputy Leader's task is to be Kinnock's understudy or Shadow DPM, Hattersley is better at it than Prescott would be—it's hard to envisage the latter emulating Roy's capacity to get under Thatcher's skin while Neil was locked up in Zimbabwe. Prescott, though, has argued that the deputy's job should be something quite other than this: it should be that of revitalising party organisation, turning Labour into a mass campaigning organisation again. He was foolishly scorned for running on a job description, not a political platform. Why is this thought such a discreditable stance? The job described is one that Labour urgently needs doing—as has now been recognised with the adoption of Gordon Brown's plan to win a million members. It may be doubted whether the party would have moved even so far as it has to remedy the catastrophic weakness of its local organisation had Prescott not highlighted the need. It remains to be seen if there is the political will, or the basic organisational competence, to carry through the expansion.

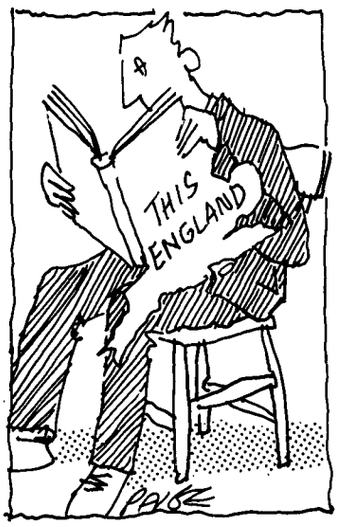
Prescott, a thoughtful, courageous and loyal politician, has deserved better than the shabby treatment he's received at Kinnock's hands. His patience during the campaign, as before, in refusing to make personal counterattacks on his tormentors, has been admirable and has rather belied his image as a man given to quick anger and long resentments. The result will owe very little to Roy Hattersley's personal efforts. He will ride to victory on Kinnock's back; and with the leader himself in such difficulties that back will not always be broad enough to carry him. If Hattersley treats his now seemingly assured victory as an excuse to rest on his scanty laurels, he may be in for a nasty shock next year. So, still, might Kinnock. As for the TGWU, it really must hold a membership ballot next time this happens, if it's to retain any political dignity at all.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

This England

In August Stuart Weir asked readers' views on re-naming "This England". At stake was the magazine's reputation in Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland and the promise of a glass of malt whisky in Edinburgh. Here's a selection of the responses we've had. Any more views?



So at last we have the ultimate reason why "This England" has remained the same—"resistance to change at Perseverance Works". I have questioned the title "This England" in every questionnaire you bothered to send out. I had even thought of sending you gems from our local press—like "Ulster bride keeps maiden name!"—but decided not to, due to your offensive title.

Perhaps I'm just a big spoilsport, feeling patronised when you Anglocentrics think it's ironic and mocking (well, you would, wouldn't you?).

I agree with David MacDonald (Letters, 5 August)—but don't change it to "This Britain" as that excludes Northern Ireland (as usual). What about "These Islands" and you could include the press in the Republic of Ireland. If you change the title of this column I'll provide a glass of Irish whiskey (or better still poteen), on your next visit to Belfast.

Fiona MacMillan
Belfast

In my view "This England" should be renamed "This World" and while we're at it, *NSS* could be renamed "New Worlds".

Martin Green
London SW5

May I, with equal irony and mockery suggest, "This Septred Isle".

Congratulations on the new *NSS* and all good wishes.

G Sidery-Smith
Suffolk

What about renaming the column "This Banana Republic"?

Karen Eliot
London E5

I am in complete agreement with David MacDonald's view that your "This England" column should be renamed. And I have written to you on this matter before (unpublished).

If you continue with the title, then at least you should exclude entries emanating from newspapers outside the geographical area the said title refers to. Over the years, pieces from the *Scotsman*, the *Sunday Post* and the *Greenock Telegraph*, amongst others, have been included. The items may reflect the "ironic and mocking" brief of the column but being items from Scottish newspapers, they should not be included in a column which states exactly where its interest lies.

The contributors of such items are as blameworthy and much more so if they themselves are Scots. Certainly the vast majority of Scots find the title as it stands offensive and, in Mr MacDonald's words "patronising and presumptuous".

Hamish McBrian
Morayshire

Re "This England", I had intended to press for "Cymru am byth" by seducing you with tots of mead in Dolgwellaw. But the 1990s are imminent and we must please everybody; so I advise you to go for something cosy instead of satirical, such as "Our Europe".

Why not re-vamp the whole journal with lots of jolly adverts and pictures of people and call it *The Elderly Statesperson and High Society*. The Chablis would pour in.

Eina Williams
Gwynedd

I can but agree with David MacDonald of Edinburgh (5 August) about the nomenclature "This England". Nevertheless I also accept your own comment that the title is "ironic and mocking". I would suggest that the title of "Maggie's Britain" would be very appropriate and could lead to more meaningful inserts.

Ron Page
Glenrothes

Psychiatric mavericks

The article by David Hill ("Psychiatric delusions", 12 August) yet again gave space to his strongly held, but totally unscientific beliefs in schizophrenia. While we would fully agree with him in regretting the association of schizophrenia with mass murderers we do very much regret his continued insistence that schizophrenia does not have a genetic and biological base and is purely a figment of the psychiatrist's imagination.

The 6,000 members of the National Schizophrenia Fellowship know very well from personal experience and from other members of their families that schizophrenia is a very real and very distressing disease which can be fairly accurately diagnosed in its more serious states but as with all other diseases can sometimes be misdiagnosed in its early stages or milder forms. A quarter of a million people in Britain today suffer from schizophrenia and people like David Hill increase the misery of them and their families by denying the reality of this severely disabling illness.

There has been a substantial amount of research into the genetics of schizophrenia and it is clearly and consistently shown that there is an inherited aspect. Perhaps the most convincing study was the large scale follow-up of adopted children in Denmark which showed very clearly that the likelihood of developing schizophrenia was related to the biological parents and not to the adopted family thus clearly indicating that the family environment was not a causal factor. There is very wide agreement within the scientific world that schizophrenia is increasingly being shown as a biological disorder and it is sad that a reputable journal such as the *NSS* should give credence to the maverick and unproved opinions of David Hill.

Judy Weleminsky, Director
National Schizophrenia Fellowship

NCCL: lessons from history

Sarah Spencer's account (Letters, 26 August) of recent NCCL actions and future plans was mildly comforting and a little more to the point than her exchanges with her predecessor, Larry Gostin, in the *Guardian*. But it shouldn't close a more important debate prompted by Bob Woffinden ("Where was the NCCL?", 19 August) and Gostin himself (*Guardian*, 22 August) plus his efforts to bring the NCCL in from almost beyond the fringe when he was in post and for which he was smartly dumped.

He identified two areas which have always represented the civil liberty underbelly of the NCCL—the not-irreconcilable tension between individual and collective rights and the primacy of free expression for all up to the difficult boundary between abuse and material harm.

He had not, as Woffinden suggested, crudely attempted to shift the NCCL to the right but into a more coherent and consistent policy framework, based on widely recognised principles and values, which was vital for more effective action in a difficult climate. He realised that the NCCL was dependent on wide recognition of its integrity.

No one can blame the NCCL for the erosion of traditional but well breached civil liberties and new threats. The cause lies elsewhere with forces that are more powerful than single organisations or networks of special interest groups. But its civil liberty-for-some–approach, its self-identification with the left and its neglect of the educational role in keeping its values alive didn't help, lost support and rendered it ineffectual in coping with fresh injustices and the revival of authoritarianism.

It seems that the NCCL has recognised that it is becalmed. Its response is to launch a public relation exercise which reminds me a bit of the appointment of a disc-jockey to help run Broadmoor. Something more profound is needed.

A starting point would be to learn the lessons of the NCCL's own history: clarity of purpose, relevant targets in the pre-war era of popular front, anti-fascism and establishment cold feet; the take-over and attempted take-overs by political factions leading, for example, to George Orwell's attempted breakaway, the abandonment of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trotskyist, anarchist and pacifist victims and, eventually, the NCCL's banishment to the wilderness in the 1950s; the times when its integrity carried it through the espousal of unpopular causes and victims.

The NCCL's structure gives too much influence to those on whom it relies for funding. Yes, I mean the trade unions who send large delegations to its AGMs, many of whom are disinterested in, or hostile to, civil liberty issues involving other individual or collective needs.

Its policy making procedures are laughably crude and lack the research and debate which has sustained the American Civil Liberties Union through periods when its considered action looked perverse or suicidal.

I still believe that there are plenty of civil libertarians around, in most political parties, churches, professions, minority or special interest groups, and among the general public, who have the imagination to fear the abuse of power and to identify with the victims of injustice. When the NCCL is open to all of them and they join or, at least, respect it, then we shall have a workable counter to the authoritarian excesses of our times.

Tony Smythe
Former NCCL General Secretary

Selective prisoners

Re the controversy over the NCCL. Just ask yourself why NCCL isn't in the respectable position that Amnesty International has maintained. Is it because Amnesty International has never been selective about which political prisoners to support?

Jeremy Freeman
Bristol

Investing in English

Hope and enthusiasm interacting with reality can give results more worthwhile than those originally looked for. I believe this to be true of the Technical and Vocational Education pilot scheme. As one part author of the discussion paper you comment upon ("Just another brick in the wall", 2 September) I am sorry and rather surprised that such a "sharp-edged" innovation has not so far produced more rigorous evidence, but we must look beyond the obvious performance indicators and less reliable attitude sampling and consider what else has changed.

Individual pilot schemes have rarely taken the courses originally planned for them, they have introduced new ideas and tried them out. New methods, new systems, and new forms of organisation and co-operation have been tested. The best of them are now becoming part of what can be offered to all pupils. In each of the local authorities I know the effects on administration, schools and teaching approaches have been great. They may not have changed the face of the earth—English education is not easy to move, nor even to communicate with—but it would be unwise to underrate what has been achieved or the strength and significance of the movement which has now been started as a result of this investment.

Colin McCabe
Newcastle upon Tyne

United they stand

The main thrust of David Metcalf's article ("United they fall", 2 September) was, given your sub-headline, meant to "pose some awkward questions for the TUC". I would like to examine the logic behind the article and challenge its validity.

The starting point for the article crudely put is that unions: a) Reduce profit levels b) Have a negative effect on individual ambition c) Cause redundancies and stifle job creation and d) Reduce productivity.

There may be a slight temporary variation between the TUC old guard and the new realists but Metcalf suggests that ultimately old and/or new will have a similar effect.

Accepting for the *sake of argument* that profit levels are a valid yardstick with which to measure performance, the key question must be whether the maximisation of profit is in the interests of the trade union member, society or indeed company. (We have to neglect millions of trade unionists working in the public sector to look at the validity of Metcalf's suggestions.)

The continuing relevance of trade unions, I believe, is self-evident given the recent experience of News International and P and O. Here were two companies which have deliberately taken advantage of government legislation to maximise profit at employees' expense.

The inability of the trade unions to beat the employer is a sign of weakness in relative terms, ie the forces against which they were fighting—the government, the law and companies. Morally, especially after Zeebrugge the weight of argument lies with the unions and their members. Given the option most individuals choose to remain with the unions rather than with the company. The experience outside is similar. This year trade union membership losses appear to have slowed to the extent that some unions are even showing an increase.

In respect of profit levels, productivity and staff levels, obviously these three factors are directly related. Metcalf's submission that union leaders face a dilemma over "generous manning levels" is quite mistaken. We have been trying to *defend adequate* staff levels for years now.

However, his premise is valid in that numbers of employees is a critical factor, indeed could be the key question. If we look at one of the biggest growth areas of non-union labour, ie government training schemes, we see low pay and a disastrous safety record as recently catalogued in the media. Is this the question he poses for the TUC?

I believe Metcalf is right when he suggests the difference between the AEU and other unions is marginal. (Most of the figures he uses are from the Engineering Industry.) Profit maximisation has never guaranteed the employees anything be it in Britain, Hong Kong, West Germany or Detroit. Unionised companies have always had better staffing levels because of safety reasons, better leave agreements and more civilised working conditions. It should be no surprise therefore that when that balance shifts and companies are either under pressure to raise profit levels or decide to take the opportunity to "rationalise" unionised firms which employ more staff can be shown to have proportionately lost a far greater number of employees.

Productivity and individual performance in mass production, labour intensive industry was difficult to sectionalise or personalise. The new electronic age could mean new opportunity for companies and trade unions to negotiate new agreements. Again, however, as in the case of the proposed Dundee plant, Ford was more than optimistic that it could undermine pay rates at its other British plants and get union support. That's not the AEU trying to square the circle as Metcalf suggests but trying to abolish parameters.

Given the legislation which has been passed by this government since 1979 (a major bill every two years at least) directly in the area concerning trade unions and given the application of that law by the police and its interpretation by judges and the use of it by employers, it is amazing we have a trade union movement left. I believe that we have a major role to play in this country's future.

J. Fitzpatrick, Regional Secretary
London Fire Brigades Union

Now that they are here

Stephen Howe (Whose nation?", 26 August) seems to have been so overcome by emotion that he ascribed to me views which are the diametrical opposite of those I hold.

I have never suggested that the Afro-Caribbeans should be excluded from national life. On the contrary, now that they are here, the most urgent problem is to absorb them constructively.

The problems created by Afro-Caribbean immigration are not primarily ethnic, though they take on ethnic form, but social, unlike those of the Asians. They stem from the deliberate decision to import cheap labour unselectively to accept inferior conditions in order to assuage problems of inefficient labour-distribution and from low-pay policies in the public sector. This predictably turned out to be a false economy creating serious ethno-social problems into the bargain. It is exacerbated by the low level of state education in that area.

Racism is more effect than cause of these developments. Conversely, most solutions needed would not be specific to the ethnic grouping but comparable groupings of English and Irish origin.

However, the Afro-Caribbean problem is exacerbated by two additional factors. First, the family structure which creates alienated young people. Second, the adversarial "black separatist" attitudes of *declasse* pseudo intellectuals. By and large, the task of any immigrant minority is to accommodate itself to majority culture while preserving what remains viable in its own, otherwise, why immigrate? Afro-Caribbean middle classes had no great difficulty in doing so. This does not suggest that folk customs need be given up. Only that mutual accommodation predicates that sensitivities of the host community be respected. The Notting Hill carnival in its present size and location is an irritant.

Your correspondent claims to be an historian. Surely he should reflect on the lessons of history in the field of ethnic relations, that it is easier to create problems than solve them. But the first step towards resolution is recognition.

Alfred Sherman
London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Playing the game

Anthony Barnett

Despite the warning of A J P Taylor, for ten long years, Labour's leaders have sought to demonstrate their suitability for office by showing themselves to be responsible. In their wet-dreams, they imagine power will come to them with a pat on the back for good behaviour. A voice close to Whitehall will let them know it is their turn to bat. The wicket is fair, the sun shines, the players wear white, the umpires are fair. Gosh, yes, the general election results will find their place in Wisden. The reports of their royal commissions will hit the table with the satisfying thunk of a good stroke. The ground is—where else?—Lords itself.

They begin to stir, the dream approaches the light of dawn. They have dropped their catches. They are put in to bat against the West Indies. The umpires are Pakistani. All talk is of who will be the next captain. They feel rain. Has it saved the day? No, it is the perspiration of the fear that all is lost. The throat rasps: "It isn't cricket!" And they wake. To another week of leading the Labour Party down the road of responsibility.

If you think this unfair, a modest research grant could prove the point beyond dispute. Sporting analogies have gripped the Labour mind since 1945. Attlee allowed the Conservatives back to power, saying that it was their turn to have an innings. Wilson saw governing the nation as a matter of rowing the boat. Kinnock regards himself as a soccer manager. Responsible Labourism has a rule book. It states that there are two sides in politics and their contest is, naturally, bound by the rules of game. There is no other way to play. The game—the competition between the two parties—used to be called consensus politics.

Thatcher has brought the game to an end. The question now is *how to fight back*. What is strange about this question, is that it is being asked with such a sense of doom and despair in conversations about Thatcher on the left. The mood is not one of anger, or the resignation and bitterness that comes with straight defeat. It is despair, for its object is not *her* so much as us. How can things be so bad for the opposition when things should be so good for *any* opposition?

And they should be. If you forget about the Labour Party for a moment it is evident that the supporters of Thatcherism should now be on the defensive—supporters who declared that the laws of monetarism were inscribed on the tablets of Moses when it turns out they were written on raspberry jam. The ideology of Thatcherism proclaims the virtue of the free market. In education, in local government, in the environment, planning has never been more evidently essential. As the seals die and the traffic seizes up and the Health Service shuts down and the state takes command of the schools and postmen who earn barely more than £100 a week are pilloried by journalists who earn nearly £200 a day, the scoundrels who have re-lined the pockets of the rich should at last be on the run.

Why can't Labour express the healthy, rightful anger at what is happening and give the anger some plausible answers about what to do? It can't until it stops playing the old game of being responsible.

A key part of the old game is bashing the left. "Run Tony run", the right wing said, "let's have a leadership contest." The calculation was evident. The Labour Party machine could not fail to crush Benn's aspirations. Thus a *coup de grace*—a final blow—could be delivered to rid the party of the malignant image of extremism. Now it seems that by flaunting its domination of the electoral college, the leadership has exposed the emptiness of its policies, and its lack of an alternative agenda, while Benn appears as the one who has really opposed the Tories. The more complete the victory of the leadership, the more it delights in smashing the left, the less deadly serious the Labour Party appears to be about toppling the Tory regime.

Those who believe in the rules of the game and that none should worship any but its gods, have lost the right to lecture the labour movement on "realism"

Does it follow that "the left" has the answers? It doesn't. But the hatred of the "loony left" among the Labour leadership betrays bad faith rather than good judgment, as if the GLC had really lost Labour the last election. But there is indeed a desperate fundamentalism to much of the far left in the Labour Party. A fundamentalism even more pathetically self-serving than the behaviour of the front bench. But while the former is the more grotesque, the latter is the more grave. Those who believe in the rules of the game, and that none should worship any but its gods, have now lost the right to lecture the labour movement about "realism".

One sign that all is not lost concerns the poll tax. The possibility of widespread refusal to pay this imposition has now become a major issue in Scotland. In England it has just been made law by the blatently corrupt mobilisation of those already fortunate enough to have inherited a country house. How will Labour respond? In the shadow cabinet, Robin Cook found himself isolated and berated for his declared refusal to pay. As a resident of Scotland the question is an immediate one for him. Only he, it appears, has both the sense to realise that change means linking up with forces outside Parliament, and the conviction to rise above the celtic cringe.

The official Labour line in Scotland will be finalised this month. It will almost certainly call on the public to obey: to lament but embrace Thatcher's regulation. MPs like Robin Cook will be regarded as acting out of conscience not policy. But if enough individuals should follow the call of the Scottish Nationalists widespread defiance of the law will make the law an ass. Then the issue will be high politics indeed.

In 1974 a right-wing Tory government was ejected from office because it could not crush the miners. Popular defiance, not co-operation, drove it to defeat at the polls—to the surprise of Harold Wilson as well as Edward Heath. Thatcher and her followers can also be voted out in the electoral game. But first they may have to be beaten in a very different arena.

If they are not, a future Secretary of Education may try to exclude this section from GCSE history: "In the last days of the once great empire, the Lords gathered together to relieve themselves of the traditional levied rate upon their valuable properties. All, from the mightiest to the most poor should pay the same local poll tax, the Lords declared. This was only fair, was their argument, for in a democracy each man is as good as another; others declared that their poll tax could not but be fair, for their empire was renowned for its fairness. Name the empire and discuss the fate of those who said that in order to best resist the tax their Lordships had first to be obeyed, and that any other form of opposition would be irresponsible."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No way to run a business

West Sussex county council is to education what Wandsworth is to dustbin collection: the Conservatives' model local authority. But how well does it deliver? Claire Sanders reports

There is a neat symmetry to West Sussex county council. It's the seventh lowest spending education authority in the country, and achieves the seventh best exam results. It would appear to be the perfect Thatcherite authority where the buzz phrases are "value for money", "consumer choice" and "return on the ratepayer's investment". Schools are compared to shoe shops on High Streets ("there will, inevitably, be inequalities"); and comparing the state system to the private is held to be "rather like comparing Marks and Spencers with Harrods".

But does the business ethos really work when applied to education? Are West Sussex's results as good as they claim? Critics of the Conservative policy, who include the chairman of the area's PTA federation, parents, teachers and Labour councillors, say that the policy neglects areas of education that do not show up neatly on a balance sheet. "Parent governors who know something about business are shocked by the continual clampdown on resources," says Laurance Price, the chairman of the PTA federation. "This is no way to run a business".

More objective criticism is implied by a table of exam results compiled by Sheffield University in 1986, which took social composition into account. In it, West Sussex dropped from seventh to forty-seventh place. As David Jesson, one of the authors of the report, put it, "For all the song and dance, once social factors are considered the authority comes right down to the run of the mill category". Other authorities, notably Harrow, were more "effective"—Harrow had results 10 per cent higher than could be predicted from its intake.

Furthermore, a breakdown of O level results for schools in the poorer Crawley area, when compared to a similar breakdown for schools in prosperous Chichester, revealed startling differences. Given three points for an A grade, two for a B and one for a C, the school with the highest average number of points per pupil in Crawley totalled 4.1. In Chichester, the *lowest* score was 4.4. The lowest score for the Crawley area was 2.8. The figures bear out teachers' fears that the exam results for the county as a whole ignore pockets of deprivation where low spending has a detrimental effect.

Parents are particularly concerned that it is only because of their efforts that many schools are able to keep going at all. In 1979 the authority was effectively rate-capped. As Mrs D'Arcy Howell, chair of the education committee, pointed out, the cuts came at a particularly bad time. Parts of East Sussex had just been incorporated into West Sussex and attempts were being made to raise the level of West Sussex's expenditure to one more comparable with East Sussex's. Instead, as education accounted for around 53 per cent of the total council expenditure, it took the majority of the ensuing cuts. Consequently, three years ago the authority was the lowest spender on education in Britain—saving its ratepayers £152 per child (today the saving is £120).

It was the parents who stepped in where the state stood down. A fifth of the total capitation fee spent in the county is now provided by parents. "In one school £2,000 of the £2,500 raised by the PTA was spent on books and other basic equipment that the authority should be providing," says Price. The county is the third lowest spending authority when it comes to books. A mother of three described the books her daughter brought home: "They were dreadful, dated, unbelievable, the sort of thing I might have used at school. Any new books had 'bought by the PTA' stamped all over them. My daughter has to share books and this has even meant driving 30 miles to give the book to another pupil in the evening."

The problems begin with the under-fives. Only 3 per cent can go to state nurseries—in Labour-run Cheshire the figure is 70 per cent. In the more affluent southern part of the county—where most of the Conservative councillors live—this may not be such a problem. But for places like Crawley and Gatwick the problem is acute as increasing numbers of families with young children are moving into the area, and in order to be able to afford a mortgage both parents have to work.

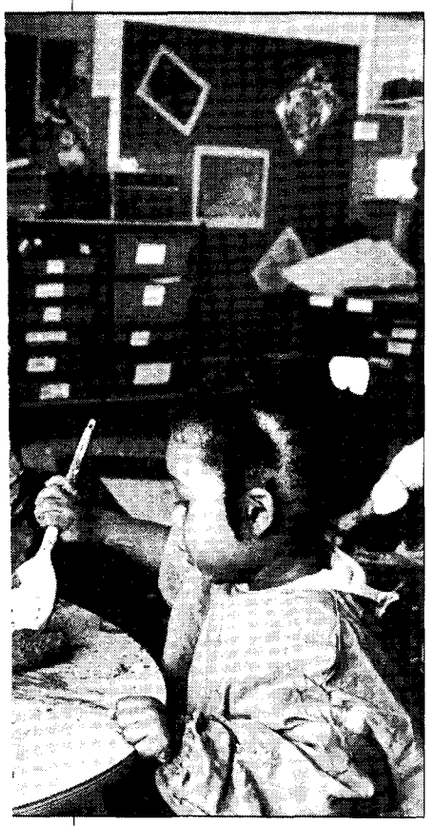
Although the authority is proud of the fact that it has more voluntary playgroup places than any other county, one mother pointed out that "these playgroups are totally different from state-run nurseries: you have to pay for a start and some of the prices are exorbitant. They are also run by volunteers and not properly trained staff."

"My daughter has to share books and this has even meant driving 30 miles to give the book to another pupil in the evening"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Remarkably, Peter Shepherd, chairman of the county council, feels that "parents are the best people to educate their children. As an authority we are concerned about education, we are not here to pre a dumping ground where mothers can leave their children. In my view it is best if mothers stay at home and look after them". Sheridan agrees: "Nobody is forced to have a family, single parent or not. The major part of the responsibility for a child is yours."

It is harder to take responsibility for the exact month in which a child is born. Heads of schools at present get no extra money for children taken in under five. Under the new education act, these children will be tested at



Jenny Matthews/Format

seven with two months less schooling than their classmates. Research has shown that September-born children do better at school right up to secondary level. D'Arcy Howell sees the need to get summer-born children into schools early as a priority.

To ignore the under-fives is not a cost-effective business strategy. Sheridan acknowledges as much when talking of the primary sector, "It provides the basic structure upon which a child's future education depends". But he does not see this as an argument for extending state nurseries. The effect of inadequate care when young was noted at a recent council meeting: "One of the worrying trends over the past few years has been the rapid increase in the problems being experienced by schools in coping with children with emotional and behavioural difficulties".

The authority's stringency could also leave schools in a difficult position under the new education act—especially those that do choose to opt out of local authority control and become grant-maintained schools. The amount such a school would get is likely to be determined by the level of funding per pupil in the authority at the time of opting out.

That parents are already dissatisfied with the system and have already opted out, is supported by the number of private schools in the area. The county has 61 in all (poorer areas like Cheshire have only 27). Nor is the picture here an entirely rosy one. In 1987 the trading standards department of the council found that schools were fiddling their figures. Pass rates of a hundred per cent were advertised for subjects sat by only one pupil, the passes of students just using the school to take the test (and not actually taught there) were recorded and failures ignored (where the school had not recommended a pupil to take the exam).

Teachers and parents (who all asked to remain anonymous—teachers especially were concerned that their career chances would be seriously affected if they voiced their worries) felt that "more ordinary people are wishing that they could send their kids to private schools". And there are marked differences in the resources between the state and the private sector. Most independent schools will be able to offer their pupils the three sciences at GCSE level. State schools may well be forced to opt for the cheaper combined courses. But, according to Sheridan, "we are delighted that in this county we have variety and choice. The fact that people have paid to send their children to private schools is not a comment on the standard of education in the state system. It has as much to do with the environment or the sports halls".

Shepherd also plays down inequality. He disagrees that parts of Crawley and Gatwick are hard up. He points to the low unemployment rates in these areas, and stresses, "just because a school in one area can't afford something, it doesn't mean that a school in another area cannot have it. Parents in prosperous areas should worry about themselves a bit more and not spend so much time on others".

As Price summed up: "What message is the education authority giving pupils when they won't pay their teachers a decent wage or buy them decent books? It is the parents that prevent total disaffection in the schools and not all areas have this resource."

Mortgage sharks surface

Jolyon Jenkins reports on the activities of right-to-buy merchants

"Roger—have you heard that the latest government scheme is to sell off all council houses to private landlords? Do you think they will let you buy this house once they have got their hands on it?"

"Roger—which do you want to be when you retire: a retired gentleman or an old age pensioner?"

"Roger—with all due respect: do you want to be classed as a working man all your life?"

"Roger—are you politically opposed to being the owner of your own home?"

"Roger—I take it that £5 per week savings is beyond your capabilities?"

"Roger —if today was the last day of the rest of your life and next week you drew the pension, next week's take home pay would be £55. Can you live on £55? (*Get a no*) Well, if you don't want to miss the boat this is possibly your last chance of this never happening to you."

"Roger—would you want Mary to be on social security if you were to die?"

"Mary—if, God forbid, something happened to Roger, do you want to end up on social security?"

"Mary —have you ever read the magazines showing pictures of all those gorgeous kitchens? Have you ever dreamed of owning such a kitchen?"

Roger and Mary just don't stand a chance. If by this stage they haven't caved in and agreed to buy their council home, the salesman has another eleven irresistible lines (or "closes") up his sleeve. The scripts come from an internal training manual for canvassers working for New City Consultants Ltd, a Nottingham company that tries to persuade council tenants to exercise their right to buy their homes. The company doesn't directly charge tenants for this service, but relies on the commission it gets from selling them mortgages.

"If some person offered me a £40,000 house," confesses the anonymous author of the manual, "and said here is a FREE gift of £20,000 to help you buy it—I would have snatched his hand off so quick that I would have knocked him over and you would not have seen me for dust." So why have only 15 per cent of tenants snapped up the bargains? Because, says the manual, of "misconceptions"—and it explains how to deal with them. For example, the objection "I would not buy this house because it is a slum," should be answered: "there is only one way to escape from these circumstances and that is to buy and sell in three years time."

The misconception "I can't afford to pay a penny more than I'm paying now" should be handled like this: "show the rent rise graph and ask how they will cope next year when the rent goes up." If the tenant counters "I haven't a bank account," then the correct response is: "open one for them and show them how to use it." On the crucial question of "how much will it cost?" the sneaky answer is: "At this stage until the council have done their work I cannot tell you." The manual gives no guidance on how to work out whether tenants can *afford* mortgages (or, what is often more important, service charges) but only advises not to sell to families on social security, families with rent arrears, old age pensioners (unless they can afford to pay cash), people over 55 or people living in concrete houses.

The manual also gives advice on how to get past the front door ("no presentation will ever take place on the doorstep") and how to set the scene ("make sure all parties are present, the TV is off, the Dog and the Children settled, etc.") and, finally, how to perform an "epilogue": "A) Repeat presentation. B) Excite over home improvements. C) Tie up loose ends."

According to the Association of Metropolitan Authorities, which has conducted a survey of the right-to-buy business, there are at least 39 companies in the field and a further ten insurance companies who also dabble. At the start of this year, New City Consultants became part of the large "Homes Assured" group, and changed its name to Homes Assured (Midlands) Ltd. The head company, Homes Assured Corporation plc, has a number of very wealthy directors,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

including privy councillor Sir Edward du Cann and a director of British Telecom, and its shareholders include the Bank of Boston and "Kazan", a Panamanian-registered corporation. After a recent visit by Manchester City Council's trading standards office, Homes Assured (Midlands) appear to have removed the emotive "closes" from their manual.

Obviously, the ethics and tactics of companies differ, but the AMA is worried about certain dodgy practices which it says are common. One is to persuade the tenant to take out a life-assurance endowment policy *before* they have made an application to buy their flat. This, say the brokers, can always be converted to a mortgage later. The advantage of an endowment policy to the company is that it pays the highest commission—but it may not always be the best sort of mortgage for the tenant. (There is no evidence that the Homes Assured group has been doing this.)

Another practice that the AMA has uncovered is companies that persuade tenants to take out home improvement loans, some of which they can then use to cover the legal fees of the finance company. Manchester City Council has put out a leaflet warning its tenants about two companies, Homeowners UK and Sterling Financial Services, who have both wrongly told tenants that tax relief is available on home improvement loans.

Some companies have said, or strongly implied (as in the New City Consultants manual), that a private landlord could take over an estate and that tenants would lose their right to buy. In fact, none of the government's housing reforms will reduce people's right to buy. In some cases their rights could be *increased*.

Others companies give tenants the impression that they are connected with the council (although the New City Consultants manual firmly tells canvassers not to do this). It is hard to prove examples of lying, but according to a spokesperson for the AMA, "most of our members told us that tenants had been very confused and had been led to believe that the salesman was from the council."

Mature differences

The number of first year mature students in higher education institutions in Great Britain rose by 42 per cent between 1979 and 1986, according to new figures published by the Department of Education and Science. Much of the increase has been in part-time students and in particular women part-timers. The department defines mature students as first degree and sub-degree students aged 21 or over and postgraduates aged 25 or over on the first year of their course.

Eighty-three per cent of all mature students are in polytechnics and colleges, but only 20 per cent of them were studying for a first degree. Excluding postgraduates, 58 per cent of full-time and 69 per cent of part-timers are aged 25 or over.

Among first degree mature students, only 12 per cent of part-timers have the traditional entry qualifications for higher education. For full-timers the figures are 32 per cent of those aged over 25 and 52 per cent of those aged 21-24.

The figures indicate that there are major differences between mature and young higher education students: a third of mature students are on full-time courses compared with two-thirds of young students; most mature students are in polys while young students are evenly split between polys and universities; and smaller proportions are studying science-based courses.

Nick Fielding

DES Statistical Bulletin 11/88

A defeat for education

Professor David Marsland is a right-wing sociologist teaching at Brunel University and a member of the social sciences committee of the degree-awarding Council for National Academic Awards. This week, as part of its campaign to highlight "abuses of freedom", the equally right-wing International Freedom Foundation (UK) published Professor Marsland's latest tract: *Education for Defeat—freedom, defence and the local community*.

IFF(UK) is the London branch of IFF(USA), a US educational charity which is "a bit like the Heritage Foundation only smaller", according to Marc Gordon, IFF(UK)'s director. It is devoted to "the principles of liberty, security and prosperity".

In 1985 an offshoot of the Heritage Foundation, the Institute for European Defence and Strategic Studies, published Marsland's *Neglect and Betrayal: War and Violence in Modern Sociology*. IEDSS has been instrumental in publishing anti-CND literature and attacking the peace movement in Britain. (See *NS* 29.5.87.)

IFF(UK), formed a year ago, is not a charity in the UK. It relies on its parent organisation, financed by a rich East Coast Republican, Jack Abramoff, for half of its funding but hopes to be self-sufficient soon from donations and literature sales. Any link with the British-based International Freedom Fund Establishment, a Heritage Foundation-backed "networking operation...that gives money to scholars, writers and research institutes" is strenuously denied. (*NS ibid*).

Education for Defeat, launched to "stimulate further debate" on education, is a depressing read. Full of paranoia about left-wing "infiltration" and subversion by extremists in the classroom, it dwells on the communist strategy of beguilement of the younger generation in advancing revolutionary change, national defence interests being put in serious jeopardy, and the undermining of freedom. A vision of the Soviet educational system where "youngsters are taught that their country is always right, and worth fighting and dying for" provides Marsland with his answer: fight fire with fire.

Marsland's counter programme for "containment" includes: systematic monitoring of subversive influences in the curriculum; encouragement of a competitive spirit in academic work; financial incentives for the development of a voluntary defence training corps; visits by the police and the military to the schools; a "cooperative relationship" between schools and the defence forces; and the inclusion of defence and freedom in a national curriculum.

Vicky Hutchings

WELFARE WATCH

Child-minding has obvious advantages for a lone parent on income support

Anne B, the mother of a two-year-old child, recently gave up her job as a part-time secretary because the DSS would only let her keep £15 a week of her wages. The rest was deducted from her income support payments, and most of the £15 was spent on having her child looked after. Under the pre-April supplementary benefit rules, child-minding costs were allowed for in the benefit calculation. Now they are not.

What finally persuaded Anne to give up her job was the realisation that her child-minder, also a single parent on income support, was getting a much better deal than she was. So she decided to become a child-minder herself.

For a lone parent on income support, child-minding has obvious advantages. The regulations assume that two-thirds of the money received for child-minding is absorbed by expenses. This, together with the fact that the first £15 of a lone parent's earnings are disregarded, means that she can earn up to £45 a week without any loss of benefit. Anne now earns £40 a week for looking after two other children. Most of this, she reckons, is profit, and she is allowed to keep it all.

Another advantage of child-minding is that it is not caught by the full-time work rule, under which a person working 24 hours a week cannot claim income support. A child-minder can draw income support regardless of the number of hours worked. If she works for 24 hours a week or more, however, she can choose whether to claim family credit instead of income support.

In Anne's case, with earnings of £40, the choice is simple—family credit of £38.15 a week or income support of £44.25; and opting for family credit would also mean losing the free pint of milk a day that she gets while on income support. If her earnings rose, however, it might pay to claim family credit. She could earn up to £51.45 a week in child-minding fees, after deducting expenses, or over £150 gross, and still receive £38.15 family credit, though her housing benefit would start tapering off when gross earnings reached £71 a week.

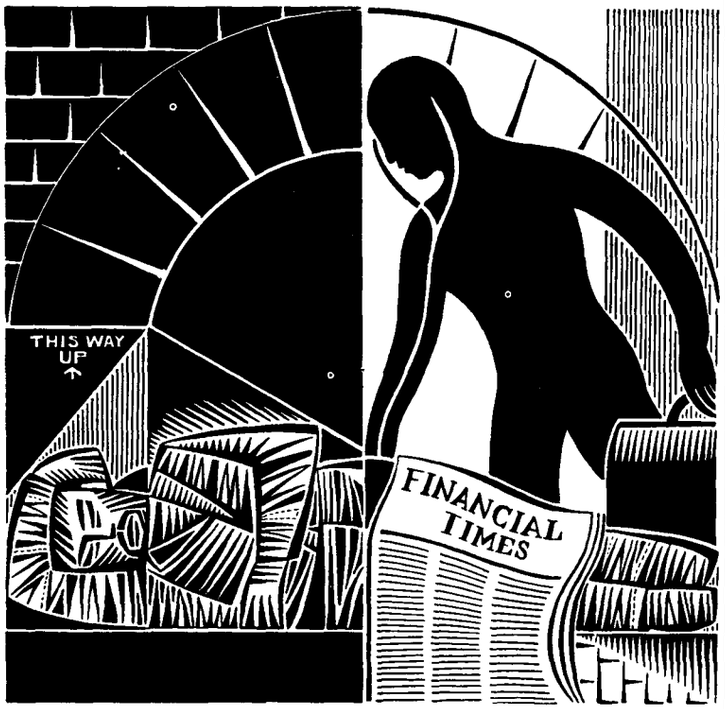
As it happens, Anne enjoys being at home with the children. For other mothers similarly placed, however, getting round the benefit rules may not be the best motive for becoming a child-minder. Even for Anne, child-minding is only a stop-gap and the longer she spends doing it, the more difficult it will be to get another office job.

It would make more sense if the government were to change the rules again, so that child care costs could once more be set off against a claimant's earnings. Meanwhile, those wishing to explore the financial implications of child-minding will find a lot of useful information in the newly published *Childminders guide to tax and benefits*, obtainable free (send SAE) from the National Childminding Association, 8 Masons Hill, Bromley BR2 9EY. *Tony Lynes*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is there a doctor in the street?

Few inner city doctors will treat single homeless people. Nick Fielding reports on a project which wants to change that



Cliff Harper

The right to free medical treatment for all members of the population—and in particular to the services of a doctor—is enshrined in the National Health Service. That is, as long as you have a permanent address and do not make life too difficult for your doctor.

While everyone has a right to register with a GP, a GP also has the right to choose who he or she treats. Staff in inner city surgeries often insist on a permanent address before agreeing to register a new patient. This is not a legal requirement, but an administrative measure decided as policy by some practices. Only five GPs were treating homeless people in the Victoria area of London in June 1987.

For single homeless people even giving a hostel address may not be enough to get access to medical treatment. Fearing rejection by a GP, many of them use the accident and emergency departments of local hospitals as their access point to primary health care and other services.

This in turn increases hostility towards homeless people who are often accused of abusing such services. As a result many of them receive only minimum treatment.

To monitor the health of the estimated 60,000 homeless people in London and to combat prejudice within the medical and welfare professions, the Medical Campaign Project was formed two years ago. Despite its tiny resources it has had considerable success in raising public awareness and in promoting stronger links between medical and voluntary organisations.

The project concentrates its efforts on the estimated 11,000 people sleeping rough in the capital. Problems identified so far include the overall lack of access to primary and secondary health care, the lack of coordination in service provision, the failure of voluntary housing agencies and health professionals to communicate and more specific problems faced by homeless women and black people.

"Only five GPs were treating homeless people in the Victoria area of London in June 1987"

These problems are compounded by the fact that many of the doctors practising in inner city areas tend to be old and working alone. They tend to have small list sizes and are unwilling to register patients they think may be "difficult", such as the elderly, homeless people, single parents, etc. Younger doctors find it difficult to move in because of high property prices.

To combat some of these problems the project has put resources into educating service providers about the specific needs of homeless people. Training material has even been produced for London ambulance crews, often a homeless person's first contact with primary health services.

Recognition of the particular health problems of homeless people is gradually becoming more widespread. Two experimental schemes set up by the DHSS have been operating in Tower Hamlets and Camden, but these are very limited. Psychiatric services are also available in some large hostels for homeless men. But the majority of district health authorities place a low priority on services for the single homeless.

The Medical Campaign Project has been at the centre of many of these initiatives. Its publication *Outcry* has improved communications between different agencies and lobbying and campaigns to promote good practice have produced results. In its first year the project concentrated on specific areas of work: primary health care, discharge and aftercare, and improving statutory/voluntary communications. In the second year more emphasis was placed on coordinating the efforts of other groups and organisations working in the same area and on offering training to different groups of care workers.

But all this remains very insecure; the project only just survived this year after its initial funding ran out. It will be a long time before single homeless people can hope to obtain the rights to health care which we have all long taken for granted.

The Medical Campaign Project, National Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Road, London NW1 1AB. Tel 01–387 2171.

TAILGUNNER PARKINSON

"Last Wednesday morning Matron said: "We've got one in you might like to see. She's up for drunk and disorderly."

Maggie was lying at a rather odd angle on the wooden bench at the back of the cell. She was a big-boned woman of 45 wearing a large voluminous dress and had hair that rambled as it chose over her shoulders and around her red, oval face.

I called her name. For a moment she stared as though uncertain as to where my voice came from. Then awkwardly, arms and legs ill-organised, she started struggling to her feet. As I watched I sensed that here was a little child that had somehow become lost in an adult's body and an adult's world.

"I'm very hot in here," she said in a puffing voice. "Can I get some cool air from somewhere?"

"You won't have to wait much longer before you're free," I said, offering the only consolation available. Then I asked Maggie all the usual questions. Had she been in court before? Did she suffer from "the nerves"? Had she a drink problem?

She waved her heavy hands in a way that conveyed no clear message. "I can't settle," she said. "Where I am now the kids on the estate all break in and steal my things. What can I do?"

"Have you any family or friends, Maggie?"

"Oh no—none."

So then I asked the one question that often reveals so much more than the most detailed case histories: "How do you spend your time, Maggie?"

She told me: for reasons she could not grasp, people avoided her. But she liked people, so whenever she could she went into the local park and took a bottle of wine and just watched people passing by. On the previous day, however, it was clear that things had got a little out of hand. Not only had she taken too much wine but at one point, in the presence of a policeman, she had dropped her knickers and piddled over the pavement.

When Maggie went into court she pleaded guilty and was fined £20. Before she left the precincts, I gave her what was left of my fags. Her gratitude was excessive and pathetic. Awkwardly she tried to kiss me before disappearing into Marsham Street to continue the desolation of her lonely life."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DATABASE

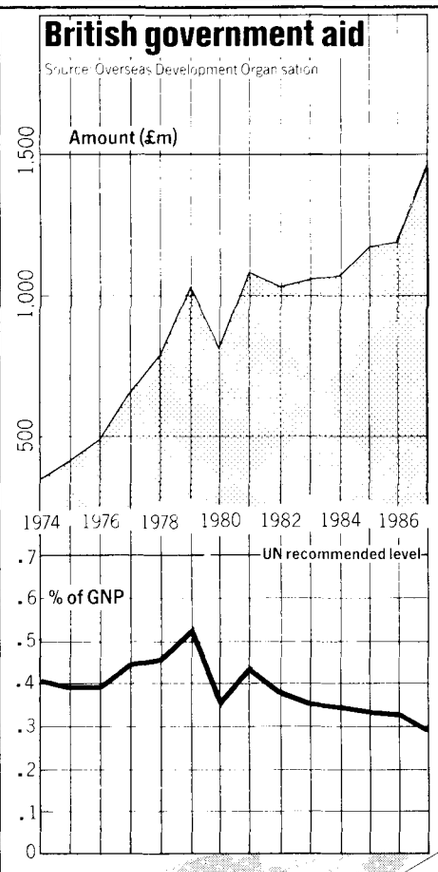
Overseas aid

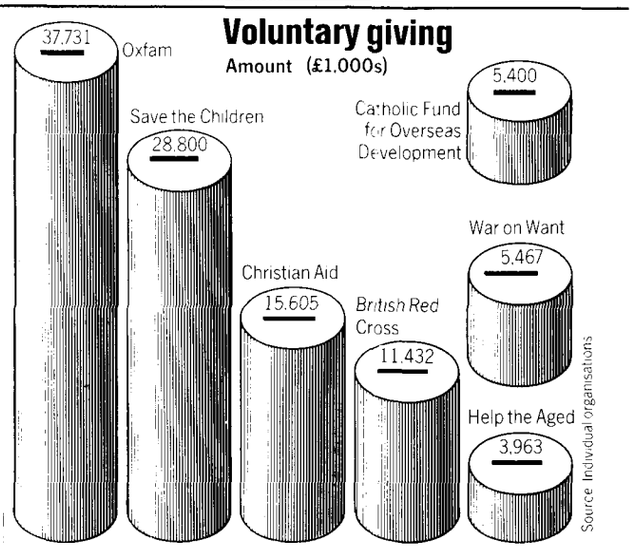
British Aid—a government publication—defines development aid as "a practical way for wealthy countries to help poorer countries". With starvation and its side-effects claiming as many in Sudan today as were dying in the 1984 famine, the government's aid programmes are under increasingly critical scrutiny and the burden on the aid charities is growing.

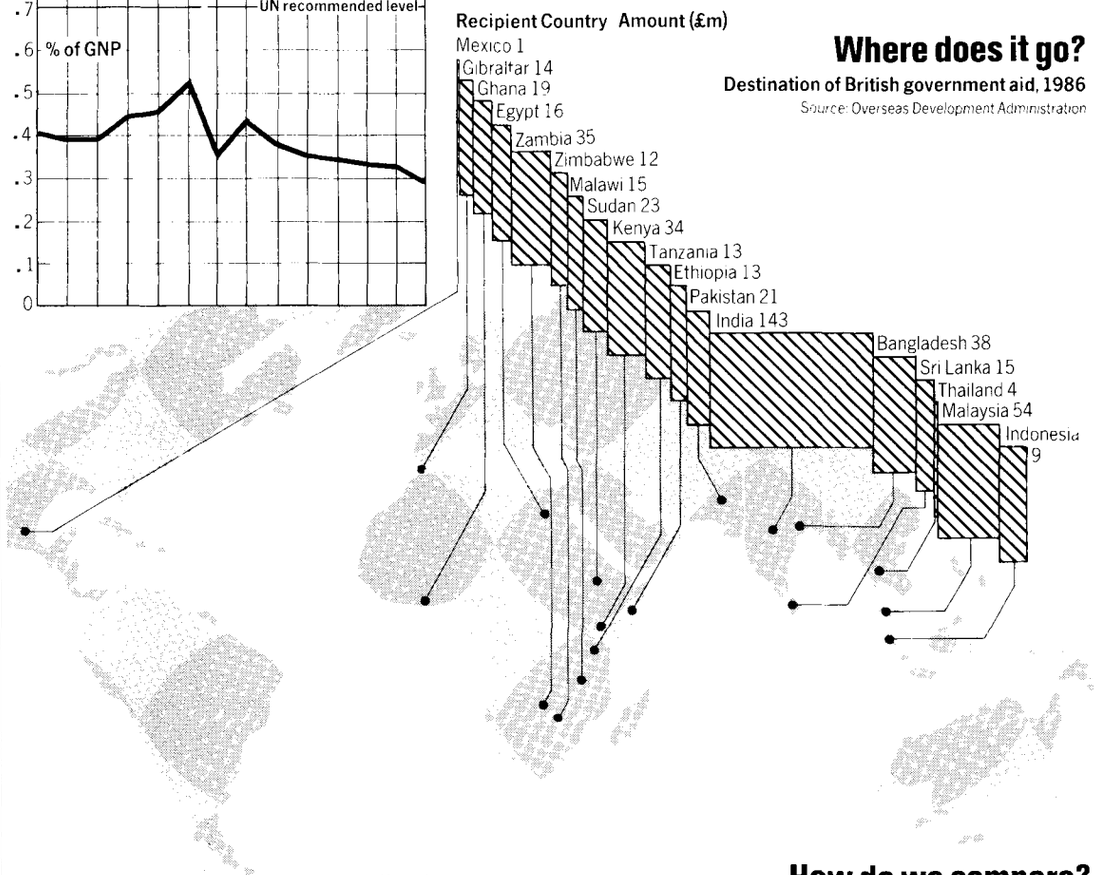
Recently government ministers have been keen to publicise a 3.4 per cent increase in real terms in the aid budget and kind remarks by OEDC's Development Aid Committee (DAC) which "welcomed the continued high consessionality of the British Aid programme". But a report published last week by the Foreign Affairs select committee on government overseas aid expenditure dispels this rosy picture. It criticises the government for not attempting to reach the United Nations target of 0.7 per cent of GNP and states that "the time has now come for the government to set a timetable for achievement of the target." This would keep British contributions in line with her rising wealth. The committee also condemns Britain's policy of tying aid to the provision of British goods and services in the recipient countries. Britain has almost twice the DAC average of tied aid.

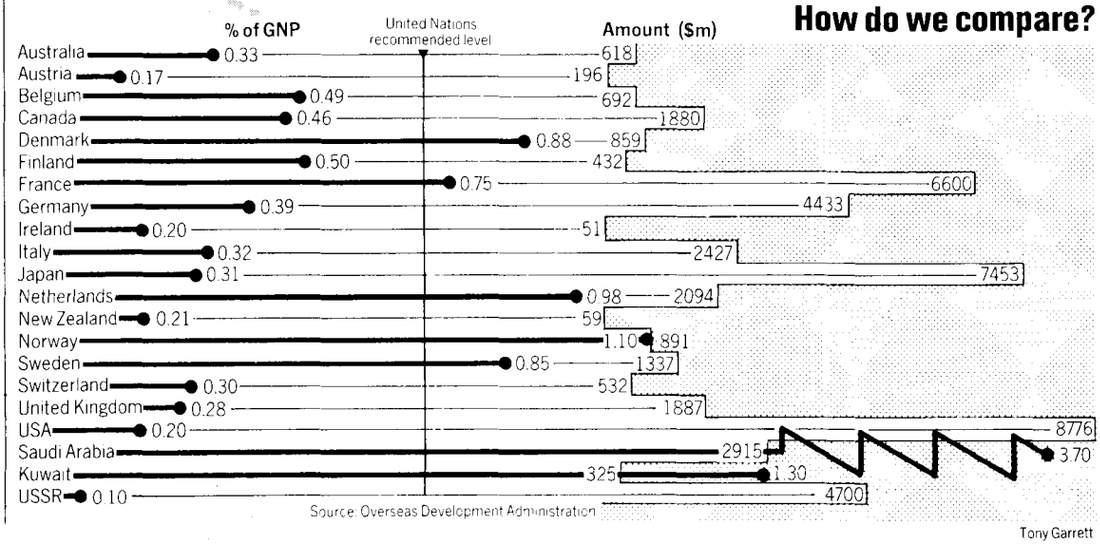
Development aid provided by the non-governmental organisations (NGOs) has in recent years begun to provide a larger proportion of the total overseas expenditure for Britain. This can mainly be put down to the huge rise in public donations to such aid charities since Band Aid and the media brought the tragedy of the Ethiopian famine of 1984-85 into western living rooms. Such was the response that in 1984 Oxfam became the biggest single charity in Britain, replacing the National Trust. Together Oxfam and Save The Children account for half the income raised by British development charities. Between them the hundred or so British NGOs raised £130m in 1986, a tenth of the government's aid contribution.

A high proportion of NGO aid falls into the emergency category. Emergency aid attempts to provide immediate food, water, shelter, clothing and health care relief in the event of a disaster, whether it be natural or man-made. For the 1987-88 period Oxfam designated 45 per cent of its total overseas expediture to emergency relief, of which 35 per cent went to the Horn of Africa and 19 per cent to war torn Central and Southern Africa. *Lin Murray*









Tony Garrett

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISS BEING PART OF A TEAM?

SSAFA/FHS could help you as much as you help us.

If you served in the Forces for any length of time, you probably enjoyed being part of a team. If you've retired now, and miss that feeling, there's one simple way to get it back – become a SSAFA/FHS volunteer.

Service and ex-Service men and women, and their families can, and do, have all sorts of problems they need help with. Often ex-service personnel understand those problems better, but SSAFA/FHS volunteers come from all walks of life and it's certainly not essential to have a Forces' background.

We particularly need help in the inner cities so, if you'd like to be part of a worthwhile team and help people at the same time, write to John Gibson now.

SSAFA/FHS

SOLDIERS', SAILORS' AND AIRMEN'S FAMILIES ASSOCIATION/FORCES HELP SOCIETY

16–18 Old Queen Street, London SW1H 9HP. Telephone: 01-222 9221.

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

If you were incurably ill would you like the option of medical help to die? At present this is illegal.

HELP US TO CHANGE THIS LAW

Write or phone:

Voluntary Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8 5PG Tel: 01 937 7770

Voluntary Euthanasia Society of Scotland, 17 Hart Street, Edinburgh, EH1 3RN Tel: 031 556 4404

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOCUMENT

Making the future work

Camera Press

Oskar Lafontaine, the premier of Saarland, is one of the West German Social Democrats' leading thinkers. His controversial address to this year's SPD party congress in Munster is already being seen as a major milestone in introducing a post-industrial perspective into mainstream Western European politics—a Bad Godesburg for the 1990s. Here we reproduce an edited version.

In recent years we have learned that figures for economic growth are meaningless in themselves. When we talk of competence in economic matters, we must mean competence in social and ecological matters. Those who, when debating economics today, ignore the social question, the distribution of work and income, those who ignore the ecological aspect of the economic debate—that is, the question of the extent to which real growth also gives rise to ecological destruction—are not economically competent because economic competence includes social and ecological competence.

In the run up to this conference someone raised the question of whether we would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manage to bring about a second Godesberg. But today we can no longer simply decide to republish the Godesberg programme. Why not? In the Godesberg programme the word "environment" does not occur. Only scant attention is given to the question of the equality of women, both at work and in society.

The problem of acquiring competence in economic matters is a broad problem and deeply concerns how we see our own role and raises the question of what, in this day and age, we understand by progress. For the first time humanity is capable of self-destruction, of self-annihilation, and this could even come about by accident. Given this situation what remains of our belief in the possibility of a continuing of history?

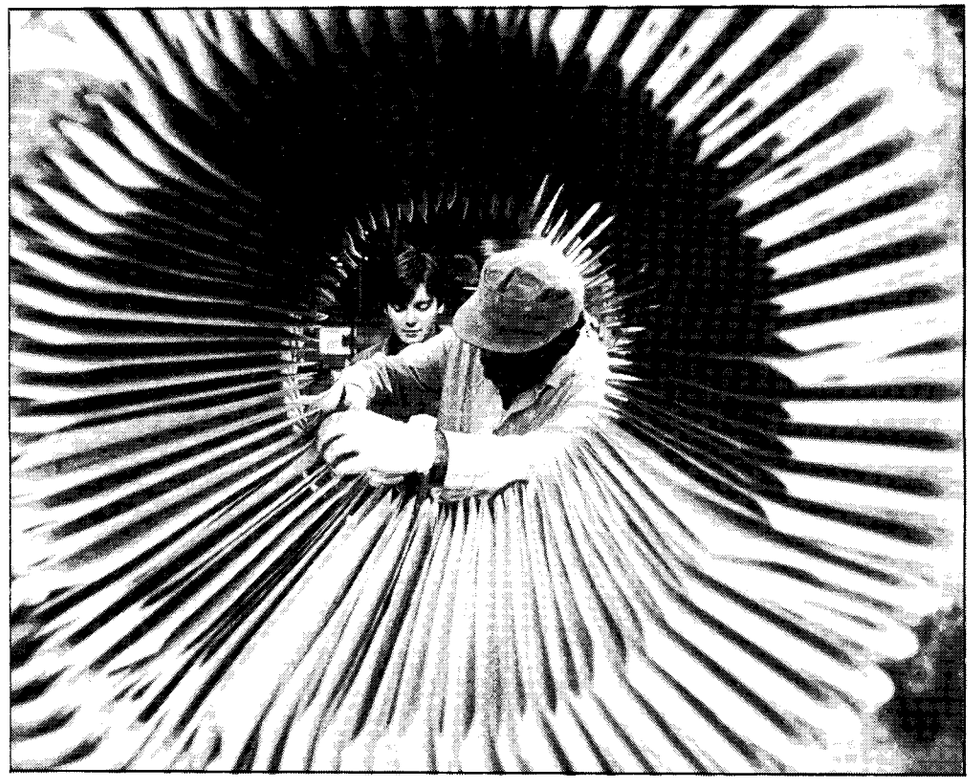
For the first time in history we have no idea how far ecological destruction has progressed. A few days ago, a group of experts gathered in Toronto to discuss changes in the climate. They concluded that, if nothing drastic is done, in 40 years' time the earth's atmosphere will have heated up so much, and the protective ozone layer will have become so thin, that the consequences for life on earth—and here I quote directly—would be equivalent to those of a global nuclear war. The time scale cited was 40 years!

Environmental catastrophes are the result of the misapplication of agricultural and industrial technology. We cannot just forget about these dramatic developments and simply keep on repeating old remedies which date from a time when we did not know enough about these things! We discuss deforestation, the hole in the ozone layer, the pollution of the Rhine, Chernobyl, the dying seals, the hormone scandal, etc. But the question is: Are we in any position to react to these catastrophes? Is our society capable of learning how to react to such catastrophes? This is not unrelated to the way our society is organised and the key here is the economic system.

We live—and we must understand this for it is one objection to cultural pessimism—in a time of great danger but also of great possibilities. This situation does not necessitate the rejection of left-wing utopias, but the maintenance of left-wing utopias so that we know what we are aiming for.

An uncritical approval of technological processes is no longer in keeping with our time: to take such an approach is to lose sight of the fact that we are only passengers in a bus which we claim to be driving. The speed of change is increasing all the time. The question remains whether our ability to learn is growing at the same rate. We are faced with technological changes, and therefore with social and cultural changes, which can perhaps only be compared with the transition from speech to writing. But we have a great advantage: we know much more about the effects and dangers associated with technological innovation. When we surrender the freedom to make considered decisions, when we push ahead without consideration, we surrender that freedom which we have always sought to gain from technology.

It is here that we see the importance of our rethinking process in the field of nuclear energy. We once believed that nuclear energy would solve the problems of the future. The European left took nuclear energy on board. I remember Ernst Bloch promising that nuclear energy would bring water to the deserts and turn them into luscious gardens. But we have learned to revise our judgments.



Camera Press

If the cultural pessimists are right, then it is in one particular respect: the implications of human action have never been so great as they are today. Plutonium, the material which is produced in every nuclear reactor, remains radioactive for 500,000 years. This cannot be overstressed: when we elect governments who decide on the production of this material, we do so for four or five years, but that decision will go on affecting people for 500,000 years. We still do not know of a safe way of getting rid of this material.

This bears some relation to our understanding of freedom. Freedom, after all, is the right of people to determine their own lives, to create their own living conditions and this should apply equally to the many generations who follow us. Thus, even if we, those who are alive now, were to say, let's have the plutonium state, let's take the risks of nuclear energy, we would never be justified in placing such unbearable burdens on the living conditions of the countless generations who will come after us. They have no lobbying power today.

Democratic socialism is about sharing: sharing out paid work and distributing the products of labour fairly. It is about ensuring equal participation in social decision-making. This is why we have rejected both private and state capitalism because they are both power structures which elude the power of democratic control and therefore the participation of workers. Since the social order does not allow for power to be shared, Social Democrats must work towards changing that social order. But we must not sacrifice freedom to solidarity, not confine it to being a privilege of the minorities. Equally, solidarity must not be sacrificed to freedom. Freedom—and I address this to the conservatives—concerns not only the freedom one demands for oneself but, first and foremost, the freedom one wants to grant one's fellow human beings.

Only when freedom and solidarity become allied can we begin to talk about a democratic and a social society. It is easy to express solidarity with the whole world by passing resolutions which commit you to nothing; it is much more difficult to bring solidarity into the way one acts. This is true for all of us. In West Germany, we are faced with the task of distributing work and income so that all those who want to work, can do so. But now we do not only have to find work for the registered unemployed in the classic sense, but we also have to increase women's access to paid work. We cannot achieve this by creating two or three million jobs: we need many, many more. And with regard to paid employment, we must always remember that independence begins with the purse. Since women are generally paid less than their male colleagues, then, even here, the question is not simply one of the distribution of work, but also of a different, and better, distribution of wages, salaries and income.

For 15 years, governments of all shades have promised to achieve full employment by improving economic growth. These promises only took into account the need to bring registered unemployment to an end. The huge problem of increasing women's participation in the workforce was not envisaged at all. But these promises lost their effectiveness 15 years ago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Registered unemployment was not eliminated. It rose still further.

Grand economic programmes can no longer have lasting effects in a situation in which unemployment is caused, essentially, by structural changes and not by short-term fluctuations. The economy is not in a situation which would favour an expansionist Keynesian policy based on increasing demand. In addition, we have to take on board the socio-political tasks of the future, like the achievement of equality for women at work and in society, which is not reflected in the classical terminology at all.

Recent years have seen a steady fall in the total amount of remunerated employment. I would be delighted to be able to assert that it had risen steadily. I would even be grateful if someone were to give me a useful, sensible means of ensuring that it will now rise again. The answers currently available to us are no solution to this problem. The theory that today's profits become tomorrow's investments is no longer true in the Federal Republic. Profits made here are partially reinvested in other countries. We cannot just complain about that; there are currently areas of Europe—let alone the third world—where the social problems are even greater than here. Profits have risen rapidly since 1982. Net return on capital has reached the peaks of the sixties. But investments made in this country are not high enough to provide the necessary jobs.

There has been an additional structural change which has proved of great significance for our economy. The level of real interest rates is no longer determined nationally but has, in recent years, been determined by American financial policy and the American budget deficit.

The American budget deficit is an American product of high arms spending. It shows how weapons destroy jobs, how weapons cannot create jobs on a global scale. I would like to be able to provide a viable solution to the loss of national sovereignty over interest rates. I can't. I cannot even see how we can restore national sovereignty over interest rates in the short-term. I cannot even see yet—the key phrase here is the "United States of Europe"—whether it is desirable to struggle to re-establish national categories in financial policy, for instance.

This loss of sovereignty, though, has grave consequences for our classical policies. All European countries—I have only to cite the French Socialists directly after their victory in the 1981 elections—have increasing problems in advancing a full employment policy based on the traditional Keynesian model of the sixties and seventies. Every attempt to re-attain full employment by means of Keynesian deficit-spending ultimately redistributes income towards capital. I do not see how we can counteract this by trying to regain independent control over interest rates. But, for years, we have had a solution to the structural dislocation of our economy which favours capital. It is simple. If labour and capital incomes continue to drift further and further apart, we must give employees a share in the returns on capital income—that is give employees a share in companies' productive capacity.

We must take a pragmatic and imaginative approach to two further questions. The first concerns the pace at which machinery should run; the other is how working hours are distributed over the week. Andre Gorz has tried to answer this question; and he is of the opinion that, given the world-wide division of labour, the struggle for the liberation of work within production is lost or cannot be meaningfully reconstituted. The point is, therefore, increasingly to liberate employees from work by reducing the number of hours worked.

Whether this opinion is right or wrong, I shall leave open. Gorz shifts the question of the free structuring of activity onto liberated time, to non-working time. I am not entirely uncritical of this, but we have to admit that there is a connection, and we must tackle it pragmatically. The shorter the working hours—the more work that is shifted to machines—the more pragmatically we must answer the question of how to handle the issue of the operating hours.

Nor can we completely ignore cost arguments. Here too I plead for honesty. Why? Our situation is now such that—and here I am coming back to a point I made at the beginning—we not only have to address union congresses and delegates' conferences, but our audience also includes the middle classes, the self-employed and the employers. We do not want to have to make different speeches to each group—rather, we must combine arguments.

The same is true of the heated debate around weekend work. Here too I call for pragmatic imagination. Why? Sunday working will not become a priority issue in the near future for manufacturing industry. In the steelworks, for example, it has been around for a long time. But now we have four million people who, to a greater or lesser extent, work on Sundays. Increasingly, these people are employed in the service industries. If we argue for an expansion of the caring professions, then this will necessarily entail an expansion of Sunday working, for we cannot leave the sick and aged without care on Sundays.

I also argue for a consistent policy on working hours. I call for pragmatic imagination on operating hours of machinery and on the organisation and distribution of working hours in the week.

Protection of the environment can be summed up in a single formula: if we want a protected environment, then we must construct an economic system that consumes less energy. The consequences of environmental pollution are the result of energy conversion processes. If we do not come to terms with this, then we will continue to be hampered by obsolescent concepts: we will continue to talk about real growth rates and about the importance of not obstructing investment. If we do not analyse the quality of these investments according to their energy productivity, then we will have to go on living with dying seals, the pollution of the Rhine and deforestation, and one day we will have to answer the question of who was responsible by saying that in the final analysis we all were, because we realised too late that if we wanted to save our environment, we had to restructure production.

I should like now to describe the real tasks of tax reform. Tax reform is not only concerned with a socially just tax on wages, salaries and incomes. This is no longer the first priority of a modern tax reform—that is quite obvious. Now, it is a question of putting right the accumulated changes of recent decades. The total revenue from income tax is 20 times greater than it was 25 years ago. Revenue from tax on oil is only eleven times greater; from that on motor vehicles six times greater; and from that on tobacco four. Income tax revenue is 20 times greater, yet the total tax revenue is only 5.8 times greater. Here the structural problems of a real tax reform become evident. If we really increase employment, and at the same time reduce energy conversion, then it is illogical to continue to increase the cost burden on employment and to continue to reduce the cost burden on energy consumption by means of taxes and duties. Almost half of tax revenue today comes from the tax on employment. If we also include statutory social insurance contributions, then the burden on employment appears to be even greater. The goal of achieving full employment and protecting the environment is therefore also connected to a real tax reform. A tax reform must therefore go beyond the traditional remedies of the past, and at the heart of our programme is the linking of tax reform to the environment—that is, the transference of tax revenue from taxes on employment to those on consumption of goods, consumer products and, in particular, energy. That is the great task of the tax reform of the coming decades.

Of course, we cannot leave out of account the principle of social justice. We will have to pass the burden on consumption, for instance, in income tax in the form of tax relief for lower income brackets.

We have often been asked: besides the task of attaining full employment, of establishing equality for women at work and in society, and of finally tackling the ecological rebuilding of our economy—which is only possible through a different tax system—what is the central programme of German Social Democracy, the central programme for progress? The central programme is that this socio-political conception takes the idea of freedom seriously. Freedom, after all, means the right of each person to determine his or her own life; this right is limited only by the equal right of other people. Those who profess this concept of freedom cannot, like the conservatives, want to exclude this concept of freedom from productive life, from working life. The realisation of freedom in our society, therefore, means not only to demand our right to the important formal freedoms of parliamentary democracy, but, equally the democratisation of the economy. In modern soicety, this can never be built on participation and regulation of industrial relations alone; universal democratisation of a modern economy can only be achieved by democratising the unfair distribution of productive capacity. And this means the involvement of those who have generated this capacity by their labour. This is not those who provide capital, but the employees, without whose work capital would not have this great capacity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BBC Hulton Picture Library

West Indians arrive, 1956. The New Right can't take lectures from blacks in Britain

Legacy of the empire

ANTI-RACISM: A MANIA EXPOSED
Russell Lewis
Quartet £12.95

Bhikhu Parekh

Britain has many virtues, but the quest for critical self-understanding and the capacity to look at itself from the standpoint of others are not the most prominent among them. It ruled over one of the largest empires in history. But it remained so certain of itself that it never turned to its colonies as alternative sources of knowledge about itself or used their criticisms as avenues for self-exploration.

Not surprisingly it meandered through its imperial history without entering into a genuine dialogue with, or even making an attempt to understand, its colonies. Take India, its largest and most cherished possession. Though Britain ruled India for over two centuries, it did not produce a Weber or match the Germans in their understanding of its culture and religion. The colonial encounter did not produce a major epic or a novel either, except Forster's seriously limited *A Passage to India* and Kipling's imaginatively superior but flawed *Kim*.

The British would like either to forget the empire as an insignificant episode in their history or to remember it as a great success story of bringing the gifts of "civilisation" to primitive people. For the colonies the British conquest was the most decisive act in their history. For some their history began with it, for others it was radically ruptured and deflected by it. In either case its consequences are deeply etched in their ways of life and thought. Those who make history can afford to forget or retain nostalgic memories of it; those made by it daily live in its shadow. The victim's memories have a different structure and potency from those of the victor.

It is this fundamental difference that at least partly explains the divergent approaches to the legacy of the empire, of which the black presence in Britain is an integral part. For the British the blacks are supposed to be "out there", in those distant lands which they had once ruled. Some, like Enoch Powell, express utter incomprehension as to why they are "here at all" and would like them to be "there". The more historically-minded Britons know why they are in Britain and want them gratefully to accept its "hospitality" and stop making constant noises.

In particular, they expect them to stop "scolding", "reproaching" and planting a sense of "guilt" in their ex-rulers. For the New Right, whose writings are replete with these and other phrases, Britain has "atoned" for its imperial past by admitting blacks and cannot be expected to do anything more. It does not wish to take any lectures from them on the immorality of racism, for a country which fought a costly war against a racist regime and admitted blacks in its midst cannot by definition be racist.

The blacks see the whole thing differently. The British were not disinterested bearers of the white man's burden, but made blacks carry the burden of their industrialisation and civilisation. They treated blacks as racially inferior in the colonies and do so today in Britain. They did not admit blacks in the spirit of common imperial citizenship but because they needed their labour to rebuild the economy and had indeed begun to make plans to restrict their entry from the very day they began to arrive. They suffered serious disadvantages as a result of British colonial policy, whether in the form of slavery, which broke up their families, or that of indentured labour, which transplanted them into strange lands and implicated them in an inherently hostile situation. The British cannot therefore completely disown responsibility for their current disadvantages and inability to compete as equals.

British treatment of blacks since the early fifties has several noble features. Commonwealth immigrants did come as equal citizens entitled from the very beginning to full economic and political rights. Progressive sections of British society threw up organisations to protect them against white hostility and successfully urged government support. Successive parliaments passed increasingly stringent anti-discriminatory laws. Edward Heath removed Enoch Powell from his shadow cabinet for a speech suffused with the old imperial spirit of arrogance and self-righteousness. He honoured Britain's commitment to Asian British passport holders from East Africa. And despite reservations the Tories supported the Labour-initiated Race Relations Act 1976.

While all this is to Britain's credit, there is much that is not. Its immigration policy since 1968 has been racist and has kept married couples and families divided for years. It has devised devious methods of preventing Asians from marrying whomever they like; some of these have been condemned not only by world opinion but also by the European Court. Without any evidence, and indeed despite well-researched evidence to the contrary, it has accused Asians of systematically trading in marriages of convenience and thus prostituting their daughters in order to break its immigration laws.

Racial discrimination is still alarmingly high. The Policy Studies Institute, the Runnymede Trust, the Commission for Racial Equality and other bodies have produced reports which establish its pervasive presence in private and public sector employment, the army, the police force, such professions as law, accountancy, teaching and medicine and in educational institutions. Racial attacks remain a daily reality. Racist stereotypes abound in the media. And blacks are constantly talked about in a degrading manner, resented and made to feel unwelcome.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Racial discrimination is both direct and indirect, practised by individuals and embedded in structures of rules and procedures, and embodied in government policies and state institutions.

No one with any knowledge of Britain can deny this. Nor can it be denied that but for the intervention of the law, constant exposure of racism by individuals and agencies, and organised protests by blacks, the situation would have been even worse.

Before the enactment of anti-discriminatory laws, especially the Race Relations Act 1976, blatant and subtle discrimination was pervasive and black frustration acute. The law both set the norms of public conduct and discourse and made certain forms of behaviour unacceptable. Constant exposure of racist practices increased the level of public awareness and made it easier for well-meaning individuals and organisations to mobilise public opinion. Black protests kept shaking up moral and political inertia and ensured that their problems were not forgotten.

All this is so patently clear and well-documented that it is depressing to see Russell Lewis trying to obfuscate it. Though his book carries an introduction by Enoch Powell, in which the poor man continues to peddle his discredited prophecy of two decades ago and reassures us that, like God, he is never wrong, Lewis is not a Powellite. He knows that blacks are here to stay, readily admits that they have made a considerable contribution to British life, calls racism "a serious social disease", and argues that some blacks do suffer from serious disadvantages compounded by discrimination. As a leader writer for the *Daily Mail*, assisted in the book by his counterparts on the *Sun* and the *Daily Express*, he shows commendable sensitivity and even a measure of courage.

Yet the book remains disappointingly superficial. Lewis is so obsessed with some anti-racist aberrations that he replaces one mania with another which is much worse. Like the conservative reviewers of this book in the quality and popular papers, he is passionately patriotic and cannot bear to see Britain "scolded", "libelled" and "attacked" by its erstwhile and imperial subjects. For him it is simply unacceptable that ungrateful blacks should dare to lecture to a country which taught them how to speak in the first instance. He evidently sees nothing wrong in scolding and libelling them, especially Afro-Caribbeans, about whom he retails many offensive falsehoods.

He blames publicly-funded organisations, especially the CRE, for spoiling the blacks by encouraging their audacity. His understanding of the nature and role of the CRE is so confused and in parts so absurd that one wonders if he is serious. Contrary to his repeated assertion, the CRE does not believe in quotas or reverse discrimination, nor does it seek unfettered code-making powers in "all" areas of human relationships, nor has it "harassed" any organisation beyond what is required by its legal obligations. It does not think, either, that ethnic representation in every organisation must correspond to that in the population as a whole. Lewis is wholly unaware of the concept of indirect discrimination, which is central to its legal remit, and of the fact that Lord Denning's judgment in the Mandla case was overturned by the House of Lords.

Since, unlike Powell, Lewis notices that there is "some" discrimination, he needs to find an answer. He is naive in the extreme and thinks that everything would be all right if the free market were allowed full sway. It does not occur to him that it was precisely because the free market failed that laws have had to be enacted since the sixties and have been supported by Conservatives. Even then the market continues to ignore the laws we already have. In a free market individuals and organisations are constrained by their competitors and the lowest common denominator tends to prevail. This is why a law is needed to impose the minimum conditions for acceptable human relationships.

Lewis is so haunted by isolated and repulsive acts of anti-racist witchhunts that he invents an array of witches of his own. He is rightly angry about the treatment meted out to the likes of Maureen McGoldrick. But it is a sign of the moral decline of our times that he has not a word to spare for the thousands who live in daily terror of thugs, who helplessly wait to be united with their loved ones, who suffer the indignity of unmerited rejection in jobs, houses, promotions and even university admissions, and who sadly watch the daily erosion of their culture, religion and languages. Such a man can hardly be expected to appreciate Rampton, Swann and the multi-culturalists who want Britain to avail itself of the black presence and acquire the critical self-understanding it missed during its imperial days.

Bhikhu Parekh is Professor of Political Theory at the University of Hull and Deputy Chairman of the Commission for Racial Equality

Priestesses of the night

SEX WORK: WRITINGS BY WOMEN IN THE SEX INDUSTRY
Frédérique Delacoste and Priscilla Alexander (editors)
Virago £5.50

Hanif Kureishi

If Neil Kinnock or Norman Willis had ever had to suck cock for a living, perhaps the Labour Party or even the TUC would look more closely at the case of a group of workers whose exploitation goes almost entirely unnoticed by politicians and other workers. Not only that, these workers slave for long hours in unsanitary conditions without overtime, health pay, maternity leave, holidays, or unionisation. Their lives are often in danger: sometimes they are raped; frequently they are harassed by the police; their children can be taken away from them; it is difficult for them to travel; it is assumed they carry AIDS; and as they are despised by most of society, they find it difficult to "come out", to be themselves in the straight world.

It should even please the business world, in this Land of Enterprise, that the demand for the services of the sex industry is thriving. In every High Street in every town in the western world it is possible to buy "one hand reads", and usually a wank or fuck. Not surprisingly, in this lucrative industry whose workers are almost entirely women, the owners and controllers are men; it is men who steal the profits; and it is male judges and police who condemn and imprison women sex workers.

Sex Work is a book about work, a subject rarely written about in Britain, and certainly not dealt with by our novelists or playwrights who know nothing about it and set their stories in the evenings and weekends. (At least Tom Wolfe's *Bonfire of the Vanities* attempted to give us some sense of the public world: what British novelist does that?)

What is so interesting about this—American—collection, is the number of angles it approaches its subjects from. There are stories, essays, bits of autobiography, poetry and political manifestos. Sex workers are often stereotyped, but we hear from a Marxist-feminist lesbian stripper with a double major in women's studies and history. After working in a male bar she started "the first women-only strip show, at a lesbian bar in San Francisco", and later made X-rated videos for lesbians.

Mistress Lilith Lash, a part-time poet, mother and "dominant", writes educationally about the intricacies of spanking—begin lightly and briskly to bring the blood to the surface of the skin—and the use of feathers and fur. There is nothing about what sort of men visit prostitutes and why, but we are told about some of the things men want sexually but are afraid to ask their lovers, like "the guy who had paid me to tie him with his necktie and throw oranges at his balls from across the room at 10 bucks a hit."

And there is a marvellous, funny story —wonderful in its atmosphere and detail—by M.M. Chateauvert called "Girls, Girls, Girls" about a new girl starting in a cheap brothel that is almost raided by the police on her first night there.

Some of the women in this book talk of the power that prostitution has given them; another says, "Sex work is nurturing, healing work. Prostitutes are veritable priestesses"; and some women enter it freely. But for most of them it is dreary and limiting, like being a waitress or a secretary. And too often they are forced to become prostitutes out of necessity, to feed clothe and educate themselves, their children and lovers.

There is, inevitably, a strong connection between prostitution and poverty. Once in the profession, the women are frequently arrested—and naturally black women are more likely to be arrested than white; sometimes the police destroy their condoms or demand sex. It is rare for the police to take the rape of a prostitute seriously: "a hazard of the life", they call it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is extraordinary in Britain today that a group of workers should have to demand the basic civil liberties and human rights taken for granted in any other profession—by the police and politicians, for instance. All the same, sex workers oppose the feminist demand for them to leave prostitution. What they require is sexual self-determination, the same social benefits as all other citizens, the right to control the pornography industry, and the right to carry on their profession when and where they wish.

As Priscilla Alexander says: "The right to be a prostitute is as important as the right not to be one. It is the right to set the terms of one's own sexuality, plus the right to earn a good living."

The secret diary of Lauren Skye

REBUILDING COVENTRY
Sue Townsend
Methuen £7.95

Anne Smith

Coventry is a housewife in her thirties. She lives on a grey estate in the Midlands with her tortoise-fancying husband Derek and her teenage son and daughter. One day she accidentally kills her beer-bellied macho neighbour Gerald, who has been boasting in the pub about having an affair with her, by caving in his skull with an Action Man doll as he is busy strangling his wife.

Coventry becomes a fugitive from justice, living in London's Cardboard City in a box Dodo, an upper-class refugee from insanity: "Some time ago Dodo had a nervous breakdown. She *used* to think that she was the chief constable of Manchester; God told her she was, and she believed God."

Before the dramatic change in her circumstances, Coventry had been a fastidious housewife some of the time, planning her life in advance with daily lists of what she must do—for example:

Post Noreen's birthday card.
Has Bella got my big whisk?
Ask doctor if I'm going mad.
Light bulbs.

The third item refers to what Coventry does the rest of the time, in her *alter ego* as art student Lauren Skye. Her son discovers this in her secret diary after she has run away. Lauren's contempt for the people Coventry lives with is savage: "Hello, I'm back. The drearies are at work, school and college"; "Lauren could not attend her first lesson today because one of the drearies has a temperature of 101 and is in bed."

Sue Townsend is just irresistibly funny, and in Coventry she has found the perfect character through which to express not only her humorous view of the human condition, but also her cut-the-shit perceptions of contemporary Britain. Her funniest asides have a cutting edge: "I dreamt of being in prison. I was sharing a cell with Ruth Ellis. We were very jolly and plucked each other's eyebrows." The characters are sketched in with a sure hand—Coventry's parents: "My father looks like a tennis ball, bald and round"; the god-awful and totally credible Detective Sly, the equally awful and credible Derek; "Podger" the Cabinet Minister and his antics at an upper-crust dinner-party, and the party itself: "You can say what you like about Hitler, but he knew ... how to *prioritise*."

Along the way there are a professor of forensics and his psychiatrist wife, the Willoughby D'Esterbys, with their non-existent housekeeping and a mad hermit son living off pigeons in the attic, all wonderfully funny examples of the hopeless impracticability of high-flown theories of behaviour, comfortably cocooned in the intellectual meritocracy. There is also, and by no means incidentally, a quietly poignant dramatisation of what it is like to be a woman alone, dirty and hungry, in London.

Everything in *Rebuilding Coventry* is done with ruthlessly satisfying economy. This is satire in the best, Jonsonian tradition, with nothing and no one spared.

A once and future garden

HAPPINESS
Theodore Zeldin
Collins Harvill £11.95

Christopher Driver

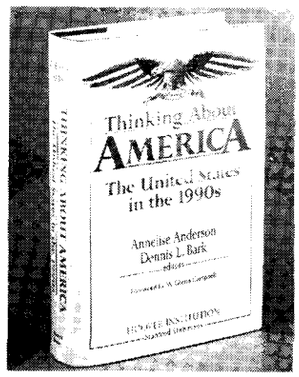
It would be easy to conclude that Theodore Zeldin, the dangerously readable historian of modern France and the convenor of an annual Oxford symposium designed to explore the byways of culinary bliss, has lately been out to lunch in all senses at his publisher's expense. The impression is confirmed when his 320-page speculative Baedeker to Paradise arrives on the reviewer's mat, not with the usual semi-literate handout from publicity, but the author's own 2,000-word explanation of his conduct, and his merciful recommendation to graze rather than gobble his text.

Still, give him the benefit of doubt. "I have spent most of the years since my last book thinking: I withdrew into long periods of silence." If only the chief persecutor of tenured professors and her DES understrapper could be persuaded to follow this example.

Happiness saunters along, a *fantaisie* at Schubertian length, as you might expect from the name of the author's pilgrim, Sumdy, undaunted by her illustrious predecessors, Dante and Milton. There is no plot (for without history, Paradise has no room for plots in either sense). But the pilgrimage is classically modelled on innocence at large, accompanied by an exurberant dog and a cockroach called Forget-me-not.

Larger or smaller "as if" or "just suppose" notions are strung like beads on this thread. God

"...I highly recommend it"
—GEORGE BUSH
Vice President of the United States



Almost a decade ago the Hoover Institution published a book, *The United States in the 1980s,* which Mikhail Gorbachev described as the blueprint for the policies of the Reagan administration. A phenomenally successful public policy book, it sold 25,000 copies in four editions. Now the same organisation offers its blueprint for the 1990s - 47 original bipartisan essays by America's leading statesmen, scholars and writers, including four U.S. Presidents and four Nobel Laureates.

Thinking About America: The United States in the 1990s is divided into four parts which deal with a diverse range of topics including:

* International economic policy
* Philosophical perspectives on capitalism, socialism and public virtue
* U.S. national security and foreign policy
* U.S. domestic issues such as regulation, education and poverty

Selected Contents:
JIMMY CARTER, *The 39th President of the United States* / Challenges Old and New; **MILTON FRIEDMAN & ROSE D. FRIEDMAN,** *Economists, and authors of* Capitalism and Freedom *and* Free to Choose / The Tide in the Affairs of Men; **GERALD FORD,** *The 38th President of the United States* / Challenges to American Policy; **F.A. HAYEK,** *Received the Nobel Prize for Economics in 1974* / Central Planning: The Fatal Conceit; **RICHARD NIXON,** *The 37th President of the United States* / A New America; **RONALD REAGAN,** *The 40th President of the United States* / The United States and the World in the 1990's; **GEORGE SCHULTZ,** *US Secretary of State* / National Success and International Stability in Time of Change; **ALEXSANDR SOLZHENITSYN,** *Recipient of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1975* / Difficulties in the West with the Study of Russian History; **CASPER W. WEINBERGER,** *Secretary of Defense from January 1981 - November 1987* / National Defense in the Next Decade.

Published September 13,
Clothbound £17.50, Paperback £10.50

ORDERING INFORMATION
From good bookshops or: in the UK, Europe, Middle East, Africa, Asia & Australia — Adamantine Press Ltd, 3 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London WC2E 8LU, in the US and Canada — National Book Network, 4720-A Boston Way, Lanham, MD 20706, U.S.A.

Published by the
HOOVER INSTITUTION
Stanford University

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appears only in a gospel (of course) transcribed for wordlings by Henry Ford the engineer, who dares to complain about the divine specifications designed to support happiness: insecurity and courage. Ford announces a new model heresy (souped-up Patripassianism, I fancy):

"It took me no less than 26 tries before I succeeded in creating the world. There should be no surprise that my creation is not perfect, and that it does not work as well as it should... Humans are only prototypes, much simpler than I hope to make them one day... My universe is made of chaos, uncertainty and change, which is the way it has to be and also the way I like it. Otherwise I would die of boredom."

"You will have to make us a better offer, said Henry Ford."

In the same summer, another academic mind has turned to fiction for ancient philosophical conker-rights. Ann Oakley's sex-crossed lovers arguing in *The Men's Room*: "Happiness takes a lifetime to attain." "Yes." "And I don't think you can choose to be happy. It's purely the product of events. Aristotle again." "Maybe... Justice is always more important than happiness." "You and your feminism..."

Zeldin is not interested in post-mortem justice (except for the animals, who decline to be cooked twice, leaving paradisal feasts vegetarian) nor in the pleasurable equilibrium that meant heaven for the ancient Greeks. Instead, he pursues the excitement of the impossible that takes a bit longer, like the restaurant menu evolved in Paradise to cure Sumdy's impatience: cream of pundit soup with clockwork croutons, roast patina of Brazilian mahogany with brass sauce, savoury sandal, string and candle sorbet. "If every soul got what it wanted straight away, there would be no point in having a future." Here, Newton is valued for his alchemy, not his physics.

"Paradise" itself misleads. Christians and others forget that the Mesopotamian word for recapturing *nirvana* in a garden, supposedly offered by Jesus to his fellow-victims on their crosses, has little to do with Latinate eternity to come. Zeldin's Paradise is a once and future garden, every man his own Capability Brown.

One of his saints might be the doctor who was left £1,000 by an unknown deceased diabetic and spent it on resurrecting her patient by commissioning a string quartet from a serious composer, stipulating only that it should be within the technical range of competent amateur players. (I know this because I was present when John Joubert's Quartet No. 4 was first sight-read at last month's Keele music school.) Zeldin's self-indulgence, like Wolfe's madness, could usefully infect other scholars, let alone their minders and patrons.

Lives and livelihoods

ON WORK: HISTORICAL, COMPARATIVE AND THEORETICAL APPROACHES
R. E. Pahl (editor)
Blackwell £9.95 paperback/£39.95 hardback

Colin Ward

Look in any library for books about work, and you will find that almost all of them are based upon assumptions that we now find obsolete. They equate work with paid employment, even though most of the world's work is unpaid and is not done for an employer. They equate it with full-time male breadwinner employment, even though a majority of employees are women and, as often as not, part-time.

Or else they romanticise the future of work, seeing the employee as sitting at home in front of a computer, basing their forecasts on nothing more substantial than the Rank Xerox aim of rehiring redundant workers as home-consultants. Pahl notes that this over-quoted example was introduced in 1981, and that by 1987 there were only 59 people operating as "networkers" in this scheme.

He planned to update the discussion by providing "a short, relevant and accessible book on the current confusions and debates about work". But the project grew and grew, just because of its complexities, into a volume of 750 pages and, I guess, over 400,000 words, with 33 contributed chapters. Pahl's own original aim is met by his introductions to the book as a whole and to the subdividing sections and, above all, in his epilogue.

His final words explain with dogged honesty just why a quick, slick survey would not do. Much of the book, he says, "is arguing that change is less pervasive than it may seem. Women are still overwhelmingly responsible for their traditional work. They simply now do more of other kinds of work as well. Where the goal of most employers throughout the world is to get the work of one full-time male done by one part-time female at a fraction of the cost, talk of the new liberation from toil can sound offensive. In order to come to terms with the new global, national and sexual divisions of labour there is no substitute for hard critical thinking, and it is in that spirit that I have made the selections in this reader. The new politics of work of the 1990s will have to engage with the issues raised in this book. There are no easy solutions and there is much pain and hard work ahead before anyone can realistically bid 'farewell to the working class'."

This is why the book has a strong and polemical emphasis on women's work in both rich and poor countries. And to rub in the significance of Pahl's comment, we learn that one multinational company in the electronics industry in Malaysia, recruiting young women from rural areas, exercises a strict fatherly discipline and pays the wages to "the male kin rather than directly to the women workers".

There is also a welcome introduction of material from Hungary and Italy that would otherwise be buried in specialist journals. Fergus Murray, in his absorbing chapter, explains that "in the late 1960s labour militancy in many Italian industries reached levels that directly threatened firm profitability, and management undertook a series of strategies initially to reduce the disruptiveness of industrial production into a local, self-employed, small workshop economy."

But this striking Italian trend can be seen in a quite different light: that of the re-assertion of worker autonomy just like that of the pre-industrial household economy which is absorbingly described in the opening section of this book. Should we applaud or deplore the fact that British workers in manufacturing industry have not followed the Italian trend?

Suppose that the big factory, big payroll, Taylorised economy was just a short period in the history of work, and that most of our grandchildren in the next century will be picking up a living through several different sources either of income or of other means of sustenance, just as most of our great-grandparents did. Pahl would scold me for jumping to generalised optimistic conclusions, but the real achievement of this absorbing compilation is that it makes all the other books about the future of work seem superficial and out-of-date.

Pahl is right. Work is the key personal, social and political issue that will dominate the remaining years of this century and we are lucky to have a guide who with the utmost moral seriousness and a wealth of material draws us into its complexities.

Journey to Calvinia

MIDDLEPOST
Antony Sher
Chatto & Windus £11.95

Alan Judd

Antony Sher's novel is set in post-Boer war South Africa. It is original, intensely imagined and well written.

The hero is an eponymous Jewish refugee from Lithuania, known mostly as Smous (Afrikaans for hawker). He lands at Cape Town speaking only Yiddish and suffers various misadventures. We are flashed back to his upbringing in Lithuania and introduced to the relatives he is travelling to join, settled now in a remote township called Calvinia. Smous loses money, papers and possessions, has no idea where Calvinia is but sets out with Naoksa, a Bushwoman. After further adventures they arrive at Middlepost, an Afrikaaner settlement which is not far from Calvinia but Smous doesn't know that. The main action of the novel takes place in Middlepost. Smous started by travelling to arrive and ends, like some other travellers, not so much by finding what he sought as by being found.

Journeys physical and spiritual are central to the book and there are frequent references to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jonah and the Whale. Smous's inability to converse is an interesting device which Sher puts to good use: people reveal themselves to Smous because they know he cannot understand their words, though they sense he might understand them. The hitch is that speech becomes declamatory and some of the characters and events assume a Brechtian theatricality that is one-dimensional and unconvincing. There is also an exuberance of unusual words and oaths which, though probably well researched, blurs character definition. Some of the speeches addressed to the uncomprehending Smous seem to be imagined from the perspective of an audience rather than a reader and would work better on the stage.

The evocation of a big, slow, hot land in which blood runs freely is effective (after a slow start). Afrikaanerdom is depicted with verve and understanding: "You could hear it in their language, a language of diminutives and negatives, everything getting smaller, going backwards... You could see it in their faces... in that moist, hurt, brutal gaze. Here was a man capable of anything, except gratification." Many other observations are similarly striking.

Antony Sher's Peake-like jacket design and illustrations aptly render the intense, idiosyncratic vision which informs his novel. It's a powerful book and I hope he writes another.

The long march of nursing labour

WORKING FOR HEALTH: THE HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERATION OF HEALTH SERVICE EMPLOYEES
Mick Carpenter
Lawrence & Wishart £9.95

Jane Salvage

BBC Hulton Picture Library

Ungagging the angels—nurses tell their tale of trade union struggle down the years

"Many people think of nursing as a heavenly calling, and think that such a thing as a union is desecration. But we feel that we could fulfil our heavenly calling better if our earthly welfare were better looked after. Is it not time that nurses rebelled openly? We need shorter hours, longer mealtimes, larger salaries and more freedom in our off duty."

This nurse's views do not stem from the current rumpus over pay, but were published in *Nursing Mirror* in 1911 (and condemned by its editorial as "distasteful"). She was commenting on a series of strikes by infirmary nurses over wages and conditions, including a boycott of substandard sausages served for breakfast at York Union Workhouse. The complaints echo down the years; despite improvements unimaginable by her Edwardian counterpart, the modern nurse also believes that nursing and nurses are undervalued. She will sympathise with a contributor to the union journal who wrote in 1920: "Hospital matrons and sisters have made life unbearable with their tyrannical rules and regulations."

As well as rehearsing familiar grievances, recent events have highlighted many nurses' willingness to use traditional union tactics for their own ends. Mick Carpenter's history of trade union struggle is a bracing antidote to the conventional stereotype of passive angels who would sooner lay up treasures in heaven than join the union—a stereotype adored by the media, manipulated by politicians and reinforced by some senior nurses. In an important contribution to nursing history, Carpenter tells his tale "from below", spurning the ritual account of progress from Dickensian darkness to professional daylight.

A celebratory history commissioned by a trade union is bound to suffer from its own Whiggish propensities, however. These are hard times in which to tackle such a project; the forward march of nursing labour would have had a more rousing finale in 1974, a long hot summer of pay protests, or even as late as 1982, when COHSE's membership peaked at 231,000. Today, though, it experiences the same difficulties as the rest of the union movement, while its double-edged weapon, withdrawing care, enhances the appeal of a powerful and expanding rival. For every COHSE nurse who has gone on strike this summer, there are hundreds of Royal College of Nursing members who work on; characterising them as the dupes of the bosses is not analysis but wishful thinking.

The absence of such analysis in this book is a pity, since the lead-up to the 1980s offers interesting clues, but perhaps it is unfair to expect it from labour history of this type. And many of COHSE's present shortcomings are discussed fairly frankly, to Carpenter's—and the union's—credit. Recognising that it remains dominated at all levels by "middle of the road, middle aged, middle position, white male psychiatric nurses", he praises its tentative efforts to pioneer a modern form of trade unionism. Further work is sorely needed on the numerous questions implicit in his account, not least to help nurses develop a new tradition of collective action which does not oblige them to choose, as now, between the devil and the deep blue sea.

Jane Salvage is Director, Nursing Developments, King's Fund Centre for Health Services Development

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prudence Farmer Poetry Prize

Some excellent poems

The Prudence Farmer prize is awarded each year for the best poem, in the judge's opinion, to have appeared in this journal during the previous 12 months. Christopher Reid selects this year's winner

Some excellent poems have appeared in the pages of this magazine over the last year, enough to make the judge's job less easy than he would have liked it.

Some excellent poems—and some excellent lines, in poems not strong enough to do them justice. I think of Richard Bush's combine harvesters that "turn the yellow darker/As they pass... like typeface/Settling on a page", Anne Rouse's "You couldn't quite see her on a card of mixed nuts behind a bar" and Mark Haworth-Booth's frivolous "boutique jeep called a Shogun Colt". Peter Howe's "Opthalmology" is busy with moments of linguistic relish—Mr Smith's pipe "exuding not effluvium merely/but hopping sparks as well, like fizgigs", Mr Jones's barstool that "creaks with skew and torque"—but even their quantity failed to add up to that mysterious quality which denotes prizeworthiness. Not that funny poems are necessarily debarred; only they need to offer more than mere caricature.

Other items set out more deliberately to ruffle and disconcert: Matthew Sweeney's "A postcard of a hanging", Beata Duncan's "The lovely butcheress" and Martin Stannard's "Signs of greatness (#10)"among them. But in these cases, details of exposition and versification left me dissatisfied. Stephen Knight's "What to say when you talk to yourself"is a classic example of the Smelly Bedroom school of writing and for a while succeeded in getting up my nose. Part of its undeniable force comes from Knight's use of the (punctuational) colon, where one might have expected the less emphatic semi-colon, in compiling his disjointed catalogue. His rhymes, however, beginning with the slack coupling of "PVC" and"TV" in the first two lines, disappointingly fail to support the logic of his structure and ended by forfeiting my ultimate conviction.

I was more impressed by Paul Munden's "Tie-ins", printed on the same page of the issue dated 22 July 1988. Here the logical legerdemain is as deftly controlled as in any poem by Munden's near-namesake, Muldoon—too deftly perhaps, I began to think, as my mind travelled yet one more circuit of this conceptual Moebius strip. I'm sorry that my old-fashioned preference for poems that *go* somewhere hindered full appreciation of what, in its own terms, may be judged an impeccable performance.

Flawlessness, on a smallscale, has been gratifyingly in evidence elsewhere. Connie Bensley's nine-liner, "Moscow spring", is a model of delicacy and suggestiveness, and Matthew Sweeney's "On my own" a potently elliptical piece of scene-setting. Peter Norman's "Picnicking", which unfolds so quietly that it took several readings for me to catch the full resonance of its opening line, "We went back a long way", carries a genuine poignancy.

All the same, I was left choosing, for first prize, between four more obviously ambitious pieces. They were John Gurney's "The Patient", John Levett's "A long shot", Tony Grist's "Some excellent dreams" and Michael Hofmann's "On the beach at Thorpeness". Gurney's shows the Shakespearean sonnet being given an unexpected new lease of life. His studious attentiveness to matters of metre and rhyme perfectly suits the drama of preparation for ECT treatment, as its eerily buoyant patient might present it. Only the sibilant kinship of the last six rhymes serves to undermine, ever so discreetly, its stately progress. The effect is beautifully conceived and executed.

So it is in "A long shot", where John Levett describes his son's construction from paper and sellotape of a dice which he describes as a "lobotomised cube", and whose performance is marvellously evoked in the lines:

Its boobed spin, its solo hit and run
Through house dust turned galactic in
the sun."

Again, the form, which employs rhyming pentameters of a calculated unevenness, complements, and gallantly compliments, the subject.

Tony Grist's use of variable pentameters in his poem is less witty and less showy, but his purpose is different. With impressive grace and sweep, he proves it is still possible to write the sort of unironically discursive poem of meditation on domestic themes—in this case, the questionable durability of love—of which Wordsworth is the respected progenitor, but which has tended to fall into disfavour in these brittle, post-Modernistic times.

Finally, however, I decided that the award for the best poem of the year must go to Michael Hofmann, whose "On the beach at Thorpeness" depends, for its formal strength, not so much on a reworking of old modes, as on a direct grappling with the problem of matching form to contemporary subject-matter.

Hofmann has been criticised for a lack of interest in form, but this is to misunderstand him completely. Many of his best poems appear at first sight to consist of random catalogues of disenchanted observations. Connective devices are oddly missing, encouraging the reader who is willing to do so to supply them instead. In the present poem, Hofmann takes large risks. Four of its sentences begin with the identical construction—"The wind was...", "The tideline was...", "The North Sea was...", "My tracks were..."—something a more conventionally fastidious poet would have been careful to avoid. It's as if they might all have appeared more satisfactorily in different poems, and the result is a challenge to the reader to hold this aesthetically awkward material together in a single conceptual bundle. The volatile adjective-cluster of "triune reliable fissile" works in the same way, as does the last line, in which Churchill's famous statement of preference is deconstructed so radically that the very possibility of choice is thrown into doubt. This is a poem of considerable accomplishment and profundity.

On the Beach at Thorpeness

Michael Hofmann

I looked idly right for corpses in the underbrush,
then left, to check that Sizewell was still there.
The wind was from that quarter, northeasterly, a seawind,
B-wind, from that triune reliable fissile block.

—It blackened the drainage ditches
on the low coastal plain, blew up a dry tushing rustle
from the liberal-democratic Aesopian bullrushes,
and an ill-tempered creaking from Christian oaks...

A set of three-point lion prints padded up the beach.
The tideline was a ravel of seaweed and detritus,
a red ragged square of John Bull plastic,
a gull's feather lying down by a fishspine.

The North Sea was a yeasty, sudsy brown slop.
My feet jingled on the sloping gravel,
a crisp musical shingle. My tracks were oval holes
like whole notes or snow shoes or Dover soles.

Roaring waves of fighters headed back to Bentwaters.
The tide advanced in blunt codshead curves,
ebbed through the chattering teeth of the pebbles.
Jaw jaw. War war.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No novel writer

IN SEARCH OF THE CRACK
Robert Elms
Viking £10.95

Geoff Dyer

We first meet Tony, "our boy", the narrator of Robert Elms's novel, as a fuelled-up teenager on his way to the coast with his mates in search of the crack (what Kerouac used to call kicks) one bank holiday weekend. From there we follow Tony and his crew as they evolve from aimless hedonists to hedonistic entrepreneurs: organising warehouse parties, opening their own nightclub and eventually taking New York and Tokyo by storm. En route Tony falls in love, does a lot of drugs (a useful exercise on a creative writing programme might be to describe the snorting of cocaine in an interesting way), visits his mum and dad and periodically declares his love of football and friends.

Fair enough. The only problem is that Elms has no idea how to write a novel. Actually, that's not quite true: he has no idea how to write.

Coming from someone who made his name writing on style for the *Face*, the surprising thing about *In Search of the Crack* is how unstylish a writer Elms is. His stonewash prose labours under the weight of nuts-and-bolts phrases like "truth to tell" and "what I can only describe as". As for characters, well, there aren't any—just names with a few of Tony's observations attached: "Jimmy Kelly, the languorous *alter ego* to his brother's Artful Dodger, who became a garrulous demon at the mention of drugs..." The fact that they barely exist in the reader's mind seriously undermines any attempt at the celebration of friendship or lamentation at its passing.

The elaborate funeral procession that marks the death of Tony's friend Diamond (he dies of asthma: his death is in no way *generated* by the book) is intended to be moving, but since Diamond has hardly uttered a dozen lines it is difficult to give a toss. Tony is similarly upset by the end of his affair with Rose but until the hackneyed parting she has been nowhere to be seen. Once she's given him the push Tony summarises their relationship in retrospect. This exemplifies Elms's basic inadequacy: he tells rather than shows. Typically he tells us what other people have told him rather than letting them speak for themselves. The three sentences of one paragraph begin: "Joe told him the details..."; "He also told him..."; "Then he asked us..."

Dialogue is completely beyond him. Towards the end of the book he meets someone for lunch and simply *lists* the witty things his companion said, things like: "I like the beach. I just don't like the people who like the beach." (I am quoting at my convenience but a really harsh review would be one which quoted a whole page.)

If the manuscript had come to them in a random way, the readers at Viking no doubt would have binned it after a couple of pages. Yet Elms's book ends up negatively affirming the value of fiction as an art by emphasising the gulf between the conventions of contemporary journalism and the demands of the novel.

A Russian radical

THE THINKING REED
Boris Kagarlitsky
Verso £17.95

Alan Brien

Once in a Kazakh desert, drowning under a downpour of triumphant statistics, I wondered whether *nothing* went wrong. "Of course," snapped my minder, Nadya. "We had to overcome 1,679 separate obstacles." Discussing the post-Stalin "Thaw", Boris Kagarlitsky decides that the literature it produced could be "reproached for insufficient profundity".

At this year's party conference, Gorbachev reminded us that man should be the measure of all things. Westerners who enjoy a dialogue with Soviet intellectuals, dissident or loyalist, radical or conservative, may be forgiven for fearing that this admirable proposition is too often in their society interpreted as meaning—man should measure all things, all the time. They cherish a deep-seated belief that once things have been counted, weighed, expressed in numbers for use in tables and graphs, they have become under control and can no longer cause any harm. Both Nadya, the statocrat publicist, and Boris, the radical critic, would find frivolous our distrust of statistics.

Brenda Prince/Format

Building a new vision of Russia

Kagarlitsky is a socialist, a Marxist, who has been imprisoned in the Soviet Union for courageously, and untiringly, pointing out that the society is not being run on socialist and Marxist principles. He is a full-blooded, fire-in-the-belly democrat who, it seems, would have rather fail obeying the will of the people than succeed following his leader, be he Gorbachev or even Lenin. Seventy years ago, he would have been storming the barricades but as a Menshevik rather than a Bolshevik.

While the left today in Britain would hesitate to allow the view of our electorate to prevail on single-issue decisions, such as abortion or capital punishment, Kagarlitsky mounts as a fundamental criticism of his system that never in its 70 years has it held a referendum. Like many of even the best-informed Soviet intellectuals—and he is formidably equipped—he cannot quite bring himself to accept that perhaps two thirds of the world live more deprived lives, spiritually as well as materially, with fewer freedoms as well as fewer rewards. His whole nation shares a low self-image, a Tsarist inheritance, etched deeper by years of inability to trust government propaganda, an ingrown habit of assuming that whatever you were told by the state media, the opposite must be true.

The western reader cannot help a wry smile as Kagarlitsky outlines the argument that establishment propaganda on television is self-exposing, and inclines to accept it. "False intonations give you away."

But *The Thinking Reed* is subtitled: "Intellectuals and the Soviet state—1917 to the present". Its author is a sociologist, and his history is presented and analysed in a cool, rational, scientific tone, not lacking the occasional epigrammatic one-liner. The fact that he is looking at the same events as we are, but through differently-focused, obliquely-angled eyes, gives us a binocular, almost 3-D pop-up, vision of *glasnost* and *perestroika*. It reads like a dialogue with our part left blank to fill in as we are prompted. I found myself arguing throughout, with pleasure and profit, and not infrequently being defeated.

We are reminded that our priorities are not necessarily universal and eternal. For instance, the Russian state always controlled most of the economic life of the land, and Russian culture was always seen by the authorities as potentially subversive and subject to close censorship. The dissenter and rebel under Stalin and Brezhnev could always ignore current hack literature and go back to the sanity and honesty of the Russian classics. He could reject the vulgarised, "barracks-communism" of the schools and colleges and go back to the original texts of Lenin, Plekhanov, Engels and Marx.

Boris Kagarlitsky is cautiously sceptical about the changes Gorbachev is introducting. Soviet intellectuals today—"technicians of knowlege", as Sartre called them—will not be easily duped again, as they have already been again *and* again. But he makes clear that if Russia and socialism are to be aroused from their long coma it will only be by socialism and Russia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beverley Lewy

Seoul searching

The Olympic Games is now a world television spectacle. Gary Whannel on the shaping of the Olympic image

The Seoul Olympics have been preceded by unusually grim forecasts: of terrorism, inspired from the North; of boycotts from the eastern bloc, who don't even recognise South Korea; and of civil unrest from the South Korean student movement. It is still possible that some of these things may happen. However, the danger of a boycott has been largely averted—only five or six nations are likely to stay away. Relations between North and South Korea, while not warm, are more conciliatory than they have been for 40 years, and the presence of China and the USSR in Seoul will make North Korean-inspired terrorism unlikely. Meanwhile, in the South, student protests are being brutally suppressed, but the students may well be reluctant to disrupt the Games themselves.

If the Games do go well much of the credit should go to the International Olympic Committee (IOC) who have at last got their act together. Consider the Games' recent history. The 1972 Games in Munich were marked by the seizing and subsequent killing of Israeli athletes. The 1976 Games produced a huge deficit that the citizens of Montreal are still paying off, and the 1976, 1980 and 1984 Games were marred by boycotts. So dubious a benefit did the staging of an Olympic Games appear by the end of the seventies that only Los Angeles and Tehran wished to bid for the 1984 Games (the Iranian pitch collapsing along with the fall of the Shah, leaving Los Angeles as the inevitable choice).

Conventional wisdom declared that the Olympics had become too big, too expensive, too prone to political interference, and in Los Angeles—dubbed by some the Hamburger Olympics—that they had been sold off to commerce. When in 1981, Seoul was chosen, in preference to the only other contender, Nagoya of Japan, the prospect of an Olympics in such a politically contested area seemed a recipe for disaster.

Yet with only a handful of non-attenders at Seoul, more nations will be represented at the Games than ever before. For the first time since 1972, not only will the whole world be watching, but virtually the whole world will be there. The facilities are unquestionably the best the Games have ever had. The threat of an eastern bloc boycott was effectively averted by the diplomatic skill of IOC President Juan Antonio Samaranch in maintaining a dialogue for the last three years with the North Koreans, always leaving the door open for the possibility of some events being staged in the North, even though there was no serious chance of this happening.

Holding an Olympic Games has suddenly been transformed from a road to disaster to a route to success, part of a whole strategy for economic growth. Thirteen cities spent around £10 million each bidding to stage the 1992 Summer and Winter Games, at least five are in the race for the Summer Games of 1996, and, staggeringly, bids are already being mapped out for 2000 and even 2004.

Underlying this dramatic turnaround in the public fate of the Olympic movement is an equally dramatic transformation in its economic structure. The Olympic Games is said to be the premier world television event, reaching a global audience counted in billions. Television, and specifically the financial power of the major American networks, has been responsible for the transformation of the Olympic Games into this kind of television spectacle. But after 25 years of rapidly expanding audiences and increasing payments for television rights, we are entering a new phase. The audience cannot grow as rapidly as it has done, and the prevailing feeling in the media and sports' world is that rights' payments will not grow as rapidly as before. Consequently the Olympic movement has begun to look elsewhere for revenue, launching an elaborate global sponsorship programme.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The growth of fees paid by television for the rights to cover the Olympic Games has risen dramatically over the last 30 years. ABC has been the dominant American network for Olympic coverage, basing much of its corporate strategy on sport—it habitually refers to itself as The Olympic Network. To a large degree US television pays for the Olympics, and plays a major role in influencing how they are run. It is felt to affect such matters as the layout of the site and the stadia, the nature and form of the ceremonies, the choice and timing of events.

The escalation of fees reached a peak with the $309m paid by ABC for the 1988 Winter Games in Calgary. The bidding, which preceded the bidding for Seoul, was very competitive and took place during a buoyant phase in the American economy. All three networks had over-optimistic forecasts of advertising revenue. In addition, ABC were determined to hang on to their "network of the Olympics" image.

Calgary was a particularly attractive site for American television. It is three hours behind New York time so afternoon events in Calgary could be shown live in evening prime-time in New York and on the eastern seaboard (thanks to its dense population, the single largest ad market in the US). The Winter Games in February also fit neatly into a quiet period in the sports schedule—after the American football season and before baseball.

With ABC coffers emptied of the $309m, NBC got Seoul comparatively cheaply (even considering the fact that Seoul is out of phase with New York prime-time). As the US advertising market is in a comparative slump there has been a shift of corporate investment from advertising to sponsorship. The problem being that fees had risen out of proportion to the ability of the US economy to provide advertising revenue.

In 1984, with production costs and advertising agency fees added to the TV rights' fees, $580m of advertising revenue was needed simply to enable the networks to break even. In fact they made a substantial profit. But in 1988, the equivalent figure is over $900 million, with ABC facing a $70 million loss on their Winter Games coverage.

The networks have been busy trying to talk down the price for future Olympic Games. They point a finger at the cosy European cartel, the European Broadcasting Union, who they feel get the Games far too cheaply. Great interest has been triggered by the reappearance of CBS as a serious bidder, acquiring rights to the 1992 Winter Olympics in Albertville, France, for $243 million. However, this still represents a 20 per cent drop since 1988 and has confirmed the IOC view that they must diversify their sources of revenue and not retain all their eggs in the television basket.

The IOC has been through a rapid period of change. In 1972, the stalwart last-ditch defender of amateurism, Avery Brundage, retired as president. The man who replaced him, Lord Killanin, was plunged into crisis management. The current president, Juan Antonio Samaranch, has ushered in modernisation and a degree of entrepreneurship. He travels thousands of miles each year and attempts to visit every country with an Olympic committee. A full-time president, he has increased the role of the IOC, and enlarged its staff and premises, presiding over a growth of sponsorship and moves towards an open Olympics.

But the IOC is still predominantly a rich man's club, and an old man's club. In 1987, one third of the 91 members were over 70, 50 per cent over 65, only five were born since World War Two and only five were women. The aristocracy was heavily represented with five princes, three lords, one princess, two sheikhs, one count, one grand duke and one king among the regular and honorary members, and this is without including our own new IOC member, Princess Anne.

In short, it is not the most obvious body to be dealing with the sharp edge of global television and sponsorship brokers. It is precisely because the IOC is not a profit-centred body that contradictions between entrepreneurship and idealism continue to be central to the Olympic movement.

There is a real resistance to some of the implications of the professionalisation and commercialisation of sport. For instance, apart from Wimbledon tennis, the Olympic Games is the only major sporting event that still does not allow any arena advertising. At the same time there can be no doubt that those who are paying the piper are, if not exactly calling the tune, certainly having a major influence on the arrangements.

A good example is the decision, taken in 1986, to split the Summer and Winter games, which up until now have taken place in the same year. In future they will take place alternatively every two years—summer in 1992, winter in 1994, summer in 1996 and so on. The plan is popular with the IOC (it will give greater prominence to the Winter Games, and make them potentially more lucrative in sponsorship revenue) and the National Olympic committees will find it easier to raise the money in two separate years. Sponsors will be pleased with more frequent global exposure opportunities. Above all, most pleased will be American television: it will give them a major Olympic event every two years and it will split the huge sums needed in ad revenue into two separate years. The idea, significantly, was prompted by ABC.

Similarly, most of the new Olympic sports and events suit American television. Tennis and baseball were probably the two biggest non-Olympic sports on American television; now tennis has become an Olympic sport and baseball will be a demonstration sport in Seoul. The Winter Games programme in Calgary was extended to include more skiing events—a super giant slalom, a combined downhill/slalom, while the demonstration sports—curling, free-style skiing, and short-course speed skating—were all admirably suited to the conventions of television.

Sponsorship and the Olympics

In running the Los Angeles Games, Peter Ueberroth made around $126 million in sponsorship, compared to previous games which made between $5-10 million. The main innovation was to create a limited number of product categories and offer sponsors exclusivity. To do this on a global scale, the national Olympic committees had to be persuaded to join the Olympic programme, whereby global sponsorship of the Olympics would be sold by the agents, a company set up by Adidas boss, the late Horst Dassler. The first global opportunities were snapped up by Coca-Cola, Kodak, 3M, Visa and Federal Express. The IOC's strategy of diversification as a way of reducing its dependency on television was on its way.

President Samaranch says: "The commercialisation of the Olympic Games will never be tolerated. They will remain the only sports event in the world where there is no advertising in the stadia or on the athletes' vests." But with arena advertising so valuable, can the Games hold out for long? One reason to resist is that it is precisely the absence of overt visual commercialisation that gives the Olympics their special value. The problem is that it's precisely this area sponsors want to buy into.

While the arena is still not up for sale to advertisers, Coca-Cola have been able to utilise the Olympic torch for the new Olympic logo: The Flame Burns Brighter . . . Coca-Cola. The new Coke song, *A Message of Hope*, appears in a television advertisement with a 1,000-voice choir singing in 16 different languages. Coca-Cola president Neville Kirchman speaks of a "strong wish for world unity" and says: "Our corporation commissioned the music and lyrics to represent the hopes and dreams for peace of young people everywhere."

The idealist Olympic project of bringing the youth of the world together in peace and harmony will lose all meaning if it becomes merely a piece of marketing rhetoric. The dilemma faced by the IOC is that in the very act of selling the Olympic image they inevitably dilute its veneer of purity and hence its commercial value.

Garry Whannel was a consultant on "The Games in Question", four documentaries being shown on Channel 4 at 6.30pm on Saturdays.

Sums paid by the US network companies for USA television rights to the Olympic Games (amounts in dollars)

SUMMER GAMES				WINTER GAMES		
1960	CBS	394,000	Rome	CBS	50,000	Squaw Valley
1964	NBC	1.5m	Tokyo	ABC	597,000	Innsbruck
1968	ABC	4.5m	Mexico C	ABC	2.5m	Grenoble
1972	ABC	7.5m	Munich	NBC	6.4m	Sapporo
1976	ABC	25m	Montreal	ABC	10m	Innsbruck
1980	NBC	87m	Moscow	ABC	15.5m	L Placid
1984	ABC	225m	Los Angeles	ABC	91.5	Sarajevo
1988	NBC	300m*	Seoul	ABC	309m	Calgary

* The NBC contract for Seoul is a complex one, with sliding scales according to eventual advertising revenue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You should be so lucky

Gone are the true love stories of the girls' comics of the seventies. Angela McRobbie on a new kind of realism

"With the advent of the photo-stories we found that the scope became much more limited. We could no longer do the historical stories and the romances seemed to lose that nice emotional quality. It all became much more realistic, like the problem pages set to pictures." Assistant Editor, *Jackie* magazine.

The single most startling change in the world of girls' comics and magazines in the 1980s is the decline of romance. Less than 10 years ago front leaders like *Jackie*, with weekly circulation figures of well over 300,000, were marketing themselves around the three or four picture stories which filled more than half their pages. Now *Jackie*, along with *Blue Jeans* (DC Thomson), *My Guy* (IPC), *Patches* (DC Thomson) and *Girl* (IPC), are desperately trying to adapt to a new climate. By far the most successful magazines in the teenage and pre-teenage market in the eighties have been *Smash Hits*(EMAP) and *Just Seventeen* (EMAP). *Smash Hits* is in fact a glossily produced pop magazine, and although the majority of its readers are female, it's exclusive focus on music and the star system separates it a little from the cosy intimate world of the girl's comic. *Just Seventeen* is very much a young woman's magazine and its concerns are overwhelmingly with fashion and beauty, pop and problems, more or less in that order.

Neither of these carry the kind of photo-love stories which became so popular in the late seventies in the more downmarket magazines like *Blue Jeans*, *My Guy* and *Oh Boy!* It was this popularity which eventually forced *Jackie* to drop its more conventional comic strip narratives in favour of the grainy realism of black and white snapshot "clips", which focused as much on family breakdown and unemployment as they did on boys and bitchy girls.

For *Jackie* the decline of romance has also signalled its own decline. Right through the sixties and seventies *Jackie* had no real rivals. The other love comics were able to survive with circulations of just over 100,000, so they never actually threatened *Jackie*'s existence. It was more that the issues which began to appear in their photo-stories increasingly made the beaches-at-sunset which Jackie was so keen on, look silly and old fashioned.

All of these teen magazines were at that time cheap to produce. None of them either sought or attracted the kind of big money from advertising which women's magazines have always relied on. The paper was thin with a dull finish. *Jackie* stood out among this bunch, not just because of its bigger format and its more generous use of colour. Unlike the others it had a kind of bounce. Even though the stories invariably ended with his arms encircling her, the rest of the magazine seemed to work against the kind of romantic inertia which the other magazines seemed to recommend. In *Blue Jeans* there was nothing better to dream of than snogging on the sofa. *Jackie* girls were at least encouraged to keep in shape by jogging in the park.

Nonetheless neither this, nor the popularity of the "Cathy and Claire" problem page, was sufficient to keep its lead in the magazine stakes in the 1980s. *Jackie*'s crisis with its self-image seemed somehow to centre round the stories and the running down of romance in favour of the more problem oriented photo-stories. These were popular in the other comics for their soap-like quality. Spread across the pages, the pictures were like smallscale television screens and their characters were not unlike those seen on *EastEnders* or *Grange Hill*. *Jackie* line drawings were, in contrast, more reminiscent of the classic comic format. They used the kind of sixties style drawings popular with advertising companies and pop artists. The move to photo-stories meant abandoning the qualities of exaggeration and excitement which the thick black lines of the comic drawings were able to convey.

These photo-stories presented *Jackie* with additional problems. Suddenly the magazine which had prided itself on a healthy classless image was forced to take on board in the stories all the signs and symbols of working class life which had become the norm in the other magazines. Gone were the stories of girls sharing a flat together and fancying the boy upstairs. Instead they were replaced with the same dreary youth clubs and sitting rooms against which the much more restricted narrative action took place.

For a while *Jackie* stuck its neck out and flirted with controversy. It ran stories of mixed race romance and it even took on board the unfairness of the sexual double standard. But the pressure of having to fill up to ten pages a week with these photo-stories began to show and the narratives became increasingly directionless and formulaic. By the mid-eighties with *Just Seventeen* publishing weekly and *Mizz* (IPC) fortnightly, the *Jackie* stories appeared increasingly anachronistic. The frenetic tones of the other pages tried to compensate for this dreariness by whipping up excitement about the hunky pin-ups on the double page spread, but even this couldn't disguise the sense of a magazine which had lost direction.

This has been *Jackie*'s particular problem in the last five years. Its sales have fallen while *Blue Jeans* and the others have dropped less dramatically. Recently *Girl* has attempted to fill this new space with a relaunch following extensive market research. *Girl* caters for younger girls, and up until a couple of months ago, it too ran up to five stories a week. Now it is down to one, and fills up its other pages with "fashion, pop and gossip".

How can this decline of romance be accounted for? Why should such a popular mode be so suddenly outmoded? No doubt there are many reasons why romantic love stories no longer have the appeal they once did. According to the editors it is the girls who have changed. And the magazines which spend the most money on market research, and which are most concerned to be in tune with their readers, are in the best position to reflect this new thinking. In the late eighties girls find photo-stories and especially photo-romances "silly" and even "patronising". Girls don't spend their lives hoping to bump into the boy at the bus stop, and they no longer see themselves or define themselves as "boy-mad". Traditional picture love stories no longer seem to enter into the collective imagination of teenage and pre-teenage girls. They'd much rather have their collective fantasies transposed into the world of pop, and into a surprise meeting with Bros or Wet, Wet, Wet.

The new girls comics know that most of their

The tension mounts in "The Boy's No Good" from *Blue Jeans* magazine

A GOLD NECKLACE! IT'S BEAUTIFUL! OH, SEAN, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE. IT MUST HAVE COST YOU A FORTUNE.
HERE, I'LL HELP YOU PUT IT ON.
I—I HOPE YOU LIKE IT . . .
I DO, SEAN. IT'S LOVELY—HONESTLY.
AND THIS TIME I'M NOT GOING TO WORRY THAT SEAN STOLE IT FROM THAT JEWELLERS THAT WAS BROKEN INTO YESTERDAY, OR ANYWHERE ELSE, FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING TO TRUST HIM—THE WAY I SHOULD HAVE DONE IN THE FIRST PLACE!
But suddenly . . .
ARE YOU SEAN BRADLEY?
YES. WHY? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
COME WITH US PLEASE. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
OH, NO! SEAN . . . !
IT'S LIKE SOME HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE! THE MINUTE EVERYTHING STARTS TO GO RIGHT BETWEEN US, THIS HAPPENS. WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH SEAN? HE HASN'T DONE ANYTHING . . .
MORE NEXT WEEK

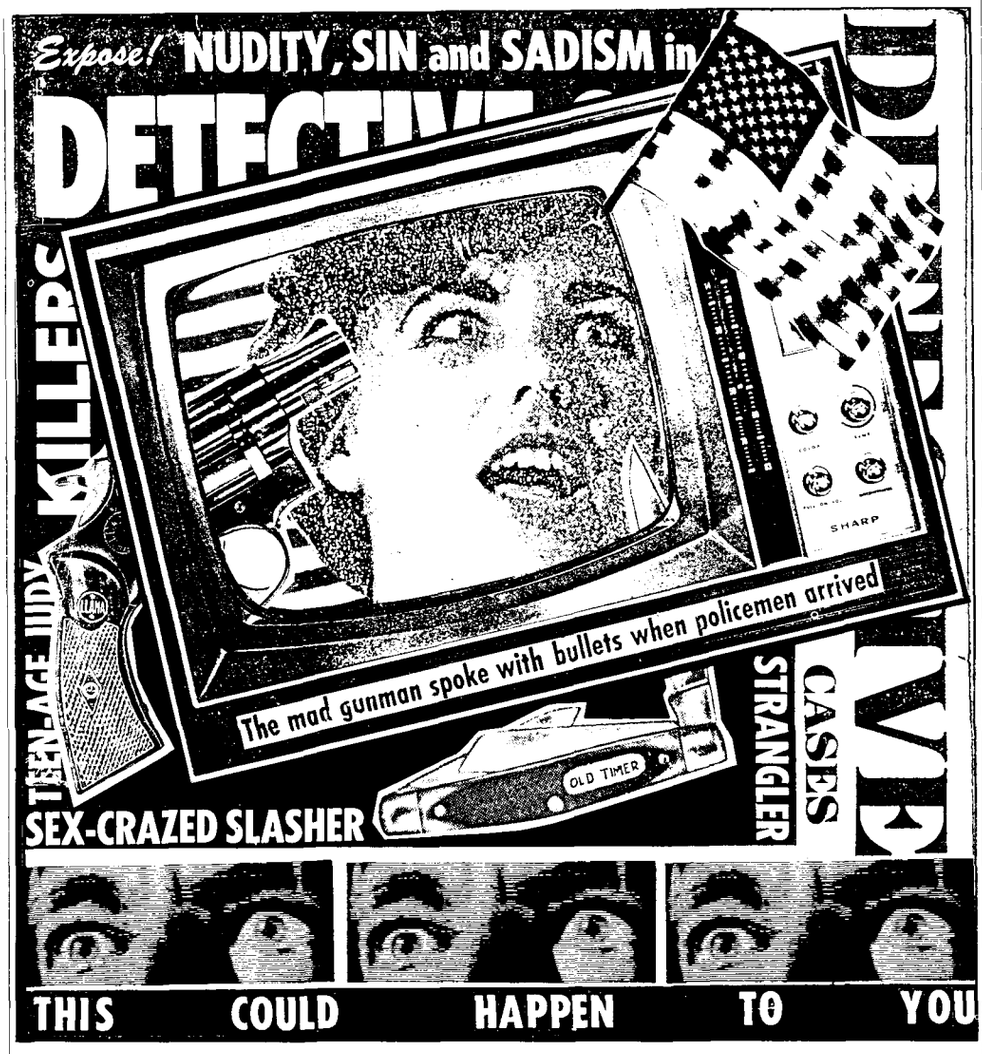
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

readers have absorbed something of the climate of increasing sexual equality. This doesn't mean that they have done away with fantasy. Rather it means that the whole scenario around which fantasy occurs has changed. There is no longer any attempt to mask fantasy as reflective of a kind of reality, as was the case in the stories. Now the readers can have fantasies about being the girlfriend of Lloyd Cole and this can be encouraged by supplying them with as much information and as many "fax" as possible about him. But the tone adopted in the magazines is one of you-should-be-so-lucky. A jokiness pervades the pages and a kind of shared knowingness that this is nothing more than the stuff of dreams.

The real subject of girls magazines in the eighties is the self. The self as fan, the self as body, the self with feelings, the self with flaws, but most of all the self as a consumer. More space is given over to these themes than was ever the case before. The problem pages in current issues of *Just Seventeen* and *Mizz* stretch right across the double page spread as do the beauty queries. The problems are answered with a frankness and with a good deal of feminist commonsense. Readers are treated with a new respect, they are no longer "talked down to" as editors are anxious to point out. The girls who write in, and those portrayed in the various features, are indeed confident, glowing creatures. They no longer rely for their own self images on the presence of a status-conferring boyfriend. Instead they have fun, dress up, listen to all the latest hits and are able to open up about the things they feel more uncertain about in the problem page.

While the reader is being constructed in these pages as an intelligent and thoughtful being, she is simultaneously being constructed, in a way hitherto unimagined by magazine editors in the past, as a young consumer. The new magazines marketed for 16 year olds and over, but read by thousands of 12 year olds up and down the country, carry glossy adverts not just for make-up but also for the NatWest, for the Midland Bank, for Levis, pizzas, films, other magazines, for Barclays, Benetton and beyond. The 12 year old might not be able to buy the goods but she is very able to consume the images. She is quite familiar with the world of consumer goods which is now addressing her with greater respect from all sides. Indeed it celebrates her new independence. It openly welcomes her into the world of emancipated women.

In fact it is no longer possible to draw a line between using the media and consuming its images and products. A record is listened to, but it is also bought, or at least a magazine which describes the record and profiles its singer, is bought. Television is watched, and in the spaces between the programmes, it recommends another set of images of goods to be purchased . . . In this crowded space it is possible that romantic picture stories still occupy some minor place, but only just. As one of the respondents in Mary McLoughlins' excellent reader survey of *Jackie* magazine said: "When there is something boring on the telly and everyone else wants to watch except me, I put on my headphones and look through *Jackie* till the programme's over".



Paul Bateman

Television

Gutter and gore

Angus Finney on sleaze and voyeurism on American television

A simulated rapist, trailed by cameras, is filmed breaking into a woman's home. He bursts into her bedroom, forces her to the bed, hits her face, shoves pants and bra down her throat, and ties her hands behind her back. And so begins another televised re-enactment of an actual crime, greedily devoured by several million American viewers.

America's Most Wanted is just one of a spate of tabloid television shows currently setting a trend in sleazy, sex-obsessed, sensationalised TV. After just six weeks the show headed Rupert Murdoch's Fox Broadcasting Company's programme line-up. It draws an 11 per cent share of viewers nationally, (28 per cent in Washington DC), and has won 60 per cent more viewers than its forerunner, *Werewolf*.

Despite being knocked by the critics, tabloid television is enjoying enormous success in the US, captivating audiences that producers argue have become bored with fictional violence, and tired of "hard news". Some productions actually ask real victims to play their part on film. Other topics on *America's Most Wanted* include graphic shows on mothers who murder their babies, love triangle violence, and one interview with some 38 year old Siamese twins joined at the heart.

"True-crime" series are extremely cheap to make. They cost between $25,000 to $50,000 an episode, which is 10 per cent of the average cost of an episode made for a network series. And advertisers have been quick to spot the specific market lured to tabloid TV: women between 18 and 49, who typically control a major part of the family budget in the US. The National Broadcasting Company announced last month that its *Unsolved Mysteries* (Yes, you guessed it, yet another crime re-enactment show) will become a regular weekly series this autumn.

One of the structural reasons behind the new programming is the recent financial belt-tightening all three networks have implemented since January 1987. New programming that fits well within the bottom line is likely to be enthusiastically embraced not just by producers, but by penny-pinching senior executives keen to cut corners.

For many years American television worked on the basis that the largest audiences were won with the least objectionable programmes. Today, that formula is too simple by far. The "videoscope" is increasingly cluttered. The US television mass market is now saturated with some 500 talk shows, game shows, tabloid

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

magazine slots and series re-runs, all competing against cable, VCRs and...serious programming.

With the readership of newspapers dropping yearly, and a lack of any daily tabloid press comparable to that in Britain, TV sleaze has pushed itself to the top of the ratings ladder.

However, explaining precisely why this rash of gutter-and-gore programming has become viable just now is complex. Some American academics have written the trend off as simply a cultural legacy of eight years of an actor-idiot president. Others point to the easy-to-follow formula the programmes depend upon. And the classic tabloid theme that terrible things can threaten normal people is ever-present. The play on fear is neatly captured by the catchline: "This could happen to you..."

Murder dramas are not alone in this new craze. A new brand of talk shows, initiated in 1986 by Oprah Winfrey, and now joined by *The Morton Downey Jr Show*, which became nationally syndicated in June, are also setting new standards (sic) in TV sensationalism. Described as "the Storm Trooper of the new right", Downey Jr uses his perverse brand of patriotism, sexism and racism to attract a mass following. His style is loud, bullying and more like an interrogator than mediator. And everything discussed is reduced to black and white. "Are you a terrorist?" he asks an Irish catholic partisan. To the chiefs of an adoption service he demands: "Are you in this to keep kids away from the abortionist's knife, or are you in it just to make money?" "Answer yes or no".

The rivalry between America's most popular talk-show hosts knows no bounds. Pressure to perform increasingly shocking acts or talk about more lurid topics is raising the talk-show stakes. For example, on *Morton Downey* the host and a guest re-enacted the strangling of Jennifer Levin by Robert Chambers in Central Park. (Chambers was recently sentenced to prison). Using a pair of pink knickers supplied by a member of the audience, a young woman tied Downey's hands behind his back, then squatted on his tummy as he lay on the ground. "He pulls off the panties and strangles her," said Robert Pittman, president of the programme's owners. "It was great . . . television works best when you get to be a voyeur."

Voyeurism, whatever the form, is now big business in American television. Take for example the recent "special" with talk-show host Geraldo Rivera, "Murder: Live from Death Row". Thirty million viewers watched film footage of a real murder of a supermarket shopper. The producers had procured the videotape from the shop's security cameras. Rivera had interviewed half a dozen convicted murderers about their crimes, egging them on to recall all the grisly details.

Producers and executives are quick to answer critics with lines like "That's what the public wants to watch", or "It's real life". And the rehashed crime series are plugged as "in the public's interest" on the grounds that they lead to the arrest (sometimes) of criminals. One producer on *America's Most Wanted* even told the *Wall Street Journal* that the new wave of sex and sensationalism is justified on the grounds that: "It's what Shakespeare wrote about—rage, jealousy and greed."

Here in Britain, much of America's tabloid TV trend has already started to take a strong hold. *Crimewatch* is now a popular series, which eagerly copies the American "let's pretend" formula of criminal reconstruction. Mixing fact and fiction has always been a tool of America's TV trade (just like the tabloids here), but programmes like *Crimewatch* are not alone in the new tendency towards broadcasting to the lowest common denominator. Channel 4 is currently considering buying up the *Morton Downey Jr Show*, although no deal has been signed to date. And with the advent of a possible Channel 5, cable, Skychannel and whatever else that makes it to the living room, British programming could be looking at a serious revolution, not just in the Americanised style of receivership, but also one which involves a significant drop in substance.

Cinema

Filming by numbers

In an industry barren of experimentation, Suzanne Moore is grateful for Peter Greenaway's intelligence

Peter Greenaway is a clever, cultured man who makes clever, cultured films. So clever, in fact, he managed to get a special programme on Channel 4 just to explain his latest effort. *Fear of Drowning* is both a guide to, and an analysis of, **Drowning by Numbers**. In it he sounds like a man with a plan, someone with a trick or two up their sleeve: precious, pretentious and profound—rather like his films.

There is by now an almost standard set of critical responses to his work and he is respected as an arty and inventive filmmaker even by those who regard him as too clever for his own good. The argument goes something like this: his earlier work remains "interesting but indulgent", the beautifully filmed *Draughtman's Contract* is regarded as a turning point in bringing together his cerebral concerns with charm and elegance and, most importantly, commercial success. The follow up, *A Zed and Two Noughts*, was for some critics once again marred by his ruthless formalism which forces out feeling. This school of thought prefers *Belly of an Architect* which is celebrated for the power of Brian Denahy's performance—for once strong enough to flesh out Greenaway's stylistic devices, making the whole thing far more user-friendly.

Basically it seems that we can only stand difficult ideas if they are sugared by a little naturalism or at least some recognisably good acting. Yet in a cinema so barren of experimentation shouldn't we be grateful for Greenaway's intelligence? In his latest film Greenaway has the courage of his convictions and returns to the territory of *A Zed and Two Noughts* and *The Falls*, refining his themes and literally playing his ideas out. My complaint is not that his cleverness gets tiresome (which it does) or that the human element is missing (which is irrelevant), but that if he is going to depend on ideas alone he will have to get some new ones!

Accusations of pretentiousness are fairly redundant, for Greenaway understands that cinema is *always* about pretension—a film is never real but a game that the audience agrees to be part of. In *Drowning by Numbers* games, small and large, are the preoccupation of Madgett (Bernard Hill) and his strange son Smut. They

Bernard Hill (Madgett) playing his own version of cricket in *Drowning by Numbers*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

devise a game for every situation, intoning the rules and regulations that turn even the smallest event into a kind of ritual. Madgett is the local coroner and becomes involved with not one, but three, women all named Cissie Colpitts, and all of whom drown their husbands. In love with each, he becomes entangled in their games as he pronounces the drownings "accidental death" rather than murder in the hope of procuring sexual favours. The plot unfolds with the precise symmetry we would expect: there are three drownings, three funerals and three failed seductions. Intertwined with these stories is the sad tale of Smut and his longing for the mysterious skipping girl.

Set in idyllic, magical English countryside, *Drowning by Numbers* is shot in rich autumnal colours, all gold and amber and overflowing with overripe fruit like some mad harvest festival. Greenaway is wonderful at unearthing an Englishness that is essentially pagan, full of maypoles and mayhem. Children's games reveal themselves as metaphors for fertility, loss, death and decay.

Just about every scene is reminiscent of one painting or another from Breughel to Rackham and if you are an art historian you can pat yourself on the back every time you get it right. Another favorite game for the childish or elitist amongst us.

But if games and riddles are primitive ways of ordering the world, Greenaway is also engrossed with all the ways we try to pattern what would otherwise be chaos. Classificatory systems, from numbers to alphabets to lists, are his obsession. All through the film we can count the numerals from one to a hundred which appear as the narrative unwinds.

This fascination with structure, random taxonomies, with the very form of things, is always at odds with the themes of *Drowning by Numbers*. The content is in fact that old staple of the art movie—sex and death. These messy instincts, that are never fully controlled, are the undertow of all the imperfect systems that try to control and define our experience. As a meditation on the impotency of hyper-rationality in the face of unconsious desire, the film has its moments.

Greenaway is wonderful at unearthing an Englishness that is essentially pagan, full of maypoles and mayhem

Yet, despite his sophistication, Greenaway plays out this dialogue between the conscious and the unconscious in the most stereotypical of ways. The male characters, all non-swimmers, represent a desperately masculine rationality with their ludicrous games. They all end up done in one way or another by the enigmatic women who naturally have a great affinity to water. It is thus femininity that somehow holds the key to the deeper knowledge of sex and death. Witch-like, the women share not only the same name but an unspoken bond that gives them a special power.

Greenaway, like so many other men, seems to think that he is flattering women by showing them as mystically all powerful. This elevation of women to a transcendant womanhood, however, obscures all the far less mystical power relations between the genders. If women are innately more powerful than men, why should anything need to change? More mundanely, Greenaway's cinematic gaze remains distinctly male so Joely Richardson, the youngest and the most conventionally pretty of the women, spends a great deal of time with her clothes off.

And this is part of the difficulty. Though clearly Greenaway would like to submerge himself in the forces of love and death and the whole damn business, he also wants to contain and control them. Urbane and academic on television, I wondered what made him need to explain so carefully every twist, every plot device, every idea in his film. Surely once a movie is made, the way audiences read it is beyond the filmmaker's control?

If I was your analyst Peter, I'd tell you to loosen up. I'd also tell you to go and see a film where three women *really* do get away with murder—*A Question of Silence*.

PORNOGRAPHY AND SEXUAL VIOLENCE
Evidence of the links

The book they couldn't publish in the States — where these personal testimonies were brought forward. Published by Everywoman to further the debate on how pornography can affect men.

Essential reading for all men who want to understand more about themselves, and all women who want to understand the causes of sexual abuse and how it can be tackled.

£4.95 from good bookshops or £5.50 from Everywoman Sales.

Send for our pornography pack, which includes a copy of the book plus our main coverage of the pornography debate in the last 18 months: £8.50.

ORDER FORM

Please send me:

_____ copy(ies) of *Pornography and Sexual Violence* @ £5.50

_____ *Everywoman pornography pack* @ £8.50

_____ Everywoman subscription for one year @ £10.80 (organisations/libraries £15)

Please make cheques payable to: Everywoman

Name .....

Address .....

..... postcode .....

Return to Everywoman Sales, FREEPOST, London N1 8BR (no stamp required).

JEANNETTA COCHRANE THEATRE
Theobalds Road, London, W.C.1
Holborn Tube

A 30th BIRTHDAY BENEFIT
for the
CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT
(London Region)

Saturday 24th September

A film and performance revue compiled by London Region CND and Concord Video and Film Council.
at 10.30-1.30 pm/2.30-5.30 pm

Introduced by
JOHN PILGER and RAYMOND BRIGGS, with PEGGY SEEGER, EWAN McCOLL, FALL-OUT MARCHING BAND, RAISED VOICES, WOMEN FOR LIFE ON EARTH, REBECCA JOHNSON and DINAH LIVINGSTONE
(other celebrities available subject to professional engagements)

CLASSICAL CONCERT
by PETER HANSON
& the Bomb Disposal Orchestra
An Evening Programme of HANDEL, VIVALDI & BACH
at 7.30 pm

Tickets £6 per session, £10 two sessions, £15 full day and evening concert (Concession for Unwaged)

Available from
London Region CND, 6 Endsleigh Street, London, WC1H 0DS
Telephone:01-388 1628

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDIATIONS

Last week, as far as the press were concerned, no age was a good age to be. Donna Methven, sweet, "innocent" and knocking 16, kissed and told on Tony Jacklin, golfer, widower and knocking 44. Pursued through the tabloid pages of the *Express* and *Mail*, the story started in the *Sun* as simple cradle snatching: "Jacklin has ruined my darling daughter—says teen love mum".

By the end of the week the tabloids had turned. Donna had been spotted frolicking in basque and high heels across the *Sun*'s centre spread before being brought up short by the *News of the World*. Innocent Donna was exposed as a two timing tartlet who, at the age of 14, had cut her knicker elastic on George Best.

On the one hand, it was just another case of bimbette bashing in the wake of five times Fiona and Stone bonking Mandy Smith. On the other, it pointed to a real crisis in the tabloid's self generated moral panic about what constituted acceptable behaviour for a 16 year old working-class coquette who'd hauled herself up by her own suspender belt. After all Donna was old enough for titillating exposure on page three, young enough to be a "darling" daughter, but apparently too young for celebrity sex with a man with a magic number two iron.

But whilst wild child Donna basked in the media limelight, Janet Street Porter, doyenne of youth and enfant terrible of television: was shot down in flames by the *Mail*'s society watchdogs: Nigel Dempster and Linda Lee Potter. At 41, Ms Street Porter had failed to spawn "sprog of her own". Despite, as Mr Dempster was keen to point out: "active involvement in youth"; an interesting biological connection if ever there was one. Ms Street Porter's powerful position in the roaring 40s of life, had according to the poison pen of Linda Lee Potter, transformed her into the Widow Twanky of television. The "cute" puff ball skirts and red DM shoes forced Potter to utter: "Janet Street Porter, who is now editor of BBC youth programmes, says that people think of her as cute . . . a whole list of pejorative adjectives spring to mind whenever I think of Ms Street Porter. But cute isn't one of them."

And there we have it. A no win situation. Donna, caught by her own suspenders, was pilloried for child behaving as woman. Childless Janet meanwhile, was thrashed as woman behaving aberrantly as child. Birthdays have unenviably become mathematical equations with which tabloid journalists can take out contracts on their victims. There used to be a saying that you're as old as you feel. Now it's a case of you're as old as the press feels you ought to be. No wonder women used to lie about their age.

Kathy Myers

Music

Global style?

Stuart Cosgrove on the voyeuristic appeal of "world" music

It was cruelly ironic that this year's WOMAD music festival took place, however distantly, against a background of world tragedy. The catastrophic flooding in Sudan and the flight of over 50,000 refugees from the small African republic of Burundi, where an estimated 5,000 people were slaughtered in acts of inter-tribal mass murder, has highlighted the contradictions of enjoying "world" music in the relatively safe environment of an English folk festival.

The Republic of Burundi has played an important symbolic role in the much heralded rise of "world" music, the incongruously simple term that is used in western capitalist countries to unite the diverse music of other cultures. The Burundi beat, based on the incantatory rhythms of Central African tribal drumming, found its way to the centre of the most unlikely pop controversy in the late seventies when Malcolm McLaren and the hapless Adam Ant borrowed the Burundi drum sound as the musical platform for their buccaneer pop image. Dressed in the flamboyant costume of an over-ripe pop pirate, Adam Ant was the archetypal incompetent in the "age of plunder", raiding the republic and repackaging its music for an increasingly disinterested teenage market.

Ten years on, attitudes to "world" music have clearly improved. Naked piracy, even when it is dressed up in the knowingly ironic costumes of postmodern pop, is no longer sustainable. The live music enthusiasts who have guided WOMAD from periods of shambling uncertainty to a prestigious place at the vanguard of new music, have also rewritten the rules that govern the consumption of other cultures.

If piracy is a shabby anachronism and no longer sustainable even in the questionable morality of pop, it would be naive to think that the power structures of musical consumption have been significantly altered. We listen, we dance and we enjoy, momentarily liberated by the engaging freshness of the sounds and their immediate cultural difference, but the pleasures that surround "world" music are ultimately trapped by an insurmountable indifference. In the power centres of the recording industry, "world" music is simply a vacation, and the era of new-age tourism has begun in earnest.

The most invigorating thing about "world" music is the music itself. The release of DO Misiani and Shirati Jazz's *My Life And Loves* introduces frenetic benga-beat from Kenya's garage recording studios; the WOMAD organisation's shani brings infectious rhumba dance music from Zambia, and lest we forget, Awatina's *Aruskipasipxananakasakipunirakispawa*, is proof that brilliance lurks in the mestizo of Bolivia.

New-age tourism operates through authenticity rather than exotica. For the serious "world" music fan, Anglo-American rock is the Costa Del Sol of music: too vulgar, too familiar and too commercial to offer any real sense of fulfilment. African music, perpetually on the verge of overground success and the long awaited international breakthrough, exists in a transitional limbo. Like a fortnight in Lanzarote, it offers a level of cultural difference but is in danger of succumbing to the lure of mass-marketing. The appeal of "world" music, like the new-age tourist values that underpin it, is to be found in the pleasures of discovery. Listening to Tanzania's Remy Ongala and Orchestre Super Matimila is like discovering new forms or going on a musical excursion before it appears in the "Our Price" brochure.

"World" music afficionados demand unspoilt music in the way that new-age tourists want to spend a holiday in other people's reality. A week in an Andalusian peasant's cottage or a month in a fishing villa in St Kitts is infinitely preferable to a holiday that's spoilt by the nagging presence of mass-marketing.

The current interest in Bulgarian music is a case in point. The Trio Bulgarka's *The Forest Is Crying* (Hannibal) may be moving and majesterial, but its creative sentimentality comes dressed in the native costume of a hurriedly written postcard. Although an intense beauty runs through Bulgarian songs like *The Sun Is Setting* and *I Am Sad This Evening*, the implied servility of Trio Bulgarka's *I Am Laying Out Tapestries For You* is a disturbingly frank reminder of the relationships of power that underpin "world" music.

Next month's ICA festival of gypsy music, featuring flamenco guitar stars, The Gypsy Kings, whose 12" single *Bamboleo* is one of this week's "world" favourites, emphasises the search for unspoilt music. But for all its admirable qualities as a crucible of cultural difference and musical diversity, the "world" music scene betrays a mood of elite selectivity, which under close interrogation is as rarified as conceited youth cults like new romanticism, northern soul and Soho's Latin-Jazz scene.

In demanding their music unspoilt, "world" music departs from the metaphors of tourism in one crucial respect. They do not reject western pop influences in the way that a new-age tourist would reject a pint of Watneys in a village in Crete. On the contrary, "world" music is seen as a *response* to western pop. Recent stars of the folk-roots circuit like Sierra Leone's palm-wine troubadour SE Rogie and Zimbabwe's Bhundu Boys admit pop influences that range unselfconsciously from Nat King Cole to Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Titch.

"World" music has introduced a new rhythmic diversity. However, enjoyment is periodically withheld by relationships of power and privilege that prevail in the real world. To listen to the Sudanese vocalist Abdel Aziz El Mubarak and his mixture of African and Islamic styles, is to lend the tourist's ear, as the economic *other* is broadcast through an amplifier of first world power. Sudan's entry into the "world" music stakes has come at the most tragic moment possible, as the country copes with the human debris of its own *under*privilege. They used to call it liberal guilt, now its global style.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Brian Cushion at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ. Please note that this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

ACTION SPACE London Events requires volunteers to help set up and run leisure activities for people with severe learning difficulties. Lively, colourful & fun sessions enjoyable by all. Saturday 10am until 1pm fortnightly. Stockwell area. Travel expenses paid. Telephone Jonathon 01-444 4614.

LONDON SHOP COLLECTORS are urgently needed for the RNIB's Sunshine Fund for Blind Babies and Young People. Full or part-time volunteers needed. Expenses within London paid and lunch provided. Contact Audrey Smith, Sunshine Fund, 224 Great Portland Street, London, W1.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED to help run LONDEC Development Education Centre and the One World Shop. Londec provides resources and advice on global development issues for teachers and interested organisations. The shop sells TRAIDCRAFT goods - trading for a fairer world. Travel expenses payable. For further information write to: Londec, One World Shop, 78 Eversholt Street, London, NW1 1BX or phone Peter Lopez 267 4524.

SAFE & CONSIDERATE Drivers are urgently needed by Age Concern St. Helens, to drive a 12 seater minibus with a tail lift. Can you spare one day a week to drive frail elderly people from their homes to our neighbourhood day centres? Expenses will be reimbursed. Contact Lorraine on St. Helens 52644 for details.

CHILD POVERTY ACTION Group - the UK's leading anti-poverty pressure group - urgently needs volunteers to despatch publications. One day a week. Hectic, but friendly environment. Expenses paid. Phone Rose on 01-253 3406/3709.

SHELTER – National Campaign for the Homeless - needs volunteers interested in helping with fundraising - one or two days per week. Reasonable travel and meal expenses paid. For further information please contact Marie Healy, SHELTER, Fundraising Section, 88 Old Street, London, EC1V 9HU. Tel: 01-253 0202.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE Volunteers needed to support innovative work with children & adults with mental handicaps. Training given and expenses paid but own transport is needed as we're based in a village with little public transport. Please contact Linda at Caring & Sharing Trust, Cotton's Farmhouse, Cogenhoe, Northants, NN7 1NL or telephone on 0604 891487.

RESEARCH/SECRETARIAL assistance, encouraging, patient, thorough, urgently needed by a partially-sighted disabled poor woman applying to the European Commission for Human Rights. Experience fighting system, and passion for principle valuable. High Court case already won on one aspect. Near Royal Free. Ring, preferably evenings on 01-485 2785.

INNER CITY AND Urban Priority Outposts need volunteers. Resident or commuting. Full, part, or spare time. Projects, Community work, Shop-centres, Shared houses, Study centre. Radical Christian. Urban Theology Unit and Sheffield Inner City Ecumenical Mission. Write to: Rev. Dr. John J. Vincent, at 210 Abbeyfield Road, Sheffield, S4 7AZ.

HELP!

The HELP programme is a 4 minute local programme appearing at 6.20 pm approximately (check TV Times) on Thames TV, three times a week. Here is a summary of this week's programmes.

TUESDAY 13 SEPTEMBER – RECKLESS DRIVING

Tonight we launch a week about safety on the roads by highlighting the most frequent cause of accidents - drink. We talk to Fay and Bert Knight, whose son was killed last year by a drunken driver: an off-duty policeman.

WEDNESDAY 14 SEPTEMBER – ROAD SAFETY

It is young pedestrians who are most frequently road accident victims. The Green Cross Code is not going to save all their lives, but even that is not always taught in schools: some local authorities have up to 18 Road Safety Officers, some just one. We look at the BP Roadshow, which tours the country. For the new booklet on road safety for parents:

Ring us on the night on 01 388 2388

THURSDAY 15 SEPTEMBER – TRAFFIC CALMING

John Murray tests out how far the Green Cross Code is at all useful in London's traffic itself and at campaigning groups such as the Mount Pleasant Action Group in Haringey. For booklets on traffic calming & campaigning:

Ring us on the night on 01 388 2388

HELP • THAMES TV • EMBER HOUSE
164/166 DRUMMOND STREET • LONDON • NW1 3HR
TELEPHONE: 01 387 9494

BUSY DISABLED Councillor – West London, urgently needs a third volunteer helper/driver. No experience needed, you just have to fit and adaptable. £35 per week + free accommodation (no bills) and generous time off. Phone Steve Cribb on 01-755-0325 for more details.

RELEASE is an independent national agency concerned with the welfare of people using drugs, including people with legal problems over their drug use. We employ a number of trained drugs and legal advisers, who maintain a daytime service, Monday to Friday 10am to 6pm. Overnight and at weekends trained volunteers, many of whom are professionally qualified, operate our 24 hour emergency helpline. For more information ring John Jolly on 01-377 5905 or by writing to Release, 169 Commercial Street, London, E1 6BW.

VOLUNTEER REQUIRED to help project workers with the day-to-day duties of managing a twelve bed hostel for ex-homeless men. Accommodation and allowance provided. Contact Louise Russell, Manna House, at 50, Parliament Hill, London, NW3 2TL.

ACTION/RESEARCH needs volunteers during the day to help carry out research into unemployment etc on White City Estate. You will be involved in carrying out a survey of two blocks of flats. This would be good exprience for students who are learning about research or unemployed people interested in community development. Training will be provided and reasonable expenses paid. Please contact Keith Bird on 740 0477 or visit the Fatima Community Centre, Commonwealth Ave, White City Estate, W12.

ST MARY'S HOSPITAL. Paddington are looking for volunteers, male and female, to help run a busy information and escort service in the Outpatients Department. The aim is to give a friendly and helpful welcome to people attending there and we are particularly looking for volunteers who can offer one morning a week, Monday to Friday for at least 4 months. Please write to the Vountary Services Co-ordinator, St Mary's Hospital, Praed Street, London, W2 1RV quoting Ref OPD.

VSO urgently needs Voluntary helpers with book-keeping experience to help in a busy fund-raising Department when the charity moves its headquarters to Putney in September. We will pay fares if you are free on a regular basis and live within easy access of Putney. Please write to: Christa Paxton, VSO, 9 Belgrave Square, London, SW1X 8PW.

INTERESTED IN HELPING A family with a disabled child? The Bromley Family Link is desperately seeking volunteers to baby-sit and take out children with disabilities and to befriend the family. Bromley Family Link exists to carefully match the family with the right volunteer. Please contact Linnett Anderson, The Co-Ordinator, on 0689 77006.

AMITY READING CLUBS are in need of volunteers to teach adults with special learning difficulties. Evening Clubs in SE24, SW2, and SW16. Phone (01) 311 (24 hour) or 928 5486.

VOLUNTEER COLLECTORS needed for OXFAM'S London Street Collection on September 27th and for the City of London Collection on October 4th. Can you spare an hour or two? Please telephone 01 585 0220 or write to Oxfam, 58 St John's Hill, London SW11 1VJ. Proceeds to water projects in Kampuchea.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED. If you are fit, with a sense of humour, can drive, have 4-6 months to spare and would like the experience of caring for a disabled person full-time in his own flat, then I have a vacancy for you. Volunteers receive £35 per week + free accommodation. For more details contact Alan Soffert tel: 01-736 8555. West London area.

HORTICULTURIST - Birmingham. An interesting opportunity with an innovative project - voluntary initially with considerable commercial potential. For more information contact John Newing, St Peters, Saltley.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertising

Advertisements received by noon on Tuesday will normally be published the same week
Classified Display Rates:
Standard Rate: £16.85 per s.c.c.
Voluntary Organisations: £9.50 per s.c.c.
Linage Rates: 45p per word (minimum 20 words) Box No. £2.50
All advertisements subject to VAT at 15%
Correspondence should be addressed to
Classified Advertisement Department
New Statesman & Society,
Foundation House, Perseverance Works,
38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ
Advertising Staff
Hazel Stevens (Classified Manager)
Carol Anne McKenzie (Sales Executive)
Chris Gallagher (Sales Executive)
Michael Houlihan (Sales Executive)
Linda Ring (Advertising Secretary)
Brian Cushion (Production)
Telephone: 01-739-1645
Fax 01-739-9307
Telex 28419

Appointments

Lothian Regional Council

Department of Social Work

As Scotland's Capital City, Edinburgh is an important legal, cultural, academic and financial centre. Unrivalled for its architectural beauty, the City provides easy access to both coast and countryside, giving a quality of life which is unmatched in other cities in the U.K.

OFFICER IN CHARGE

OXGANGS CHILDREN'S HOME, EDINBURGH

£10,887-£12,075 (Pay Award pending)

This residential facility provides 10 places for young people usually between 12 and 16 years of age. Applicants should be qualified (CSS/CQSW) and have sound knowledge of working practices in the care of children and adolescents. Informal enquiries to Sam Craig, Assistant Principal (Children) Tel: 031 553 8261.
Ref: 5251AAA

APPLICATION FORMS ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE PERSONNEL OFFICER, 7 SHRUB PLACE, EDINBURGH. TEL: 031 554 3997 (ANSWER PHONE MACHINE IN OPERATION 24 HOURS PER DAY)

Closing date: September 23rd, 1988.

Lothian Regional Council is an equal opportunity employer and will prevent discrimination particularly on the grounds of sex, marital status, disability, race, colour, religion, sexual orientation, nationality or ethnic origin.

LOTHIAN

If you've got urgent ad copy then fax it to us on 01 739 9307

BRENT PEOPLE'S HOUSING ASSOCIATION

RESOURCE OFFICER

Salary Scale £12,264-£13,017 inclusive of London Weighting (pay award pending)

BPHA is a community-based Association operating in North West London. A vacancy has arisen in our Housing Management Department for a suitably experienced person to provide advice at a policy level and in-house training on all aspects of welfare benefit, with particular emphasis on housing benefit, as well as some casework. The person appointed will also undertake a number of higher level projects on behalf of the Department.

The successful applicant will possess extensive and detailed knowledge and experience of welfare benefits, as well as suitable housing experience. Consideration given to job share applications.

BPHA is an Equal Opportunities Employer.

For an application form and job description please contact: Julie Amber, Personnel Officer, BRENT PEOPLE'S HOUSING ASSOCIATION, Brett House, Park Parade, Harlesden, NW10. Telephone: 01-961 4804 Ext.33.

For an informal discussion speak to Brendan Bird, Housing Manager, on extension 65.

Closing date for return of completed applications: 16.9.88.

CITY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' UNION

Community Action Worker

C.U.S.U. is looking for a Community Action Worker to implement and co-ordinate its work with and in our local community. The successful candidate for this part-time post (44 weeks, 25 hours per week including 5 weeks' holiday) will be a self-motivating creative person with some experience of community work. The running of special projects throughout the year, e.g. a half-term playgroup, pensioners' party and sports for the mentally handicapped, is an integral part of the job which means a flexible approach to the working week must be taken from time to time.

Salary £5,639 including London Weighting, paid monthly.

Contact Sue Parsons on 01-250 0955 for a job description or write to CUSU, Northampton Square, London, EC1V OHB.

Previous applicants need not apply.

CUSU strives to be an Equal Opportunities Employer.

Are you a qualified Social Worker, Nurse, Teacher or similar?

with 5 years plus experience & driving licence. Phone for detailed booklet and full particulars of interesting, unusual & responsible post in

fully residential CHILD CARE

Comfortable totally uninstitutional alternative to fostering for children in long-stay care.

Initially £12,000 – £13,000
(+ free board & lodging, 6 weeks holiday)

substantially more available for someone willing & able to carry additional responsibility.

Phone WARRAX, STANSTEAD ABBOTTS, HERTS, on Ware (0920) 870058

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Employment Opportunities with Community Relations Councils in the Greater London Area

Community Relations Councils are jointly funded by the Commission for Racial Equality and Local Authorities to promote equality of opportunities for the minority communities, to promote anti-racist policies and good relations between persons of different racial groups.

The following posts are funded by the Commission for Racial Equality. Salaries are reviewed annually in line with local government pay award. Higher starting salary may be offered depending on experience, current earnings etc.

SENIOR COMMUNITY RELATIONS OFFICER (£13,224 – £16,713)

Haringey Community Relations Council, 14 Turnpike Lane, Wood Green, London N8 0PT Tel: 01 889 6871/2

COMMUNITY RELATIONS OFFICER (IN CHARGE) (£12,114 – £15,417)

Merton Community Relations Council, 36 High Street, Colliers Wood, London SW19 2AB Tel: 01 540 7386/7

COMMUNITY RELATIONS OFFICER (IN CHARGE) (£12,114 – £15,417)

Redbridge Community Relations Council, Methodist Church Hall, Ilford Lane, Ilford, Essex IG1 2JZ Tel: 01 514 0688

The above postholders will be the Chief Officers of the CRC. Applicants should possess experience in the field of race relations and have good management and administrative abilities. S/he will assist and advise the CRC on anti-racist policies, public education, and community development. S/he will co-ordinate the work of the CRE and be responsible to the Executive Committee. S/he will need good communication and inter-personal skills, and should be able to work under pressure.

COMMUNITY RELATIONS OFFICER (HOUSING) (£10,665 – £11,679)

Newham Council for Racial Equality, 175 Upton Park, Forest Gate, London E7 9PJ Tel: 01 741 4621

This Specialist Officer is expected to formulate policies based on the NCRE work programme to eliminate racial discrimination in the field of Housing and provide equal opportunities. Candidates should have a good working knowledge of Race Relations legislation, particularly in Housing, and experience and ability to negotiate and liaise with local government, and other statutory bodies in the field of Housing.

COMMUNITY RELATIONS OFFICER (EDUCATION) (£10,665 – £11,679)

Waltham Forest Community Relations Council, 25 Church Hill, London E17 3AB Tel: 01 521 8851

The post requires knowledge of and experience in the field of Education, and an appreciation of the educational needs of ethnic minority children and adults. The ability to relate to community groups and statutory agencies, and to submit quality reports to the Executive Committee is essential.

ASSISTANT COMMUNITY RELATIONS OFFICER (during training £9,633 – £10,488) (after training £10,755 – £11,691)

Hammersmith & Fulham Council for Racial Equality, 241 King Street, London W6 9LP Tel: 01 741 5715

This officer will be responsible for researching into ethnic minority needs, working with community groups and liaising with the local authority to develop policy strategies. Additionally, s/he will supervise the admin. staff to ensure smooth running of the office.

COMMISSION FOR RACIAL EQUALITY

Local government terms of employment are applicable to all posts, there is a contributory pension scheme.
APPLICANTS SHOULD CONTACT CRCs AT THE ADDRESSES GIVEN ABOVE FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, eg, A DETAILED JOB DESCRIPTION, APPLICATION FORMS AND OTHER DETAILS.
Closing date for all posts: September 23 1988

MANAGER
Special Projects
Broadcasting Research Department
up to c£20,500

BBC

We are an equal opportunities employer.

Can you demonstrate the qualities necessary to tackle ad-hoc audience research projects as diverse as testing pilot programmes and gauging public reactions to broadcasting during an election?

If you think you can, Special Projects is looking for a Manager – one of three – to head a small team of researchers. Highest technical standards are required in this busy and stimulating environment. Managers are expected to initiate projects in consultation with senior BBC management, and to contribute to strategic debate about the implications of research.

You should have at least 5 years' experience in social or market research, but above all, a lively, inquisitive yet rigorous approach is required.

Based West London.

For further details contact Peter Menneer (Head of Broadcasting Research Department) on 01-576 7475, or Robin McGregor (Head of Special Projects) on 01-576 7224.

For an application form contact (quote ref 9988/NC and enclose s.a.e.) **BBC Corporate Recruitment Services, London W1A 1AA. Tel. 01-927 5799.**

Completed application forms should be returned by Monday, September 26th.

MILLBROOK GRANGE SCHOOL

Parkfield Drive, Kenilworth, CV8 2JJ.

Residential Child Care Worker

required from September 1988 at this boarding school for 35 emotionally disturbed adolescent girls. This is a challenging post combining child care with some classroom involvement and would suit a young graduate, single or married, seeking experience prior to further professional training. A small unfurnished self-contained flatlet is provided. Salary £6,087 - £7674 p.a. (Pay award pending). Rent £486.09 p.a.

Application forms and further details from the Principal. Informal contact from intending applicants welcomed during office hours on 0926 57306.

Fieldworker
Part-time (17.5 hours)

Required by voluntary organisation concerned with selecting and matching adult volunteers with children from one parent families in the Islington area. Social work or relevant experience. Own transport necessary. Salary SO1 (£11,322 - £12,075 per annum (pro rata).

One year contract: for details write to:

Single Parent Action Network, Bunhill Fields Meeting House, Quaker Court, Banner Street, London, EC1Y 8QQ. 01-250 1223.

PROJECT WORKER

Working in a team for the management of a twelve-bed hostel for ex-homeless men. Occasional sleeping-in duties. Care work experience is desirable.

Salary £6,500 per annum.

Write to Louise Russell, Manna House, 50 Parliament Hill, London, NW3 2TL.

Telephone: 01-431 1225.

OV SELECTION

have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.

Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOCIAL WORKERS in CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE

LEVEL III (£10,191-£12,075 per annum).

We are a small developing team based in Worcester working closely with other agencies in the investigative stages of child sexual abuse.

We need one full time (37 hours) and one part-time (18½ hours) Social Worker (to include a male) within the team who:-

● have an awareness of gender issues ● are willing to listen and learn ● are incisive and energetic ● are effective in the sensitive use of authority ● can provide "good adult models" to children and parents.

We can offer:-

● co-working team supervision and outside consultation ● well developed multi-disciplinary work ● opportunity for innovation and to develop skills in consultation in this crucial field ● in-house and external training ● regular team and senior management meetings ● appointments at Level III (subject to interview by the County Panel).

For an informal discussion please 'phone Roger, Pat, Jane or Mary on Worcester (0905) 52319.

Application forms from: Area Manager, Wychavon Social Services, 12 Station Road, Pershore. Tel: Pershore 553414.

Section 7 (2)(e) of the sex discrimination act applies to this post.

CLOSING DATE: 23rd September 1988.

BROMYARD the HEART of the COUNTY

is looking for a qualified and committed **Social Worker — Level II or III,** to join a small rural team, devoted to providing a sensitive and high quality service, to this beautiful but wide-spread patch. There are strong community links to build on, though service delivery can be hampered by problems of transport, isolation and centralisation of some services.

Creative solutions to such problems are the hallmark of the team, within which there is ample opportunity for specialisation.

There is excellent professional supervision and personal support from colleagues.

Salary: £8,988-£9,873/£10,536 or £10,191-£12,075 per annum.

If you are interested in developing your skills and being close to the patch, ring Bob Sanders or Sue Bennison for an informal chat: Tel: Bromyard 483671

Application forms from: Area Manager, The Grange, Grange Road, Malvern. Tel: Malvern 892211.

Applicants for Level III must have at least 2 years' post qualification experience and satisfy County Panel requirements.

CLOSING DATE: 23rd September 1988.

Hereford and Worcester County Council

Police Accountability!

Action not Rhetoric!

POLICING & COMMUNITY SAFETY UNIT

POLICING & COMMUNITY SAFETY

DEPUTY HEAD – SENIOR POLICY AND LIAISON OFFICER

Policing and Community Safety Unit

Ref: ASC/440.

PO6-9 £15,417 to £16,713 p.a. inc.

To get this post, you will have the ability to manage staff and projects, undertake policy work and research into policing in Newham, and create practical improvements in service delivery.

You will need analytical skills and negotiating ability. You will be committed to Council policy on policing and community safety. You will have the awareness to confront issues such as violence against women and racial attacks.

You will get the opportunity to work in a challenging environment, turn policy into practical action, and make Newham a better place for its residents.

We are interested in creative, practical initiatives, not political rhetoric, as the means to meet local needs. The Council has a good track record in this field - if you have too, we want to hear from you!

The successful applicant will be the Deputy Head of the Policing and Community Safety Unit which assists the Council in its work on policing, community safety, fire and civil defence.

For an application form, please ring 01 471 0619 (24 hour answering service) or write to Personnel and Management Services, Chief Executive's Dept., Town Hall, East Ham, London E6 2RP, quoting reference ASC 440.

Closing Date: 23rd September 1988.
Interview Date: 12th October 1988.
Previous applicants need not re-apply.

Newham Council is committed to an equal opportunities policy. This means that the Council is committed to ensuring that no job applicant or employee will receive less favourable treatment on the grounds of race, age, marital status, sex, sexual orientation, disability, or is disadvantaged by condition of requirements which cannot be seen to be justifiable. All jobs are open for job sharers, unless otherwise stated.

Newham
An Equal Opportunity Authority

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CIIR COUNTRY REPRESENTATIVES

CIIR is a London-based NGO which operates technical assistance programmes in developing countries. CIIR is expanding its work and wishes to appoint Country Representatives for the following countries:

SOMALIA (REF: CS/NST/2) S/he will be jointly responsible, with a London-based colleague, for expanding CIIR's programme in Somalia. This will involve placing technical personnel in development projects and managing CIIR's office in Mogadishu.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC (REF: CDR/NST/2) S/he will be required to develop CIIR's new programme in the Dominican Republic. Assuming joint responsibility with a London-based colleague, s/he will assess requests from local NGO's for placing technical personnel in development projects and manage CIIR's office in Santo Domingo.

Both posts demand candidates with maturity and initiative, overseas development experience and proven management or administrative ability. Fluent Spanish is essential for the Dominican Republic post.

CIIR's has improved its conditions of service for Country Representatives and offers an initial 3 year contract, a local salary, allowances for dependents (including schooling), a vehicle and a UK tax-free allowance.

CIIR

For further details of each post, specifying the relevant reference number, please write to: CIIR OVERSEAS PROGRAMME, 22 COLEMAN FIELDS, LONDON, N1 7AF.

DISTRICT HEALTH PROMOTION AND EDUCATION OFFICER

Salary c £13/£16K

Shropshire Health Authority is fully committed to a programme of Health Promotion and Health Education and is currently seeking an enthusiastic and imaginative Manager to lead a forward-looking team.

The District Health Promotion Officer will be responsible for promoting, organising and developing Health Promotion and Education throughout the District together with managing the District based Department. In addition, we are seeking competencies which would enable the successful candidate to harness wider opportunities for marketing health promotion ideals utilising external resources. We are therefore seeking someone who possesses appropriate qualifications and has considerable experience

If you have the ability and commitment to undertake this challenging role please contact Andrea Hester on Shrewsbury (0743) 52277 for an information package now

Closing date: September 18, 1988.

Shropshire Health Authority

(IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER)

The Authority operates a no smoking policy

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

Departments of Civic Design, Economics and General Practice

Social Science Senior Research Assistant

TRANSPORT AND URBAN DEPRIVATION

Applications from social scientists in any discipline are invited for the post of Senior Research Assistant to work with Mr. John Dodgson (Economics) Mr. Peter Brown (Civic Design) and Dr. Maggie Pearson (Medical Sociology/General Practice) on a study of transport and urban deprivation. Experience of survey techniques is desirable. The project is funded by the Economic and Social Research Council for a period of up to 18 months from 1st October 1988.

Initial salary will be either £9,260 or £9,865 per annum.

Applications, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than 23rd September 1988, by **The Director of Staffing Services (AS), The University, P.O. Box 147, Liverpool, L69 3BX, from whom further particulars may be obtained.**

Please quote reference RV/145/NSS when replying to this advertisement.

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

ROTHERHAM METROPOLITAN BOROUGH COUNCIL

An equal opportunities employer

DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SERVICES

SOCIAL WORKERS

Salary: SW 1/2/3 — £8,754-£12,075

Rotherham is situated at the traditional heart of the coal and steel districts of South Yorkshire. A variety of light industry has been attracted to the Borough yet much of the area remains predominantly rural in character. Communications with the rest of the country are first class and it is within reach of some of the finest and most interesting countryside in England.

We are looking for qualified Social Workers and can offer an all-round generic experience with opportunity for specialisation, backed up by good supervision and resources. A caseload/workload management scheme, designed to control workloads and ensure that staff have the time to work professionally, is currently being piloted with a view to implementation across the Department. Appointments will be made on a level appropriate to experience; progression through the grades will be in accordance with agreed criteria. Essential car allowances payable. All applicants should have a current driving licence.

Staff are required in operational areas and temporary posts are also required to cover for maternity leave.

For an informal discussion telephone Mr. R. Swearman (Area Officer West) on Rotherham (0709) 382121, Extention 3968 or Mr. J. Gomersall (Area Officer East) Extension 3941.

Closing date: 23rd September 1988.

Applications by letter and c.v., stating full details and names and addresses of two persons for reference to the Director of Social Services, Crinoline House, Effingham Square, Rotherham.

G. Crane, Director of Personnel Resources

ASSOCIATION OF COMMUNITY HEALTH COUNCILS FOR ENGLAND AND WALES

Information and Research Officer

We are looking for an enthusiastic Information and Research Officer to join our small team, preparing policy papers for the Association of Community Health Councils (the national representative body for users of the NHS), and providing information and other services to member CHC's.

A commitment to and interest in the National Health Service is essential. Previous experience of information management and micro-computers is desirable.

Salary: NHS Scale 9 (£11,935 to £14,369) including London Weighting.

For further information contact: Toby Harris, Director, Association of Community Health Councils for England and Wales, 30 Drayton Park, London, N5 1PB (01 609 8405).

Closing date for applications: Monday, 3 October 1988.

UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER

DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNITY HEALTH

Applications are invited for the following posts working on a study funded by the Medical Research Council to evaluate screening of osteoporotic hip fracture.

Research Associate ● Applicants should have post graduate experience in the field of epidemiological/social research, preferably in the areas of nutrition, mobility and the elderly.

The post will be for three years starting 1st November 1988 and the salary will be in the range of £9,865-£15,720.

Research Assistant ● Applicants should be graduates with experience in physical measurement and interview techniques.

The post will be for 1 year starting 1st November 1988 and the salary will be in the range of £8,675-£11,680.

Application forms and further details can be obtained from:

Dr C. W. McGrother, Department of Community Health, Clinical Sciences Building, Leicester Royal Infirmary, Leicester, LE2 7LX. Tel: 0533 523197.

Closing date for applications: 19 September 1988.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lothian Regional Council

Department of Social Work

As Scotland's Capital City, Edinburgh is an important legal, cultural, academic and financial centre. Unrivalled for its architectural beauty, the City provides easy access to both coast and countryside, giving a quality of life which is unmatched in other cities in the U.K.

OFFICER IN CHARGE
CLERMISTON OLD PEOPLE'S HOME, EDINBURGH
£14,223-£15,519 (Pay Award pending)

This purpose-built home provides residential facilities for 54 elderly people. Candidates should be qualified (CSS/CQSW) and have a proven track record in management of a residential or day care facility, preferably with the elderly client group. Informal enquiries to Ron Armstrong, Assistant Principal (Elderly) Tel: 031 553 8257. Ref: 6111AAA

APPLICATION FORMS ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE PERSONNEL OFFICER, 7 SHRUB PLACE, EDINBURGH. TEL: 031 554 3997 (ANSWER PHONE MACHINE IN OPERATION 24 HOURS PER DAY)

Closing date: September 23rd, 1988.

Lothian Regional Council is an equal opportunity employer and will prevent discrimination particularly on the grounds of sex, marital status, disability, race, colour, religion, sexual orientation, nationality or ethnic origin.

LOTHIAN

RIVERSIDE HEALTH AUTHORITY
RIVERSIDE COMMUNITY HEALTH COUNCIL

Assistant Secretary

Salary Scale GAA: £8,495 to £10,707 p.a. (inclusive of London Weighting)

to work with the CHC in representing NHS consumers and providing a service to the public in Hammersmith and Fulham, South Kensington and Chelsea and South Westminster.

Working from our busy shop front office in Hammersmith, the job involves advising the public, assisting the Secretary and Deputy Secretary in servicing the Council and maintaining links with the local community.

Previous NHS experience is not needed as long as you can learn quickly how the NHS and the CHC work. This job is ideal for anyone wishing to break into a career in the NHS and full on-going training and support training will be given.

Good typing skills are essential.

The hours are 36 per week but applications from people wishing to job share or to work part-time only will be welcome. Hours in any event are flexible. Occasional attendance at evening meetings is required. Twenty day paid leave excluding bank holidays.

For further information and an application form contact Rosemary Nicholson, Riverside Community Health Council, 42 Fulham Palace Road, London, W6 9PH.

Closing date: Thursday 22nd September 1988.

CYNGOR SIR
DYFED
COUNTY COUNCIL

SOCIAL SERVICES DEPARTMENT

(1) SOCIAL WORKER
Bronglais Hospital, Aberystwyth
Grade: SW3 £10,191-£12,075

Applications are invited from qualified Social Workers with at least 3 years post qualification experience, some of which should have involved multi-disciplinary work, or work in health settings.

The successful applicant will join a small established team and will have the challenge of leadding the social work representation in both the General Hospital and the associated North Road Hospital which caters for geriatric patients.

Candidates must hold a full clean driving licence and preferably have a car available. The ability to speak welsh is desirable.

(2) CHILD GUIDANCE WORKER
(DSS 472) — Pembroke
Grade: SW3 £10,191-£12,075

Applications are invited from qualified Social Workers with at least 3 years post qualifying experience for this post which is based within the new Children's Resource Centre, which is a part of the New Child Care Strategy. Enthusiasm and a positive approach will blend well with a fast developing team, acting as resource promoters and support for the 5 generic teams.

The successful applicant will also work to the Child Psychiatrist and hopefully lead the way in new methods of intervention, particularly in the field of Child Protection.

The post is designated an 'Essential Car User' and applicants will need a clean driving licence. Car loan and leasing facilities are available.

For further details please contact Mrs M Harries, Project Leader on Pembroke 683747.

3 3 SOCIAL WORKERS
(DSS 393/394/396) — Milford Haven

1 SOCIAL WORKER
(DSS 374) — Haverfordwest
Grade : SW1 £8442-£9255
or SW2 £8988-£10,536

Applications are invited from qualified Social Workers for the above posts in the relevant Social Work Teams. The Department provides a generic service but these posts have an emphasis on child care work.

This work is conducted within a framework of the new Child Care Strategy where the newly established Children's Resource Team increasingly supports new methds of intervention.

Other resources are good and special interests will be encouraged with an emphasis on training and supervision aided by a computerised information system.

The post is designated an 'Essential Car User' and applicants will need a clean driving licence. Car loan and leasing facilities are available.

Informal enquiries to Mr Ken Edwards on Haverfordwest 4591, Ext: 5060, Mr Les Cook on Milford Haven 7601, or Mr Jim Hodgkiss on Haverfordwest 4591, Ext: 5072.

Application forms for all the above posts returnable by September 15, 1988, are available on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope from the Director of Personnel and Management Services, County Hall, Carmarthen.

If you've got urgent ad copy then fax it to us on 01 739 9307

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIETNAMESE REFUGEE RESETTLEMENT PROGRAMME

Having access to education, training and employment opportunities is difficult for young people from the indiginous population, for young refugees who have been in care gaining access is even more difficult.

An EDUCATION, TRAINING AND EMPLOYMENT OFFICER

is required

You must be a mature person with good career counselling experience to enable you to help these young refugees with their future prospects in England.

The post will be based in Richmond, Surrey.

Starting salary is £9,561 per annum plus £792 Outer London Weighting (linked to NJC points 24-29).

For application form and job description please write, enclosing a large s.a.e. to Theresa Johnstone, Save the Children Fund, 49 Goldhawk Road, Shepherds Bush, London, W12.

We aim to be an equal opportunity employer.

Closing date: 22nd September, 1988.

Save the Children
aims to be an equal opportunities employer

SURREY SOCIAL SERVICES, KINGSTON

Development Managers

Up to £18762 (3 POSTS)

We are seeking 3 Development Managers to strengthen the Strategic Planning and Development Branch.

The Development Managers will be responsible for the systematic development, review and evaluation of a major specialist area of service i.e. (a) Services for Children and Families, (b) Mental Health Services, (c) Services for People with a Physical Disability. Preferred qualifications include social work/managerial qualification; background in the service area involved in the post; experience of service development in a large organisation.

Do you have the energy and enthusiasm to make a major contribution to an exciting new team?

Post A Ref: 88/526/1. Post B Ref: 88/529/1. Post C Ref: 88/530/1.

Planning Officer

Up to £15417 (Under Review)

To play a major role in planning services for the future. This new post will take a lead in drawing up and reviewing action plans for the department. Preparing plans for implementation is also a key feature of the job and this offers the opportunity to develop a high profile in a variety of exciting new service developments.

Candidates should have qualification/experience of service planning in a large organisation and a good working knowledge of personal social services.

Are you keen to take our services into the 1990's?

Post Ref: 88/528/1.

Performance Review Officer

Up to £15417 (Under Review)

To design and set up the Department's performance review system. This is a new and exciting opportunity within the Strategic Planning Branch involving the review and evaluation of all departmental services.

Candidates should have experience/qualification in review techniques applicable to local authority personal social services and experience at a senior level in a large complex organisation.

Are you looking for an exciting and stimulating post, leading the way in Performance Review?

Post Ref: 88/527/1.

If so, contact Lawrence Ashelford on 01-541 9672 for further details about these posts.

Our benefits package is amongst the most extensive in local government including a subsidised car, BUPA cover, a generous mortgage subsidy scheme, disturbance allowance and the full cost of relocation.

Application forms from the Director of Social Services, 7 Penryhn Road, Kingston Upon Thames, Surrey, KT1 2DS. Tel. 01 541 9666 (24 hour answerphone), quoting reference number. Closing date: 23.9.88

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL

SOCIAL SURVEY/ COMPUTER ADVISER

NICARAGUA

CIIR, a London based development agency, seeks to recruit an experienced social researcher with knowledge of computer software packages in assisting research. The person appointed will work with a research institute, and its research teams, assisting in research techniques and advising on the use of appropriate software packages.

CIIR provides a 2 year contract, a salary adequate for a single person, a return flight, various allowances, language training, extensive briefings, insurance, etc.

CIIR **For further details and an application form please send a large SAE and your CV to CIIR Overseas Programme, 22 Coleman Fields, London, N1 7AF. Quote REF: CN/NST/1.**

Classified Advertisements

Telephone 01-739 1645

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRITISH AGENCIES FOR ADOPTION & FOSTERING

BAAF is a national voluntary child care organisation committed to improving child care services across Britain through adoption and fostering agencies. Nearly all adoption and fostering agencies in England, Scotland and Wales are in membership of BAAF.

At present our services are provided from a head office and six regional centres. We are now completing our regionalisation plans by opening two new centres and extending the services in a third. All parts of England, Scotland and Wales will then have regionally based BAAF services in addition to our head office activities.

We are seeking staff to extend, run and promote our training and consultancy services and our family placement exchange. The trainer/consultants will be involved in organising large and small training events, depending upon the needs of the member agencies within the region. The co-ordinators will operate BAAF's family placement exchange, linking children and families. All our social work staff are involved in liaising with and providing consultancy to member agencies within their own region and participate in other areas of BAAF's work nationally.

The people we seek will be qualified and experienced social workers, with a knowledge of child care law and services, ability to express themselves clearly and negotiate sensitively. They will be part of a small team and will need to be adaptable and flexible in order to work effectively and creatively with member local authorities and voluntary adoption agencies. A considerable amount of travel is involved, within the region and outside.

Many of the children with whose needs we are concerned are black and we are keen to develop our services in this area. *Since black staff are under-represented among our regionally-based staff, we would particularly welcome applications* from black people.

Salaries: NJC Scale PO2 (points 35-38) £13,449 to £14,625

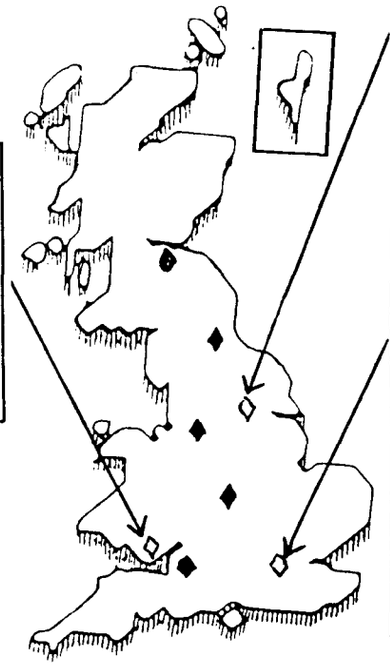
WALES

Our Welsh centre, based in Cardiff is well established. We are now extending the services offered to include more consultancy and training and to that end we need:-

One consultant/trainer (full time) and one consultant/trainer (part-time, 17½ hours per week).

Interviews in Cardiff, October 24.

The ability to speak Welsh will be an advantage.



◇ Posts Advertised

◆ Other Regional Centres

YORKSHIRE & HUMBERSIDE

This is a new centre, to be based in Leeds. We are aiming to open the centre at the beginning of December 1988 and are seeking:-

One Exchange Co-ordinator and one Consultant/Trainer. Interviews in Leeds in the week beginning October 13.

SOUTH

Another new centre, which will, initially at least, be based in our head office building. It will cover East Anglia, London and the Home Counties.

Two co-ordinators are already in post and we are seeking:-

One Trainer/Consultant to start in December 1988 or January 1989 and one Exchange Co-ordinator/-Consultant to start in February 1989. Interviews in London, October 26. Inner London Weighting of £1,500 p.a. will be paid.

For further information on any of these posts, please contact:- Sandy Thorne (Co-ordinator, Wales, Tele: 0222 229789)
Rosalind Niblett (Co-ordinator, South); Jennifer Lord (Co-ordinator, South Yorkshire and Humberside); Bridget Warr or Daphne Norbury (Assistant Directors) — all at BAAF's head office.
Application forms from Lynne Fitzgerald, British Agencies for Adoption and Fostering, 11 Southwark Street, London SE1 1RQ. Tele. No. 01-407 8800. Closing date: September 29, 1988.
BAAF is striving to be an Equal Opportunities Employer. BAAF is a registered charity, no. 275689.

THAMES TELEVISION

Thames News

Thames News, the region's weekday news programme produces six daily bulletins in the country's most exciting news area. We currently have some challenging vacancies for suitably qualified Journalists.

REPORTERS

We need an experienced news Reporter to handle complex stories clearly, accurately and often under intense pressure. You will need considerable enthusiasm, as well as proven news flair and demonstrable screen skills. Applicants should provide a VHS cassette of their work, wherever possible, and be prepared for a studio test.

NEWSROOM JOURNALISTS

We also need two bright, keen and well qualified Journalists to join our off-screen team of news gatherers. You must have a proven talent for finding, checking and delivering a wide range of stories for use in our daily news bulletins. The work also demands highly developed and broad news sense, together with other skills normally gleaned from experience in newspapers, television and radio news. To be successful you must also have good communication skills matched with the confidence to make and defend difficult decisions.

If you would like to apply for either of these positions, please telephone for an application form the Personnel Department on 01-387 9494, to be returned no later than the closing date 19th September 1988.

Thames is an equal opportunities employer and welcomes all applications regardless of sex, ethnic origin or marital status.

Accommodation Wanted

JOURNALIST, 31, n/s, seeks accommodation with access to South East London. 761 5216.

Holidays/Travel

JOURNEY LATIN America. Low cost flights, holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London, W4 2HD. 01-747-3108.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc Africa. SHL, 313a Hoe St, London, E17. 01-520-7911.

BRIGHTON. Enjoy a weekend by the sea in our recently renovated hotel. From £38 per night for 2 people bed and breakfast. The Dove Hotel, 18 Regency Square, Brighton, Sussex, BN1 2FG. Telephone: 0273 779222/3.

DISCOUNTED FLIGHTS, Italy, France, Scandinavia, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria, Yugo. Charter/Schedule. AIRFORCE. 01-506-2233.

Courses/Training

WELBECK ASSOCIATES

Consultants in Personal and Professional Development

PROGRAMME OF TRAINING EVENTS

September 1988 - March 1989

A series of short courses in interpersonal skills for people with welfare or managerial responsibilities starting with 2 day course 28 - 29th September, 1988 on **ASSERTION SKILLS**

All courses held in Central London

For details phone
01-935-3073 or 01-487-4208

PERSONAL CONSTRUCT THEORY

A structured method for understanding how other people see their world and any difficulties within it.

1. 20 wk - starts 21st Sept
2. 3 Unit starts 13th-16th Sept

Other courses and events also available, telephone

01-834 8875

Skills with People 88/89 programme: courses include counselling, assertiveness, stress, time-management, effective writing.

Further details:

01 359 2370/368 3605

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LONDON CENTRE FOR PSYCHOTHERAPY

Applications are invited for the following course

One Year Introductory Course in Analytical Psychotherapy (starting April 1989): Evenings

The course is complete in itself; it is also designed to serve as a preparation for the Three-Year Course in Individual Analytical Psychotherapy starting in 1990.

Its purpose is to provide students with a comprehensive view of analytical psychotherapy, its theory and practice, and the study of human development based on different theoretical models.

It is anticipated that applicants will be graduates or professionals in health, education or social services; applicants from other professions will be considered. Those intending to apply for the subsequent Three Year Course are required to enter a minimum of twice-weekly therapy with an LCP-approved psychotherapist.

The course will be held on 2 evenings per week. Closing date for applications: 15th November 1988. Fee: £800.
Registration Fee: £25.

Further details and application forms can be obtained from:

The London Centre for Psychotherapy
19 Fitzjohn's Avenue, London, NW3 5JY
Quoting reference: NSS

PTRC HOUSING AND THE URBAN ENVIRONMENT

21 October 1988 ● Barbican Centre

The public and private sectors are now committed to regenerating our urban areas by reclaiming derelict land and encouraging investment in business and industry. Alongside this commitment to industry however, there is also a need to create an improved and safer environment for those living in urban areas.

This seminar, part of the Enterprise and the Inner Cities event, will examine the issues and will draw on the wide experience of speakers, who include:

Professor Geoffrey Pearson, Middlesex Polytechnic; Chief Superintendent Philip Veater, Home Office Crime Prevention Centre; Michael Simpson, Philips Electronics; Ian Glennie, Lovell Urban Renewal.

For further details, please contact Sally Scarlett, Director, PTRC, 110 Strand, London, WC2R OAA. Tel: 01-836 2208; Telex: 335269 COMET G; Fax 01-836 7140.

Seminars

LONDON BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK
ORCHARD LODGE REGIONAL RESOURCE CENTRE
and
THE WEST SUSSEX INSTITUTE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

Study Day to be held at Orchard Lodge

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1988

'SECURE UNITS – THE WAY AHEAD'

Speakers to include: Joan Cooper, Tony Collins (St Charles YTC) and Roger Bullock (Dartington Research Project).
£25.00 per head including tea, coffee and lunch.

Please apply to Christina Simon or Jim Rose
Orchard Lodge Regional Resource Centre
William Booth Road, Anerley SE20 8BG
Telephone: 01-778 5700
Closing date for applications – Friday 30.9.88.

Heartsearch

Enrich Your Social Life!

Are you looking for that special person or just more opportunities to meet kindred spirits? Savoir Vivre is different. Designed for the discerning and sophisticated, it provides more interesting introductions.

Telephone 084 82 611 anytime or write to:

SAVOIR VIVRE
A Social Contact Network
Ref: NS TYNRON,
THORNHILL DG3 4LG

OLD FRIENDS

DOES LIFE BEGIN AT 40?

MARRIAGE, FRIENDSHIP or COMPANIONSHIP:
the introduction agency for the 40s, 50s, & 60s

Details from: Anne Brent,
18a Highbury New Park, N5 2DB
Telephone: 01-226 5432

SOCIALIST MALE GRADUATE, 30's would like to meet an attractive lady for sincere, long-term, uninhibited, unpossessive, sensual relationship. I enjoy theatre, cinema and good food. Please send photo and phone number. London. Write to Box (34) 089.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details from: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London, W8. Phone: 01-938-1011.

THINK! Wouldn't you prefer to join a photographic introduction agency that cares about your individual requirements and offers a friendly and confidential service? Wouldn't you prefer to join the Singles Register? 458 8344.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

01-739 1645

INTELLECTUAL, (London, mid-fifties) will give tuition in French, German, Russian etc (any level) in exchange for stable friendship to younger educated progressive woman. Write Box (36) 098.

VIVACIOUS, unconventional, sophisticated, intelligent redhead, 37, would like to meet civilized charming, unencumbered man, 40, for romance and fun in Central London. Box (36) 100.

DYNAMIC GRANNY, Good-looking 54. Wide interests. Heavy job. Seeks male counterpart for light friendship. Cambridge-London area. Box (36) 099.

23 YEAR OLD GENTLEMAN seeks older lady for companionship and friendship. Interests include classical music, cinema, theatre and dining out. Write Box (35) 095.

ALIVE, SENSITIVE FEMALE, 48, seeks friendship of reasonably attractive, amusing and intelligent male 45-55. Richmond area. Tel & photo helps. Write to Box (36) 102.

TWO INDEPENDENT, unattached women, graduates, residing Oxbridge, hope to meet two, fiftyish 'new men' non-smokers, for varied, interesting activities. Write Box (36) 101.

Meetings

THEOSOPHY Wisdom Religion Informal meetings Sundays 8pm on Reincarnation, Karma, Death, Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Cyclic law, SAS for programme, information: ULT, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W2 3AH.

Booksellers

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London, WC1 Telephone: 01-242-5822.

SCARCE BOOK SERVICE. List wants. 01-876 7254. Hammersmith Books, High Street, London, SW13 9LR.

SALE AT THE RICHMOND BOOKSHOP 20, Red Lion Street, Richmond. 19th September to 25th September inc. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Over 10,000 books at half our marked price.

OSCAR WILDE AND HIS CIRCLE. Catalogue approx 150 items. GAY AND LESBIAN CATALOGUE. Approx 600 items. Issued October. Send sae. Wants lists welcomed. Upper Street Bookshop, London, N1 1RQ. Telephone: 01-359 3785.

Billboard — Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) SMALL FAMILY BUSINESS. CYMBELINE. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) THE CHANGELING. CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF. Cottesloe (small stage) MRS KLEIN by Nicholas Wright. THE FATHER by August Strindberg. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

Agenda

Tue 13 Sep

AUSTRALIAN LABOR PARTY SOCIETY OF THE UK Discussion with Senator Peter Walsh, Federal Finance Minister on The Budget, the up-coming Referenda and the changes in higher education. Western Australia House, 115 The Strand, London, 8pm. All welcome. Call Ed Galea after 6pm on 01-852 6977 for details.

Studio Space

DESK SPACES sharing bright EC1 studio available. Also office back-up (reception, book-keeping, etc) posssible. For further details ring 01-831 7505.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DIGGER

Stuart Weir describes the last round-up of a weedy front lawn

Our front lawn was never exactly prepossessing: an unkempt and bumpy apron of straw-coloured grass. Five years of neglect transformed it into a living lexicon of Britain's common weeds, but when they moved in on the shrubbery—the last oasis of cultivation—I decided enough was enough. We'd returf it. But how to eradicate the weeds?

"Round-Up!" exclaimed Pam and Maria in unison. This may invoke visions of lassooing the weeds, but in fact it represented temptation. Round Up is a chemical weedkiller. But not one which contaminates the ground or puts animals at risk, they reassured me. "We use it all the time," they added. (Pam and Maria are professional gardeners with a decided green tinge.)

I must admit that I wanted to be reassured. Digging out the weeds looked like being a sisyphean task. So I capitulated at once, but then as the weed-choked patch yellowed over the next three weeks, I worried like mad over the welfare of the worms underneath (though rather less over that of the Doberman which insists on pissing on it).

"You can easily dig that over this weekend," said Liz. I wasn't so sure. "Rotivate it!", said Maria. That sounded more like it; though I'd never actually seen a rotivator, I was aware that it was a sort of mechanised plough for domestic use. "Rotivate it?" said Liz's mum. "You could dig that little patch over in an hour."

In a spirit of modernity, I decided on the rotivator. I felt rather less sure when I discovered that it had a petrol motor. I've several times been humiliated by my inability to get them to start, and Liz was to be away the day the thing came.

As it happened, I easily got it to go. But making it work was quite another matter. A rotivator is a bit like a lawnmower with sharp blades for turning the soil. But my glutinous grey London clay glued them into immobility. The wretched thing could do no more than scrape the surface.

"Did he show you how to gate it?" asked Maria. "Gate it? How do you do that?" "I don't know, I wish I'd watched more carefully." At which point, Maria took herself off to a wedding.

There was nothing for it. I left the rotivator ingloriously stranded in the middle of the lawn and began to dig it over with a garden fork, picking out astonishing quantities of Victorian builders' rubble, stones and even coal. No buried treasure. I also renewed a boyhood acquaintance with a pleasing abundance of worms.

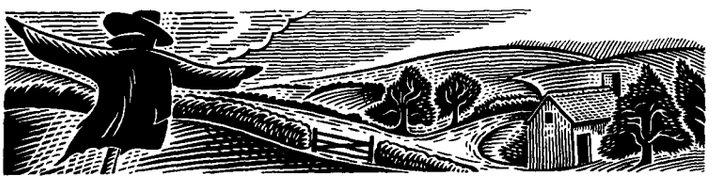
It was an exceedingly tiresome task. The palms of my hands blistered and I wore through the skin inside my thumbs. But with the words of Liz's mum ringing in my ears, I stoically pulled on Liz's gardening gloves and carried on. Not counting stops for *Saint & Greavsie*, Lean Cuisine lasagne for lunch and walking the dog, it took me two hours.

By this time Pam and Maria were back from the wedding and in high spirit. They advised rotivating the dug-over ground to make the soil, in Maria's words, more friable. I began to do so, but the machine was deafeningly loud, awkward to move around, and very unpleasant to hold. I then noticed that it was chopping up the worms in its cruelly impersonal way and decided to abandon it. Back to the fork.

Finally it was done. The neighbours were pleasingly admiring. Pam danced over it on her heels, showing me how to even the surface out for turfing. But it's not a technique I'd recommend; it sends sharp pains ricocheting through your leg muscles. I'll hire a steamroller next weekend.

FRINGE BENEFITS

Colin Ward picks up a pebble and finds grassroots initiatives



I carry round with me, like a particularly beautiful pebble picked up on the beach, a remark made 30 years ago by Richard Titmuss. Social ideas, he said, "may well be as important in Britain in the next half-century as technical innovation". Think about it. In the context of rented housing, for example, the left, then as now, believed in direct provision by local authorities. The right, then as now, thought it possible to revive private landlordism for low-income people.

A handful of social innovators reinvented co-operative housing from scratch, as a mode of tenure that by-passed the landlord-tenant syndrome and extended dweller control beyond the frontiers of owner-occupation. When Titmuss wrote there were two housing co-ops in Britain. Today there are hundreds and their significance goes far beyond their numbers.

This is why *New Society*'s "Initiatives" column was one of its most important features, and why it's a delight that this column continues in the present journal. We do have a crisis of social welfare which goes deeper than the effects of current government policies, and in a unitary state committed in theory at least to a uniform standard of provision, there is a special importance in little local initiatives that posit a different way of doing things.

A new book *Grassroots Initiatives* (Bedford Square Press £5.50) brings together 68 of these accounts from the last few years, covering women's issues, ethnic minorities, health, provision for the handicapped, education, housing, crime and the community, families and young people, employment and the arts. They are written by a handful of journalists whose names are very well known and trusted by you and me.

They're all level-headed people, but if I were, say, Amanda Mitchison or Steve Platt, I would be tempted to view the world with an incredible optimism, just through continually meeting these precious social innovators. As a matter of fact I do suffer from this temptation. Being on the sidelines of the housing world and the education world, I only meet the busy bees who thrust aside the ordinary daily discouragements and inertia and pursue what seems to them to be the next sensible step.

I just don't meet the discouraged functionaries behind the counter in the welfare delivery services of the centralised state and the demoralised local authorities. If I did I would feel much more sympathetic to the claims of NALGO, NUPE, COHSE, the CPSA and the POA. We've all delegated to them the dreary end of the public administration of welfare in a world where they are despised not only by their political masters but by the clients they are hired to serve.

Can you imagine a worse climate in which to discuss social innovations? David Lipsey in his introduction to the book states the issue correctly. He notes that Britain is the most centralised of all the major western democracies and that "the gloomy picture of Britain as a nation where all power lies at the centre, crushing energies which lie outside it, has a dismal ring of truth".

It's like Tsarist Russia in the 19th century. "We lack a countervailing tradition of corporate involvement in community affairs." Sometimes the initiatives come from "the much-derided local authorities", sometimes from people who have the know-how to grab the disappearing MSC cash or EEC funds not under Whitehall control, sometimes purely from local self-help depending on no outside support. Just like the early 19th century when Britain was not like Russia and when non-taxpayers taxed themselves to build up the whole edifice of building societies, voluntary hospitals, the co-operative movement, and much else, in those experimental days before the Fabians and marxists taught us that the state should be the universal provider and tax-gatherer.

If I was asked to nominate a book of the year for 1988 it would be *Grassroots Initiatives*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No3042 Set by E O Parrott
Encounters between unlikely characters in fiction, eg: George Smiley and Emma Woodhouse, Othello and Lady Bracknell, Mr Pooter and Lady Macbeth, or any others you can think of. Max 180 words. To be in by 21 September.

No 3039 Set by Margaret Rogers.
Jokes at Margaret Thatcher's expense. Three tries only.

Report by Tom Foolery
Just a one-off they said. Just judge all these jokes about our Mags and pick the winners for a couple of tenners. You might even find a few to use in your act. DO ME A FAVOUR!!!!! To be fair, one of you said you thought your entries were "dire" (true!), and two mentioned the impossibility and difficulty of this particular comp. If you can't think up any good jokes about the prime minister, you're in trouble. That's what *I* think anyway. A fiver to all the winners.

IF THE CAP FITS

No 84

So, Mrs T is to become a Granny. Hmmm! Captions, speech or thinks bubbles for either of the above ghastlies please. Ten pounds for the imaginative winner. Entries to be in by 16 September.

Winner No 82

Quayle: "Well, after all, somebody had to defend Indiana from the Vietcong." *(Stephen Bird, London)*

How is Margaret Thatcher like the Witches in Macbeth?

She rose upon a blasted Heath.

George Moor

It is said that when a vote takes place at Cabinet meetings, Mrs Thatcher uses the following form of words:

"Those in favour, please raise your right hands. Thank you. Now all who are returning to the back benches, raise your left hands."

A Boteman

What do you get if you cross Mrs Thatcher with *the Bride of Frankenstein*?
A Horrors Tory.

What do you get if you cross Mrs Thatcher with the SAS?
Screaming Blue Murder.

What do you get if you cross Mrs Thatcher?
A place on the back benches.

June F Langfield & Tim Beecham

What did the first Mrs Thatcher say to the second Mrs Thatcher?

Anyone for Denis?

John Stanley

Why do they call Margaret Thatcher "The Iron Lady"?

She's getting rusty and won't come clean.

May Day

Margaret Thatcher dies and travels to The Other Side, where she is immediately buttonholed by a lanky bespectacled Irishman. "Sure you were a great one for Culture, were you not," he says, "and I'd like to give you a special thanks for praising my own work." Mrs T is nonplussed. "Don't you remember?" continues the stranger. "It was after that South Georgia shindig. We all heard you loud and clear over here. 'Be grateful for that,' you said, 'and read Joyce.'"

Will Bellenger

58/88

If not now, WHEN?

An exhibition to mark 30 years of peaceful protest, memorable deeds and magnificent endurance in opposition to the nuclear threat

10.00–16.00 September 19–24

Central School of Art and Design
Southampton Row, London WC1

Admission free
Organised by Greater London CND

'Humour is mankind's greatest blessing.'

'It is better to keep your mouth shut and appear stupid than to open it and remove all doubt.'

'Familiarity breeds contempt - and children.'

'Soap and education are not as sudden as a massacre, but they are more deadly in the long run.'

'Buy land, my son. They're not making it any more.'

'Golf is a good walk spoiled.'

'The report of my death has been greatly exaggerated.'

GREATLY EXAGGERATED

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF MARK TWAIN

BARRIE & JENKINS £5.95 paperback

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHESS

While staying at a friend's house last week I spotted an old Penguin on the bookshelves—*Chess Treasury of the Air*. Published in 1966, this is a collection of extracts from the programme that had a weekly slot on Network 3 from autumn 1958 to the summer of 1964. It was strange to be reminded of the excellent talks and consultation matches that were broadcast in those days, when British chess was at a pretty low ebb. How did the idea of presenting chess games and positions via such an apparently ill-suited medium as radio get off the ground? And then, when it worked better than anyone could have anticipated, why was it chopped?

Failing to make any progress with those puzzles, I turned to a section entitled *My Favourite Game*, and the very first one of these—the one that Gerald Abrahams considered his prime specimen—gave me quite a shock:

Abrahams-Spencer, Liverpool 1930. QGD.
1. d4 d5 2. c4 c6 3. Nf3 Nf6 4. Nc3 g6 5. Bf4 Bg7 6. e3 0-0 7. Bd3 b6 8. Ne5 Bb7 9. cxd5 cxd5 10. h4 h6 At this point the editor, Tiller, had supplied a diagram. Does the position remind you of anything? How about that game I gave three weeks ago between Norwood and Mestel from this year's British Championship, which started: 1. d4 Nf6 2. Nf3 g6 3. Nc3 d5 4. Bf4 Bg7 5. e3 0-0 6. Be2 b6 7. Ne5 Bb7 8. h4 h6. Fifty-eight years later the c-pawns are still on the board and the White Bishop is on e2 rather than d3. Otherwise the positions are identical. David Norwood played 9. g4 and lost. After the game he concluded that it would have been better to continue 9. h5 g5 10. Bxg5 hxg5 11. h6. That's just what Abrahams did: **11. h5! g5 12. Bxg5 hxg5 13. h6 Bxh6** If 13...Bh8 14. h7+ Kg7 15. f4 gxf4 16. Qf3 wins. **14. Rxh6 Kg7 15. f4!! Kxh6 16. fxg5+ Kxg5 17. Qf3 Kh6** There seems to be nothing better. If 17...Ne4 18. Qf4+ Kh5 19. g4+ Kh4 20. Nf3+ Kh3 21. Bf1 mate; or if 17...Nh5 18. Qf5+ Kh6 19. Nxf7+ etc. **18. Qf4+ Kg7 19. Qg5+ Kh8 20. 0-0-0 1-0.**

So Norwood, a strong young IM, mishandles an attack that Abrahams pressed home with such panache half a century ago. The shocking thought was that our confidence in a general improvement in the standard of play might be mistaken. But I'd better not generalize from a solitary case, except perhaps to say that in this sort of position the White KB seems to be more effectively placed on d3 than e2.

Besides, there is plenty of unmistakable progress around. One area in which the progress is dramatic is women's chess. You do not need to be very old to remember the days when it would have been an unthinkable humiliation for a male player of master strength to lose to a woman. But by now *girl beats grandmaster* is a story worn thin from re-telling. Instead, there are further, far more exciting developments, most of which involve one or other of the three Polgar sisters. Judith Polgar has just completed her qualification for the IM title—and I mean the full International Master title, not some lesser status exclusively reserved for females. Judith is *still only eleven years old*. Here is a game from a tournament in Iceland this June, where she shared first prize with her elder sister Zsuzsa. Judith's victim was the (boys') world under-16 champion of last year.

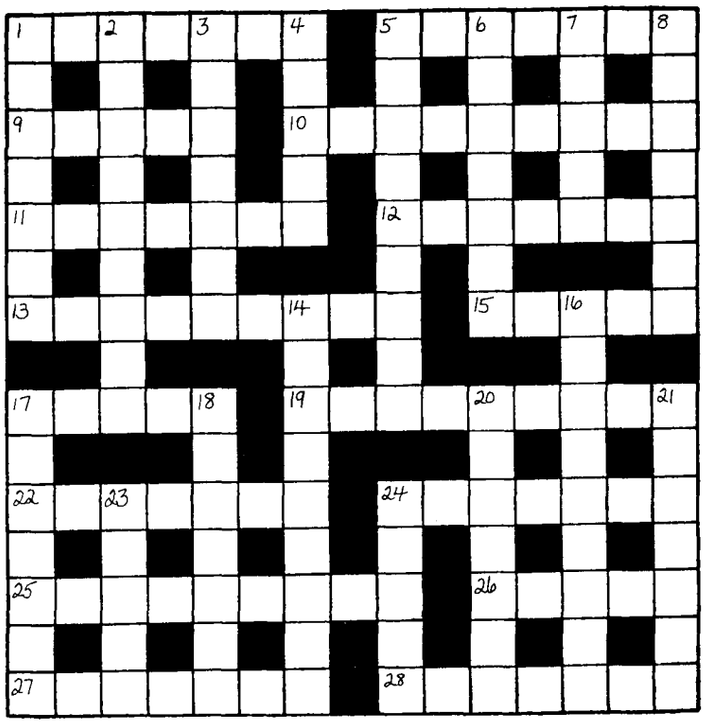
J. Polgar-Stefansson, Egilsstadir 1988. Scandinavian Defence.
1. e4 d5 2. exd5 Nf6 3. d4 Nxd5 4. c4 Nb6 5. Nf3 g6 The Scandinavian is a relatively rare defence, quite possibly not estimated by theory at its true worth. I feel that when White, as here, plays c2c4 Black should respond with ...Bg4. The books say that 5...Bg4 6. c5 favours White, but the books have been wrong before. **6. Be2 Bg7 7. 0-0 0-0 8. Nc3 Nc6** Here Black was probably expecting 9. Be3 Bg4 with pressure against d4 and c4, but Polgar cuts all that out with a strong new move. **9. d5! Ne5** The full force of White's last move is revealed in the variation 9...Na5 10. c5! Bxc3 11. cxb6 Bg7 12. Bf4 axb6 13. b4! Bxa1 14. Qxa1 Nb3 15. Qb2, and the Knight perishes. **10. Nxe5 Bxe5 11. Bh6 Bg7 12. Bxg7 Kxg7 13. Qd4+ f6 14. c5 e5 15. Qd2 Nd7** Miss Polgar has gained a considerable advantage in both space and mobility out of the opening, but there is still work to be done in converting such a position into a win. **16. b4 f5 17. Rad1 a5 18. a3 axb4 19. axb4 f4?!** A disjointed lunge, but I suspect it's a case of other moves just lose in other ways against Judith's relentless accuracy. **20. d6 Nf6 21. Nb5! cxd6 22. Qb2 Bf5 23. Nxd6 Qe7 24. Bf3 e4** Counterplay at last? No, there is a little combination that nets a pawn and shatters any illusions. **25. Bxe4! Bxe4 26. Rde1 Kh6 27. f3 b6 28. fxe4 bxc5 29. bxc5 Nh5 30. e5 Qe6 31. Rf2 Ra5 32. c6 Rc5 33. Qb7 Qd5 34. Qe7 1-0.**

I find that game quite astonishing, not because it was played by a girl, but because it exhibits such a mature blend of positional and tactical control in someone so young. I repeat—largely because I can scarcely believe it myself—Judith Polgar is only eleven years old.

George Botterill

WEEKEND CROSSWORD

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1607, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by 19 September.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

Crossword 1607

ACROSS

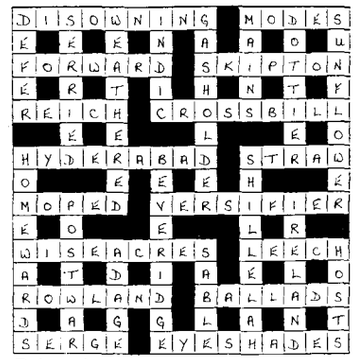
1. Worry about a horse going for the slaughter (7)
5. Of sweet music making the lid come to pieces (7)
9. Drink with them as an object of superstition (5)
10. A girl who has put on weight gives notice (9)
11. A man holds one to a tree (7)
12. Horseplay in a game causes confusion (7)
13. Travellers would be a long way off if there were no wise men (9)
15. Afflictions come a second after love returns (5)
17. The visitor in the prologue stops speaking (5)
19. Walk which could make one damper (9)
22. The child in gratitude embraces a supporter (7)
24. The last shift for cunning (7)
25. Notes one has to amend badly if there is no game (9)
26. Man who has his member in back to front (5)
27. Sphinx-like separator (7)
28. Glue, for example, given back to a language (7)

DOWN

1. The weapon for a girl who has been disdainfully treated (7)
2. To strike back I had a meal after getting up afterwards (9)
3. Place which has a song about the people (7)
4. Time to join and become one of nine (5)
5. Statement of policy supplied if in a home held by a communist leader (9)
6. Openings which upset upper-class lovers (7)
7. Place in the country which gives one tea after time is up (5)
8. Cross at changing wheels (7)
14. Making one relax with a pen as a clearer up of difficulties (9)
16. Red but backward looking, a peer among tories (9)
17. One who tells tales with a hesitant expression is more forbidding (7)
18. Part of plant in which a number take exercise, losing a pound (7)
20. A point badly learnt but retained for ever (7)
21. Formation which keeps troops in step? (7)
23. Fancy embracing me although celebrated! (5)
24. Kind of speech given in a bogus language (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1605



Prizewinners to 1605

Dan Pawson (Birmingham)
B Rees (London SE15)
Julian Worker (Newton-le-Willows).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BACKCHAT

Douglas Kennedy on the escapism of the American highway

I have just spent the past three months driving some 10,000 miles around the southside of the United States. And after this extended sojourn in the sun belt, I have reached two conclusions about this marathon encounter with American tarmacadam. Firstly my life will not feel incomplete if I never listen again to a country and western song entitled *All my ex's live in Texas . . . But I'm alive and well in Tennessee.* Secondly the only way anyone can ever begin to comprehend the United States is by losing oneself on its roads.

Indeed, Chuck Berry had it right, "riding along in my automobile . . . with no particular place to go", and you will start to get the measure of the sheer infinite vastness of the great American nowhere. For more than any other national symbol, *the road* is the true emblem of the American psyche. And though it is easy to draw parallels between the continent's spectacular labyrinth of highways and all those frequently overstated American beliefs about personal mobility, you only have to talk to anyone you happen to meet at a truckstop to realise that most Americans ultimately consider the road to be a sort of escape hatch—a conduit through which one can flee an overmortgaged set of circumstances and make a clean start somewhere else.

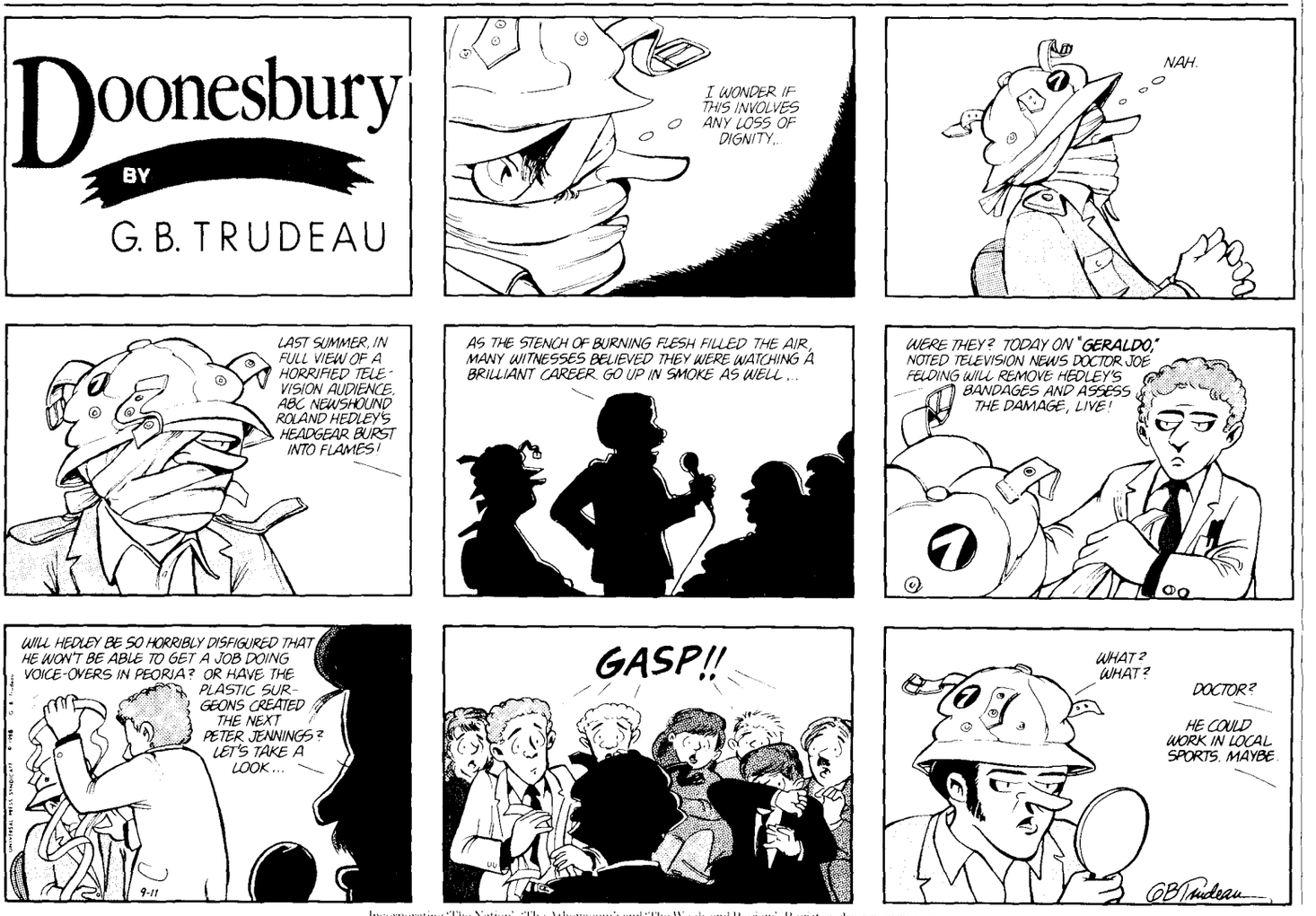
For example, during the course of a 1,040 mile drive from the Virginia coast to New Orleans, I constantly found myself encountering fellow compatriots who had—in one way or another—hitched a ride to a new life further down the highway.

There was the short-order cook I met in a local beer joint in a tiny speck on the map called Waves, North Carolina, who told me—after his eighth bottle of Bud—that he had done a nine-year stretch in the Virginia State penitentiary for second degree manslaughter, but had now gone straight and was planning to set up his own life insurance business. A couple of hundred miles later, when I cruised into the town of Coosawatchie, South Carolina, for breakfast at the Dixie Boy Truck Stop, the waitress on duty—who went by the name of Lurlene—turned out to be a former computer programmer from Pennsylvania who ran off one day with a refrigerator repairman from "down here", and was now living with him in a caravan.

Ten hours down the Interstate, in a redneck dive called Cowboys on the outskirts of Dothan, Alabama, I shot a couple of games of pool with a car salesman named Cletis who—at the age of 26—had survived two marriages and three different changes of career in three different states. "I'm sellin' Fords right now," he said, "but if it don't work out, then I'm just gonna get inta mah car and try somewhere new".

No doubt, such encounters point to the fact that Americans readily consider the complex details of their lives to be the perfect way to kick off a conversation, and have no qualms about confessing all to a complete stranger. More importantly, however, cruising through the United States reminds one that the ceaseless geographic scope of the continent allows one the chance to reinvent one's life.

In short, the real romance of the road is the ability to "put the pedal to the metal" and disappear into the void. No wonder, therefore, that most Americans have a love affair with their highways—those long cool ribbons of blacktop are a constant reminder that, no matter how old you are, you can still run away from home.


Doonesbury
BY
G. B. TRUDEAU
I WONDER IF THIS INVOLVES ANY LOSS OF DIGNITY...
NAH.
LAST SUMMER, IN FULL VIEW OF A HORRIFIED TELEVISION AUDIENCE, ABC NEWSHOUND ROLAND HEDLEY'S HEADGEAR BURST INTO FLAMES!
AS THE STENCH OF BURNING FLESH FILLED THE AIR, MANY WITNESSES BELIEVED THEY WERE WATCHING A BRILLIANT CAREER GO UP IN SMOKE AS WELL...
WERE THEY? TODAY ON "GERALDO," NOTED TELEVISION NEWS DOCTOR JOE FELDING WILL REMOVE HEDLEY'S BANDAGES AND ASSESS THE DAMAGE, LIVE!
WILL HEDLEY BE SO HORRIBLY DISFIGURED THAT HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET A JOB DOING VOICE-OVERS IN PEORIA? OR HAVE THE PLASTIC SURGEONS CREATED THE NEXT PETER JENNINGS? LET'S TAKE A LOOK...
GASP!!
WHAT? WHAT?
DOCTOR?
HE COULD WORK IN LOCAL SPORTS, MAYBE.
©BTrudeau

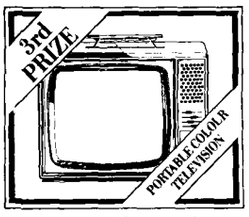
Incorporating "The Nation", "The Athenaeum", and "The Week-end Review". Registered as a newspaper.
Typesetting by ECM, 36-42 Clerkenwell Road, London EC1. Colour origination by Graphic Ideas, 135-139 Curtain Road, London EC2.
Printed by BPCC Colchester Web Offset Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester CO3 3LJ (Tel: 577881), a member company of Maxwell Communications Corporation plc.
Distribution by NS Distribution 102 Curtain Road London EC2A 3AA 01-739 1807. Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

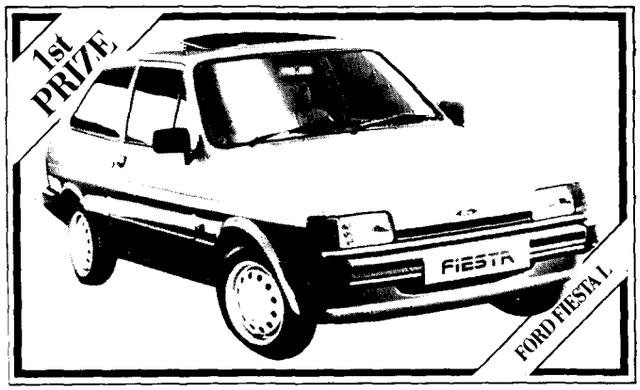
TO BE DRAWN 6th OCTOBER 1988.

EVERY ONE A WINNER

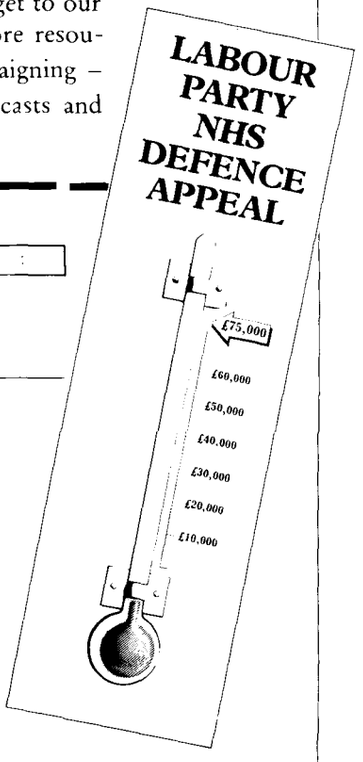
EVERYONE'S a winner in our new Labour Party prize draw. That's because every penny we raise through the draw goes straight into the party's NHS Defence Appeal, bringing us nearer the £75,000 we need to celebrate the 40th birthday of the NHS, promote its achievements and publicise the crippling effects of Tory policies.



It's a practical way of defending the health service we all depend on. And you get the chance to win one of our great prizes into the bargain. A Ford Fiesta. One week's holiday for two in Moscow and Leningrad. A colour TV. And a host of smaller prizes.



All you have to do is complete the prize draw coupon. You can buy as many 50p chances as you like. The more you buy, the nearer we get to our NHS Defence Appeal target, and the more resources we have for high-profile campaigning – publicity material, party political broadcasts and press ads.



HOW TO ENTER — Please fill in this form, stating the number of chances you want and their total cost:

I AM OVER 16 YEARS OF AGE. I apply for [ ][ ][ ] chances in the National Health Service Defence Appeal Prize Draw at 50p each £[ ]

Chances —	Cost
40	£20
20	£10
10	£5

I enclose my cheque/postal order made payable to 'The Labour Party' or Please debit my Access/Amex/Diners/Visa Account No. [ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ][ ]

Signed _____ Date _____

NAME .....
(IN BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

..... POSTCODE .....

We need your address to contact you if you win — please complete this section.

PLEASE SEND THIS FORM **TODAY** / WITH YOUR CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDER TO:

NHS DEFENCE APPEAL PRIZE DRAW, ROOM 313, LABOUR PARTY, FREEPOST, LONDON SE17 1BR

REGISTERED WITH THE LONDON BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK. PROMOTER: LARRY WHITTY. PUBLISHED BY: LABOUR PARTY, 150 WALWORTH ROAD, LONDON SE17 1JT.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED